

THE RED GUIDON

"SOIXANTE QUINZE"



B 134 RA

This is a De Luxe Edition of the RED
GUIDON of which Six Hundred copies were
printed. This being No. 91 and the
property of

Norman N. Fuhs



TO Our Friends; to the Girl we left behind, who wrote encouraging letters and distributed coffee at the Red Cross Canteen; to Kid Sister, who learned to knit that she might make us a sweater; to the "Old Man," who took a hitch to his trousers, worked three hours more a day and bought "beaucoup" Liberty Bonds; and to Mother, who laughed with us, wept over us, prayed for us and worried lest we forget to wear woolen socks; and, in short, to all those people, everywhere, who helped to make Army Life endurable and who kept us cheerful "Over There" this Book is affectionately dedicated.



"B" Battery 134 F.A. 37th Div.

RED GUIDON

“Soixante Quinze”

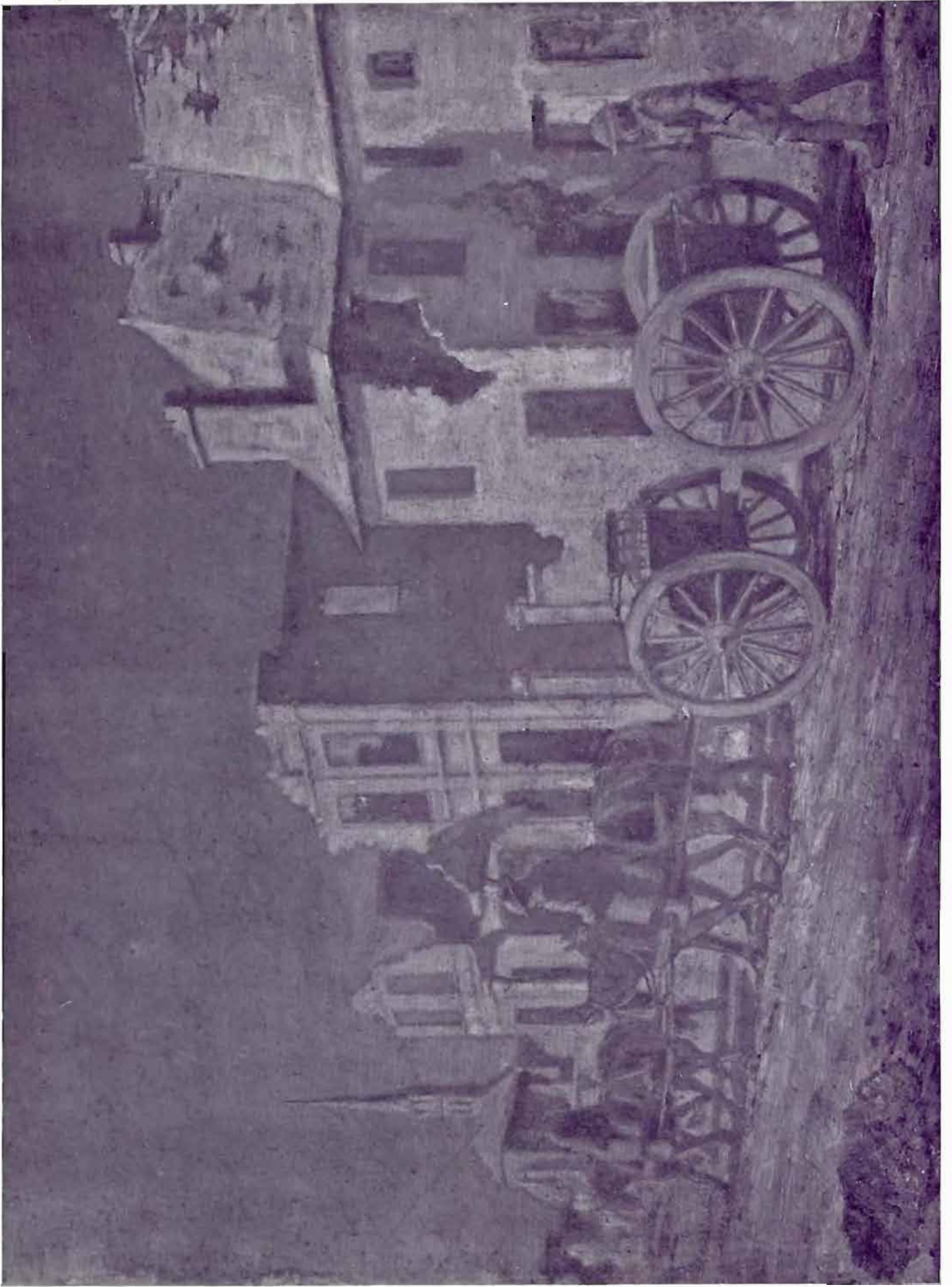
Being a Complete Illustrated
History of B Battery
134th Field Artillery
from
1915 to 1919



PUBLISHED BY

The Red Guidon Association

AKRON, OHIO, U. S. A.



Preface

PRACTICALLY every college and university in the United States, at the close of the college year, gets out what is known as a "year-book," or college annual. It is a book that holds a complete resume of college life. It contains the history of the freshman, sophomore, junior, and senior classes for the year, giving their various activities during that year; in athletics—in the class-room—along musical lines—everything that has happened of interest, and that is worthy of record. It has to do, particularly, with the seniors; that body of men who are going out into the world to make a name for themselves, to fight life's battles, and to carve their own particular niches in the Hall of Fame.

It is a good thing, this college annual, for it is Memory through the medium of pen and ink. Many, many men have referred to their college careers as "the happiest years of my life." These are the years they like to remember and the years they like to look back on. When memory grows hazy, the year-book shows its value, for the tired business man can sit and flip the pages idly, and go back—back to the days when the world was irresponsible and carefree.

Why this dissertation? This then, is our year-book. We are presenting the B Battery year-book of 1919, school—the United States Army. It was a school of hard knocks, of a new outlook on life, and after all, the best school in the world—the school of Experience. We learned many things, self-reliance mainly; some of us learned one lesson, some another, but we all learned something, our viewpoint was broadened, and we benefited thereby. School is over and we have graduated. We have received our diplomas (in the shape of an honorable discharge) and we have laid aside our uniforms (for it was a decidedly military institution) and like the seniors, we are once again going out into the world—and going our separate ways. We are breaking, some of us, the friendships of three years standing; we are breaking up intimacies that were very, very pleasant. We have come to the parting of the ways, and with many of us there is a genuine regret. In after years, we are going to forget a great many of the hardships, and think only of the funny things that happened, and the things that went to make life worth while.

That is the purpose of this book, and in the years to come, if the Red Guidon serves in taking you back to the days of mess-kits, reveille, red hat-cords, barrages, and to the days of our "comraderie;" if it helps you remember the pleasant things of army-life, and the friends in B Battery—then we, the editors, shall be more than satisfied.

THE ROLL CALL OF B BATTERY FROM 1916 TO 1919

B BATTERY ROSTER

Note. This roster is complete, including the names of all the officers and enlisted men in B Battery from June 19, 1916, to the date of demobilization, April 10, 1919. The rank, as given, is the rank held by the officer or enlisted man at the time of leaving B Battery and does not give the rank that may have been attained later in other organizations.

Note. As a means of telling just how long, or at what period a man served with B Battery, the following key is given:—1, Camp Willis; 2, Border Service; 3, Camp Perry; 4, Ft. Benjamin Harrison; 5, Camp Sheridan; 6, American Expeditionary Forces in France.

Note. In some cases, it has been impossible to get the complete data and information; where addresses, etc., have been omitted, such has been the case.

Albrecht, Hurl J., Captain, 22 Mt. View Ave., Akron, Ohio	1-2-3-4
Alexander, Ross G., Private, R.F.D., Glenmont, Ohio	1
Alion, Ray, Private, Fayette, Ohio	6
Andrews, C. R., Private, Akron, Ohio	1
Anstett, Frank, Private, 1700 Fulton Ave., Evansville, Ind.	6
Ashley, John F., Private, Bentonville, Ark.	3-4-5-6
Atchison, Owen W., Private, R.F.D. No. 5, Minola, Texas	6
Ault, Claire, Private, Akron, Ohio	1-2-3
Babbitt, John A., 1st Lt., 716 Wellsley Ave., Akron, Ohio	1-2-3
Baer, Russell A., Corporal, 161 Ash St., Akron, Ohio	1-2
Baldwin, Albert R., Private, 420 S. Maple St., Winchester, Ky.	3-4-5-6
Barkle, Eugene F., Private, 739 Carroll St., Akron, Ohio	3-4-5-6
Barrett, Ford, Private, Crescent Apts., W. Market St., Akron, Ohio	1-2-3-4-5
Bass, Wm. A., Private, Grayville, Ill. (340 Perkins, Akron, Ohio)	1-2-3-4-5-6
Bausman, Wm. K., Corporal, 100 Baird St., Barberton, Ohio	4-5-6
Beckleheimer, Clarence, Private, 1413 E. Gilbert St., Muncie, Ind.	5-6
Behrens, Wm. F., Private, Akron, Ohio	1-2-3-4-5
Bender, Elwood C., Private, 31 Oakdale, Akron, Ohio	1-2
Bennett, James R., Private, 308 Tulane Rd., Columbus, Ohio	4-5-6
Berson, David, Private, 187 Nieman St., Akron, Ohio	3-4-5-6
Bittinger, Henry C., Private, 429 Bruner St., Daytonia, Pa.	3-4-5-6
Blake, Earl E., Private, 1147 Seventh Ave., Akron, Ohio	3-4-5-6
Blackwood, Harry, Private, 94 Fir St., Akron, Ohio	1
Boone, Hugh E., Corporal	1-2
Borden, Alvin D., Private, Killbuck, Ohio	1-2-3-4-5
Bowen, Claude T., Sergeant, 925 Bluff Road, Canton, Ohio	1-2-3-4-5
Bowman, Howard O., Corporal, 532 E. Market St., Akron, Ohio	1-2-3-4
Bowman, Samuel P., Private, R.F.D. No. 11, Logansport, Ind.	5-6
Bowman, Russell, Private, 532 E. Market St., Akron, Ohio	1
Breese, Lee, Private	1-2-3
Brewer, Charles R., Corporal, R.F.D. No. 3, Bloomville, Ohio	3-4-5-6
Brewer, Wm. I., Private, R.F.D. No. 3, Bloomville, Ohio	3-4-5-6
Bright, Morgan W., Private, 332 First St., Aspinwall, Pa.	3-4-5-6
Brower, Charles, Mechanic	1
Bruner, George, Corporal, 263 S. Arlington St., Akron, Ohio	1-2-3-4-5
Bullard, Stanley W., Corporal, Andover, Ohio	1-2-3-4-5

Declassified

	Bush, Lewis D., Private, Cedarville, W. Va.	4-5-6
10-21-'78	Butcher, Wm. J., Jr., Mechanic, 475 Orchard Court, Akron, Ohio (Caval. Fusiliers, D.)	3-4-5-6
	Caldwell, Percy W., 1st Lieut., 216 College St., Akron, Ohio	1
	Capron, George A., Cook, 195 N. 26th St., Kenmore, Ohio	4-5-6
	Carpenter, Lee, Private, 11 Stafford St., Worcester, Mass.	6
	Carroll, Dan F., Private, E. Eighth St., Columbus, Ohio	1-2-3-4
	Carson, Edward, Private, East Ave., Matuk, R. I.	3-4-5
	Carson, Luther L., Private, 317 Torrey St., Akron, Ohio	1-2-3-4-5-6
	Chapman, Albert T., Private, Kokomo, Ind.	5-6
	Chapman, Chas., Private	1
	Cheney, Gail, 2nd Lieut.	5
	Chronister, George O., Private, R.F.D. No. 1, North Manchester, Ind.	5-6
	Clark, Arnold B., Private, 1001 W. Broadway, Princeton, Ind.	5-6
	Clark, Fred E., private, Tionesta, Pa.	1-2-3-4-5-6
6-8-'79	Clark, Llewellyn B., Private, 216 Smith St., Akron, Ohio	3-4-5-6
	Clark, Maurice L., Private, 216 Smith St., Akron, Ohio	3-4-5-6
	Cochran, James D., Corporal, (166 W. Exchange St., Akron, Ohio) Warsaw, Ohio	3-4-5-6
	Cooper, Arthur F., Private, 337 Graves Court, Akron, Ohio	1-2-3-4-5
	Cordon, Rene, Private, 750 Gladwyn Ave., Detroit, Mich.	6
	Couchey, George F., Private, Essex Co., Essex, N. Y.	3-4-5-6
	Cox, Clayton, Private, R.F.D. No. 6, Rockville, Ind.	6
	Cox, Elbert L., Sergeant, R.F.D. No. 2, Galax, W. Va.	1-2-3-4-5
	Craig, Robert, Private, Greenville, Ohio	1-2-3
	Crawford, Eugene C., Private	1-2
	Craver, Myron B., Corporal, Brooklyn, Pa.	3-4-5-6
	Creveling, Clyde J., Private, 115 W. Cedar St., Akron, Ohio	3-4-5
	Crossman, Hal M., Private, 324 Miles St., Ypsilanti, Mich.	4-5
	Cunningham, Fred, Private, 11 Willard St., Akron, Ohio	4-5-6
	Cunningham, George W., Private, 332 Wood Ave., Sistersville, W. Va.	1-2-3-4-5-6
	Curry, Charles R., Sergeant, Altoona, Pa.	1-2-3-4-5-6
	Curtin, George D., 1st Lieut., 624 Mulberry St., Clarksburg, W. Va.	5-6
	Davidson, Earl J., Private, 526 Madison Ave., Cambridge, Ohio	3-4-5-6
	Davis, Homer, Corporal, Madison, Wis.	1-2-3
	Davis, Paul V., Corporal, 17 Spruce St., Akron, Ohio	3-4-5
	Davis, Martin, Private, W. South St., Akron, Ohio	1-2
	Dee, Wilbur, Private, Williamsport, Ind.	5-6
	Delaney, Lee, Private, 113 W. Spring St., Crawfordsville, Ind.	6
	Demshaw, Andrew, Private, Lawndale, Ohio	4-5
	Desaussure, Lewis D., Private, 410 E. Coffee St., Greenville, S. C.	4-5-6
	Deselms, Lester W., Private, 1301 Boulevard, Kenmore, Ohio	4-5-6
	Dougherty, Harry, Private	3-4-5
	Downey, John E., Private, 2737 P St., Lincoln, Neb.	5-6
	Dreese, Mark A., Private, 301 Fountain St., Akron, Ohio	3-4-5-6
	Dunn, Wilbur, Sergeant, Broad St., Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio	1-2-3-4-5-6
	Eck, Raymond, Private, 1032 Garfield St., S. W., Canton, Ohio	5
	Eckert, Homer O., Private, 231 Windsor Ave., Akron, Ohio	3-4-5-6
	Edwards, Kenneth, Private, Rhodes Ave., Akron, Ohio	1
	Edwards, Warren E., Private, 314 E. 8th St., Mishawaka, Ind.	5-6
	Eggleston, Roger S., Sergeant, Mt. Vernon, Ohio	6
	Engle, Elmer H., Private, 712 E. Jefferson St., Fort Wayne, Ind.	5-6
	Evans, Oscar, Private	1
	Exner, Fred A., Corporal, 274 So. Main St., Akron, Ohio	1-2-3-4-5-6
	Falardeau, Alphonse, Sergeant, Lonttville, Conti de Duebec, Province de Quebec, Canada	1-2-3-4-5

Deceased

Farabaugh, James G., Private, Elmsburg, Pa.	3-4-5
Faulkner, John A., Private, Madison, N. J.	3-4-5-6
Fetch, William L., Sergeant, 233 Chittenden Ave., Columbus, Ohio	1-2-3-4-5-6
Filley, Earl E., Private, 49 North Balch St., Akron, Ohio	1-2
Fissel, Ralph L., Private, R.F.D. No. 4, Logansport, Ind.	6
Fitzpatrick, Leo J., Corporal, 1412 Jackson St., Scranton, Pa.	3-4-5-6
Flickinger, Leland A., Private, Wellington, Ohio	3-4-5
Foltz, Wm., Private, 463 Carroll St., Akron, Ohio	1-2
Ford, Holton N., Private, P. O. Box 383, 437 N. Miami St., Wabash, Ind.	4-5-6
Foshee, Mitchell P., Private, Billingsley, Ala.	5-6
Fouts, Harry L., Bugler, 605 N. Seventh St., Zanesville, Ohio	3-4-5-6
Foust, Clarence R., Corporal, New Milford, Ohio	1-2
Fox, George O., Private, R.F.D. No. 2, Milford, Ind.	5-6
Frelander, Abe L., Private, 185 Perkins St., Akron, Ohio	1-2
Friel, John R., Private, 709 Fifth Ave., Altoona, Pa.	1-2-3-4-5-6
Fries, George L., Private, 527 S. Thirteenth St., Terre Haute, Ind.	5-6
Fuchs, Norman H., Private, 200 Beck Ave., Akron, Ohio	3-4-5-6
Fulmer, Earnest A., Private, 575 Carroll St., Akron, Ohio	4-5-6
Funk, John A., Private, 262 Gordon Drive, Akron, Ohio	3-4-5-6
Gall, John S., Private, Silver Lake, Ind.	5-6
Gates, Dorsey, Private	1-2
George, Charles, Private, 987 Sawyer Ave., Akron, Ohio	3-4-5-6
Gibson, M. H., Private, New Concord, Ohio	3-4-5
Glasgow, Martin A., Private, 13 Grant Ave., Vandergrift, Pa.	3-4-5
Good, Frank M., Private, Conneaut, Ohio	1-2
Graham, Everett T., Private, 1121 Short St., Vincennes, Ind.	5-6
Graham, Louis W., Corporal, 340 Willow St., Akron, Ohio	1-2
Gray, Frank W., 2nd Lieut., Jacksonville, Me.	6
Greene, Charles, Private, 32 Kirkwood St., Akron, Ohio	5
Greene, Frederick H., 1st Sergeant, 215 N. Main St., Spencer, Ind.	1-2-3-4-5-6
Greenberg, Harry, Corporal, 207 Ash St., Akron, Ohio	3-4-5
Griffin, Bruce P., 1st Lieut., 7 Gardner Place, Oneonta, N. Y.	5-6
Grimm, George, Private, 924 Camden St., Akron, Ohio	1-2-3-4-5
Gruesing, Fred D., Private, 217 S. Nineteenth St., Terre Haute, Ind.	5-6
4-16-1980 Gruver, Gerald A., Private, 131 Westwood Ave., Orrville, Ohio - (Iowa)	3-4-5-6
Guinther, Victor H., Private, (Glenmont, Ohio) 495 Talbot Ave., Akron, Ohio	3-4-5-6
Guinther, Robert, Supply Sergeant, 553 Stratford Ave., Akron, Ohio	1-2
Gulick, Wm. C., Private, Auburn Junction, Ind.	5-6
Gulick, R. A., Private, Marvin Ave., Akron, Ohio	1
Hageman, Earl D., Chief Mechanic, 323 W. Market St., Akron, Ohio	3-4-5-6
Hall, Howard M., Mess Sergeant, Akron, Ohio	1-2
Haller, Taylor B., Private, 26 Adams St., Akron, Ohio	3-4-5
Hamilton, Private, Akron, Ohio	1
Hapenny, Charles G., Private, Harmony, Ind.	5-6
Harmeyer, Frank J., Private, 1009 S. Governor St., Evansville, Ind.	5-6
Harris, George W., Private, 295 Arch St., Akron, Ohio	3-4-5-6
Harris, Harry C., Private, P. O. Box 46, Eustis, Fla.	3-4-5-6
Harris, Percy L., Private, 2261 Mahoning Road N. E., Canton, Ohio	4-5-6
Hatch, Robert G., 2nd Lieut., Lorena, Texas	6
Hedges, Harry H., Sergeant, Chippewa Lake, Ohio	1-2-3-4
Helsel, Glenn H., Bugler, R.F.D. No. 1, Box No. 8, Berlin Center, O.	3-4-5-6
Herbert, Roland, Corporal, 17 Auburn St., Malden, Mass.	3-4-5
Hickel, Harry, Private, 874 Haynes St., Akron, Ohio	1-2

DECEASED

6-18-1979 →

Hiemel, John F., Private, 197 High St., Barberton, Ohio	3-4-5
Hirleman, Edwin G., Private, 257 School St., Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio	5-6
Hitchcock, Harvey R., Sergeant	1-2-3
Hobensack, Stewart R., Corporal, Belpre, Ohio	1-2-3-4-5
Hoffman, Wm. F., Sergeant, 375 Park St., Akron, Ohio	1-2-3-4-5-6
Hogue, James L., Private, 713 Bisson Ave., Akron, Ohio	3-4-5-6
Holle, Wm. F., Private, Charlestown, W. Va.	6
Hollenbeck, Oscar D., Sergeant, 76 E. Cuyahoga Falls Ave., Akron, O.	1-2-3-4
Holton, P. C., Private	1
Hoover, Martin D., Private, Berlin Center, Ohio	3-4-5-6
Honick, Wm., Private, 889 Glenn Ave., Akron, Ohio	1
Hosback, Harry E., Sergeant, R.F.D. No. 5, Plymouth, Mich.	1-2-3-4
Hovis, Wm. R., Corporal, R.F.D. No. 5, Box No. 46, Wilkinsburg, Pa.	3-4-5-6
Hoyt, Charles, Horseshoer, Firestone Rooms, 17 Bachtel, Akron, Ohio	1
Hudson, Henry G., Private, Petros, Tenn.	4-5
Hull, Eret E., Horseshoer, 194 N. Main St., London, Ohio	3-4-5-6
Hunsicker, Basil, Bugler, Akron, Ohio	1-2
Hunter, Jesse, Private, 305 S. A St., Ellwood, Ind.	5-6
Iseman, Louis P., Sergeant, 306 Crosby St., Akron, Ohio	1-2-3-4-5-6
Jackson, Harold, Private, Akron, Ohio	1
Jackson, John M., Corporal, 1513 Dueber Ave., S. W., Canton, Ohio	3-4-5-6
Jackson, Percy W., Private, 1513 Dueber Ave., S. W., Canton, Ohio	3-4-5
Jackson, Straud B., Mechanic, 1183 Fourth Ave., Akron, Ohio	3-4-5-6
Jacobs, Edward V., Private, 661 Hazel St., Akron, Ohio	3-4-5-6
Jameson, John H., Private, Quimby Street, 166 W. Exchange St., Akron, Ohio	4-5-6
Jay, Henry D., Private, U. S. Regular Army	1-2
Jenkins, Alston C., Private, R.F.D. No. 1, Masontown, W. Va. ...	3-4-5-6
Jensen, Dan P., Private, Davey, Neb.	3-4-5
Johnston, Joseph J., Captain, 755 E. Market St., Akron, Ohio	1-2-3-4-5
Johnson, George, Private	1
Jones, Paul M., Private, 847 W. Main St., Ravenna, Ohio	1-2-3-4
Jones, John P., Private, 630 W. Chapel St., Columbus, Ohio	5-6
Jump, Claude A., Private, 68 N. 10th St., Kenmore, Ohio	1-2
Jump, Ira C., Private, 11 N. 10th St., Kenmore, Ohio	1-2
Kaichen, Troy, 1st Lieut., 686 Gholson Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio	5
Kalaher, Ross R., Private, 404 Doyle St., Akron, Ohio	3-4-5-6
Kavenagh, Carl J., Captain, Boston, Mass.	1-2-3-4-5-6
Kelly, Joseph B., Corporal, 47 Hawthorne Ave., Akron, Ohio	1-2-3-4-5-6
Kelly, Thomas, Private, 47 Hawthorne Ave., Akron, Ohio	4-5
Kelly, Wm., Private, 231 Ohio Building, Akron, Ohio	1-2
King, L. B., Private, N. Portage Path, Akron, Ohio	1
Kluge, Raymond, Private, Akron, Ohio	1-2
Kneff, Raymond A., Sergeant, 938 Ardmore Ave., Akron, Ohio	1-2-3-4
Kougelis, John, Private, 339 Michigan Ave., Indiana Harbor, Ind.	6
Kramer, Thomas J., Private, 1256 South Bend Ave., South Bend, Ind.	5-6
Krue, Edward J., Private, 314 E. Fifth St., Madison, Ind.	5-6
Kryder, George, Corporal, 361 Highland Ave., Akron, Ohio	1
Lange, Charles, 1st Sergeant, 852 S. Sumner, Akron, Ohio	1-2-3-4
Lane, Gilbert F., Corporal, Akron, Ohio	1-2
Lamiell, Clyde E., Private, 129 Orchard Road, Barberton, Ohio	4-5-6
Lathomar, Russell L., Corporal, Care of Canton Electric & Engineering Co., Canton, Ohio	3-4-5-6
Lavery, Richard T., Stable Sergeant, 106 W. Exchange St., Akron, Ohio	4-5-6
Lawandales, Frank, Private, 47 Columbus St., Charlestown, S. C.	6

Deceased

Layman, Otto O., Private, 521 Montgomery St., Fort Wayne, Ind.....	5-6
Leahy, Wm. E., Captain, 710 W. Main St., Massillon, Ohio.....	1-2-3-4-5-6
Lee, Glenn R., Private, Plymouth, Ind.....	5-6
Lenihan, Wm. A., Private, 1479 High St., Paris, Ky.....	4-5-6
Limbback, Roy C., Private, Massillon, Ohio.....	1-2-3
Lippa, Clarence E., Private, Cleveland, Ohio.....	3-4-5
Long, Albert, Private, U. S. Regular Army.....	1-2-3
12/31/1978 → Lynch, Patrick M., Sergeant, 36 Stone St., Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio.....	1-2-3-4-5-6
Lynch, W. F., Private, 36 Stone St., Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio.....	1
McCollum, Edwin M., Corporal, 517 W. Third St., Mishawaka, Ind.....	1-2-3-4-5-6
McCormick, James, Private, Akron, Ohio.....	1-2
McCormick, Lyle, Stable Sergeant, Akron, Ohio.....	1-2
McCormick, Ralph H., Private, 2318 Quebec Road, Cincinnati, Ohio.....	5-6
McCracken, Winfield C., Private, 470 Perkins St., Akron, Ohio.....	5-6
McEntee, Jensen A., Corporal, 490 E. Market St., Akron, Ohio.....	1-2-3
McFeeley, Allen K., Private, Elmore, Pa.....	4-5-6
McGowan, Wm., Private, 1071 W. Exchange St., Akron, Ohio.....	3-4
McGacken, Wm., Corporal, Akron, Ohio.....	1
McKeever, Wm., Cook, U. S. Army-at-Large.....	1-2
McPherson, Roscoe E., Private, Parkersburg, W. Va.....	1-2
McMillan, Roy, Private, 425 Hickory St., Akron, Ohio.....	1-2
Mahoney, James, Private.....	1
Maiden, Henry, Private, 2933 Grove Ave., Lorain, Ohio.....	1-2-3-4
Manley, Leo, Private, 1402 Scoville Ave., Canton, Ohio.....	1
Martin, Wm. L., Private, 121 Storer Ave., Akron, Ohio.....	1-2-3-4-5
Marvin, Stephen C., Private, 6169 Ridge Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.....	5-6
Mason, Alfred S., Cook, Tracy City, Tenn.....	4-5-6
Mathes, Buford E., Private, Jearoldstown, Tenn.....	3-4-5-6
May, Boyd H.....	5
Meagher, Thomas, Private.....	1
Merrill, Robert, Private, 165 Prospect St., Ravenna, Ohio.....	4
Michael, John B., Corporal, 76 Elizabeth St., Akron, Ohio.....	3-4-5-6
Michael, Thomas, Private, 76 Elizabeth St., Akron, Ohio.....	3-4-5-6
Miller, Clyde W., Sergeant, 1327 Atcheson St., Columbus, Ohio.....	1-2-3-4-5-6
Miller, Donald, Private, 697 W. Market St., Akron, Ohio.....	1-2-3-4-5
Miller, George C., Corporal, 1117 Fourteenth St., Douglas, Arizona.....	3-4-5-6
Miller, Howard F., Private, 421 Sherman St., Akron, Ohio.....	3-4-5-6
Miller, Robert W., Private, 119 Lexington Ave., Columbus, Ohio.....	1-2-3
Mogensen, Christian, Private, Care of A. Jenson, Davey, Neb.....	3-4-5-6
Moledor, Carl H., Private, North Canton, Ohio.....	6
Moock, Harold M., Private, Canton Engineering & Electric Co., Canton, Ohio.....	3-4-5-6
Moore, Harry C., Private, 404 E. Louisiana St., Indianapolis, Ind.....	5-6
Moore, Lee G., 2nd Lieut., 5717 Peabody Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.....	5-6
Moore, Lewis W., Private, 130 McCortney St., Easton, Pa.....	3-4-5-6
Moose, Ralph G., Sergeant, 1025 Fourth St., N. W., Canton, Ohio.....	1-2-3-4-5-6
Murphy, Archie W., Private, R.F.D. No. 3, Box No. 113, Morgantown, W. Va.....	3-4-5-6
Murphy, Lloyd G., Private, Unaka, N. C.....	6
Murphy, Wm. F., Private, 817 Cornell St., Barberton, Ohio.....	3-4-5-6
10-30-1974 → Mueller, Alfred W., Private, 56 Marvin Ave., Akron, Ohio.....	4-5
Mueller, George E., Private, 621 Weber St., Akron, Ohio.....	1-2
Myers, Howard E., 1st Lieut., 839 West End Ave., New York City.....	6
Newkirk, Bruce P., Corporal, 435 E. Market St., Akron, Ohio.....	3-4-5
Newman, Robert B., Sergeant, 2719 Euclid Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.....	1-2-3-4-5-6

DECEASED

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Norris, Wendall H., Bugler, Mogadore, Ohio	1-2-3-4
Northrup, Donald M., Corporal, 63 Grand Ave., Akron, Ohio	1-2-3-4-5-6
Nycamp, George W., Corporal, Chagrin Falls, Ohio	3-4-5-6
O'Brien, Francis, Private	1
Ogier, John A., Private, 312 E. Tuscarawas, Barberton, Ohio	4-5-6
Outland, Orland F., Mess Sergeant, 255 W. Center St., Akron, Ohio	3-4-5-6
Owens, Wm., Private, 362 Weeks St., Akron, Ohio	3-4-5-6
Palmer, Russell L., Supply Sergeant, Akron, Ohio	1-2-3
Pague, Charles A., Private, 980 Garfield Ave., Price Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio	6
Parmer, Theo. L., Private, 1309 Missouri St., E. St. Louis, Ill.	5-6
Pearson, Wm. H., Private, 69 E. High St., Salem, Ohio	3-4-5-6
Peoples, Vaughn L., Private, Wallacetown, Pa.	3-4-5-6
Peters, Henry O., Private, P. O. Box No. 38, Brookville, Ill.	6
Poling, Roscoe A., Supply Sergeant, 189 S. Main St., Akron, Ohio	1-2-3-4-5-6
Possehl, Arthur R., Private, 68 Dartmore Ave., Akron, Ohio	3-4-5-6
Powell, Kenneth M., Private, 100 E. Market St., Akron, Ohio	1-2
Powers, Theodore, Corporal, 68 North Forge Street, Akron, Ohio	1-2-3
Price, Guy W., Private, North Canton, Ohio	3-4-5-6
Purdy, Wesley W., Private, Killbuck, Ohio	1-2
Rafeld, W. C., 403 Boulevard, Kenmore, Ohio	1-2
Reddington, Ralph W., Private, New Waterford, Ohio	3-4-5-6
Redman, John D., Private, Cynthina, Ohio	5-6
Reynolds, Oda, Private, R.F.D. No. 1, Box No. 26, Lowell, Ohio	3-4-5-6
Rhoads, Harry O., Private, 164 Adams St., Akron, Ohio	1-2
Rich, Wm., Horseshoer, Akron, Ohio	1-2
Richards, Alfred C., Private, 108 Bowery St., Akron, Ohio	1-2
Richmond, Alfred L., Corporal, Kenmore, Ohio	1-2-3
Riden, Robert L., Private, 6 Market St., Louistown, Pa.	4-5-6
Ritter, Alton V., Corporal, Ritter's Studio, Flatiron Building, Akron, Ohio	1-2-3-4-5-6
Robertson, Harry, Private, R.F.D. No. 1, Unionville, Ohio	5-6
Robinson, Fred, Private, 278 W. South St., Akron, Ohio	1-2-3-4-5-6
Rogers, Wilber F., Private, Lawnsdale, Ohio	4-5-6
Romily, Edward, Supply Sergeant, Akron, Ohio	1
Rood, George D., Private, 312 Tuscarawas Ave., Barberton, Ohio	4-5-6
Rowen, Howard, Private, 139 Orchard Ave., Barberton, Ohio	1
Rubright, Miles S., Corporal, 414 Ash St., Akron, Ohio	1-2-3-4-5-6
Saalfield, Arthur J., 1st Sergeant, 85 Belvedere Way, Akron, Ohio	1-2
Samsey, John, Sergeant, Akron, Ohio	1-2-3
Sanders, Erritt S., Private, R.F.D. No. 2, Marion, Ohio	4-5-6
Sapperfield, Ira V., Private, R.F.D. No. 1, Box No. 11, Oblong, Ill.	5-6
Sauter, Edward E., Private, 6326 McCollum St., Philadelphia, Pa.	1-2-3-4-5
Sayre, Jesse L., Private, (Townsville, Pa.) 642 Hazel St., Akron, Ohio	3-4-5-6
Scales, James G., Private, Merriman Road and Edgerton Road, Akron, Ohio	1
Schieb, Charles, Private, 1115 Laird Street, Akron, Ohio	1
Schmok, Brainard W., Private, 1868 Rosalind Ave., East Cleveland, Ohio	3-4-5-6
Schneider, Wm., Bugler, Engine House No. 5, Buchtel Ave., Akron, Ohio	1-2
Schnitzler, Joseph J., Private, E. Sixth St., Fostoria, Ohio	1-2-3-4-5-6
Schnake, Clifford W., Corporal, 31 Scoville Ave., S. W., Canton, Ohio	3-4-5-6
Schrader, John G., Private, 744½ E. North St., Indianapolis, Ind.	1-2-3-4-5
Schrank, Carl F., Private, 401 Bass Ave., Akron, Ohio	1-2-3-4-5-6
Schreiner, Joseph J., Private, 523 Vine St., Akron, Ohio	3-4-5
Schwalbach, Gilbert D., Private, 1040 East Ave., Akron, Ohio	3-4-5-6
Schwartz, DeWitt, Private, 5560 Gates Ave., St. Louis, Mo.	3-4-5
Scott, Donald B., Sergeant, Ustis, Fla.	1-2-3-4-5-6

DECEASED

Scott, Ralph W., Corporal, Mingo Junction, Ohio	3-4-5-6
Scoville, Clyde, Private	1
Scroggs, Clifford H., 2nd Lieut., 689 Hoover St., Columbus, Ohio.....	5
Sedberry, Sidney W., Cook, Eddyville, Ky.....	3-4-5-6
Seiberling, Frederick J., Corporal, N. Portage Path, Akron, Ohio.....	1-2-3-4
Seikel, Charles R., Horseshoer, 51 Kuder Ave., Akron, Ohio.....	3-4-5-6
Shaffer, Paul, Private, 218 Park St., Akron, Ohio.....	1
Sharp, Charles T., Private, 137 N. Eighth St., New Philadelphia, Ohio.....	3-4-5-6
Sharp, Wm. McKinley, Private, R.F.D., Mechanicstown, Ohio.....	4-5
Shaw, Horace C., Sergeant, 1532 Samson St., Philadelphia, Pa.....	1-2-3-4-5-6
Sheets, Marshall H., Private, R.F.D. No. 1, Crown City, Ohio.....	3-4-5-6
Shepard, Michael B., Private, 573 Well St., Steubenville, Ohio.....	5-6
Shere, Joseph N., Sergeant, Carmi, Ill.	3-4-5-6
Shere, Martin M., Private, Carmi, Ill.	3-4-5-6
Shreve, Roy J., Private, 386 Artillery St., Detroit, Mich.....	3-4-5
Shryock, Otis, Corporal, Goodyear Efficiency Department, Akron, Ohio.....	1-2
Slater, Harry F., Private, 280 James St., Akron, Ohio.....	3-4-5-6
Slates, Marion L., Corporal, Dellroy, Ohio.....	3-4-5-6
Smetts, Frank, Cook, Akron, Ohio.....	1
Smith, David E., Private, Brandenburg, Ky.....	4-5-6
Smith, L. W., Private, 21 Adams, Akron, Ohio.....	1-3
Snapp, James B., Private, 90 S. Maple St., Akron, Ohio.....	1-2
Snow, Welton A., 1st Lieut., Needham, Mass.....	1-2-3-4
Spade, Glenn E., Corporal, 632 Day St., Akron, Ohio.....	3-4-5-6
Sperry, Carleton D., Corporal, Tallmadge, Ohio.....	1-2-3
Sperry, John A., Private, Tallmadge, Ohio.....	1-2-3
Spicer, Ira C., Private, 423 Vine St., Akron, Ohio.....	3-4-5-6
Sprigle, Harold, Private, 69 Borton Ave., Akron, Ohio.....	1-2
Stagg, George D., Bugler, 76 Ido Ave., Akron, Ohio.....	3-4-5-6
Stambaugh, Merle F., Private, 2446 Winfield Way, Canton, Ohio.....	3-4-5-6
Stanion, Donald, Private, 68 N. Forge St., Akron, Ohio.....	1-2-3
Starn, Craig R., Private, 911 Fulton Road N. W., Canton, Ohio.....	3-4-5-6
Staudt, Thurman F., Corporal, 925 Renkert Building, Canton, Ohio.....	3-4-5-6
Stevens, Ray, Private, R.F.D. No. 3, Lynnville, Ind.....	5-6
Steinel, Wm. B., Corporal, 482 Orchard St., Akron, Ohio.....	3-4-5-6
Stilwell, Private.....	1
Stone, Francis J., Private, 221 W. Stein St., St. Louis, Mo.....	5-6
Stonebarger, Joseph F., Private, Durango, Colo.....	6
Stouffer, W. L., Chief Mech., White Motor Sales Co., E. Market St., Akron, Ohio.....	1
Sturgeon, Joseph A., Private, 404 N. Water St., Clinton, Ind.....	5-6
3-20-1980- Summers, William H., Private, Ottawa, Ohio.....	3-4-5-6
Swain, Willard J., Private, 642 East Ave., Akron, Ohio.....	3-4-5-6
Talbeet, H. A., Private, Care of Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio.....	1
Taylor, Adon H., Private, R.F.D. No. 2, Indin Springs, Ind.....	5-6
Taylor, F. W., Private, 300 W. Center St., Akron, Ohio.....	1
Taylor, John R., 2nd Lieut., Akron, Ohio.....	1-2-3-4
Thomas, T. R., Private, 1651 Hillside Terrace, Akron, Ohio.....	1
Thomas, Richard J., Private, 711 N. Fifth St., Barberton, Ohio.....	4-5-6
Thompson, George J., Private, Moorhead, Minn.....	3-4
Thompson, R. J., Private, Moorhead, Minn.....	1
Thompson, Roland C., Corporal, 613 E. Market St., Akron, Ohio.....	1-2-3-4-5-6
Tilton, Clyde H., Private, 256 S. 4th St., Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio.....	4-5
Timmons, Joseph M., Private, 537 S. Jefferson St., Hartford City, Ind.....	5-6
Treat, Howard W., Corporal, 1800 K St., Washington, D. C.....	1-2

Trekal, Gus., Private, care of F. Gleason, 2323 W. 4th St., Cleveland, Ohio 3-4-5-6

Trombley, Russell, Private, Lake Anna Court, Barberton, Ohio..... 1-2

Truby, Loren C., Corporal, 176 Maplewood Ave., Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio 3-4-5-6

Tuttle, Thomas J., Private, Sassar, Ky. 6

Tyson, Wm. H., Corporal, Ninth St. N. E., Canton, Ohio 3-4-5

Upson, Ralph, Sergeant, 219 Shawnee Path, Akron, Ohio..... 1-2

Vaughn, Walter D., Horseshoer, 450 Bartges St., Akron, Ohio 3-4-5-6

Vignos, Paul, Corporal, 617 Shorbit St., N. W., Canton, Ohio 3-4-5

Vincent, Richard, Private, Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Buffalo, N. Y. 1-2-3

Vrabec, Paul, Private, 322 S. Broadway, Akron, Ohio 3-4-5

Wagner, Albert, Private 3-4-5

Walker, C. L., Private, 96 Brick St., Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio 1-2-3-4

Wallace, R. O., Sergeant, Akron, Ohio 1-2-3-4

Weaver, Marshall I., Private, Akron, Ohio..... 1-2

Weaver, Roy, Private, 701 Wooster Ave., Akron, Ohio 3-4-5

Webster, Daniel, Corporal, 170 Beck St., Akron, Ohio..... 1-2

Weeks, Charles, Supply Sergeant, 149 S. Balch St., Akron, Ohio 1-2

Welsh, Edward J., Private, 215 Crosby St., Akron, Ohio..... 1-2

Werner, Frank M., Private, 418 Tuscarawas Ave., Barberton, Ohio 4-5-6

Whaple, Raymond, Private, Wallacetown, Pa..... 1-2

Whistler, Samuel L., Private, care of N. O. T. & L. Terminal Bldg., Akron, Ohio 3-4-5

White, John, Private, 340 6th Ave., Altoona, Pa. 1

White, Charles H., Private, R.F.D. No. 16, Williams, Ind. 5-6

White, George W., Private, 362 Weeks St., Akron, Ohio 3-4-5-6

Whitlock, John, Corporal, Athens, Ohio 1-2-3

Wiener, Robert M., Private, 51 Arch St., Akron, Ohio 3-4-5-6

Williams, Harry, Private, 314 Baird Ave., Barberton, Ohio 4-5

Wise, Atlee, Corporal, 1011 W. Market St., Akron, Ohio..... 1-2-3-4-5-6

Wise, John H., 2nd Lieut., 903 Harrison Ave., N. W., Canton, Ohio 1-2-3-4-5-6

Wolcott, Clarence E., Private, P. O. Box No. 27, Newton Falls, Ohio 3-4-5-6

Wood, Pearl C., Supply Sergeant, 37 N. Third St., Columbus, Ohio 1-2-3-4

Woodward, John H., Sergeant, 1904 Leavenworth St., Los Angeles, Cal. 1-2-3-4-5

Wright, George M., Sergeant, U. S. Regular Army, Tallmadge, Ohio 1-2

Yorkey, Reed, Private, 88 W. Salome Ave., Akron, Ohio 4-5-6

York, Henry P., Sergeant, 174 Park Place, Akron, Ohio 1-2-3-4-5-6

Youngs, Earl G., Corporal, 450 E. Perry St., Tiffin, Ohio 3-4-5-6

Younis, Edward, Private, 120 Bay St., Macon, Ga. 3-4-5



The War That Made Bull Durham Famous



Officers Only

Explanatory Note—This list includes only the officers who actually served with Battery B at some time between June 19, 1916, when the battery was called out for border-service, and the date of demobilization, April 10, 1919. It does not include nearly fifty men of the battery who left it to become officers, or who received commissions at the different training-camps. Their names are legion; they are scattered broadcast throughout the length and breadth of the United States Army, and the task of collecting the pictures and necessary data would have been well-nigh impossible.



KAVENAGH, CARL J. Boston, Mass. Major, 62nd Field Artillery Brigade. Enlisted in Battery B, November 15, 1915, and appointed sergeant from date. Appointed 1st sergeant December 10, 1916. Commissioned 2nd lieutenant June 15, 1917. Commissioned 1st lieutenant July 11, 1917. Commissioned captain May 5, 1918. Commissioned major November 3, 1918.

One of the charter members and organizers of the battery and with it as sergeant, 1st sergeant, 2nd lieutenant, 1st lieutenant, and captain until he left for Brigade-Headquarters, August 29, 1918.

"All right now, let's get some pep into it and see what we can do."

ALBRECHT, HURL J. Akron, Ohio. Lieutenant-Colonel, 134th Regiment Field Artillery. Commissioned captain of Ohio Field Artillery, November 15, 1915. Commissioned lieutenant-colonel July 11, 1917.

One of the charter members and organizers of Battery B, and with it as captain until he became lieutenant-colonel of the regiment, July 11, 1917.

"What do you want this time, McKeever?"



A picture and eulogy of Col. H. M. Bush of Columbus, originally assigned to this space, was

CENSORED

out by the editor. The colonel's picture appears in another part of the book.

SNOW, WELTON A. Needham, Mass. Captain, 134th Regiment Field Artillery. Enlisted in Battery B, November 15, 1915. Appointed sergeant, February 22, 1916. Commissioned 2nd lieutenant July 21, 1916. Commissioned 1st lieutenant June 15, 1917. Commissioned captain July 11, 1917.

One of the charter members and organizers of the battery and with it as sergeant, 2nd lieutenant, and 1st lieutenant, until he left to command Headquarters Company, July 11, 1917.

"You will have the men fall in at once, sergeant."



BABBITT, JOHN F. Louisville, Ky. Captain, 134th Regiment Field Artillery. Commissioned 2nd lieutenant in Battery B, November 15, 1915. Commissioned 1st lieutenant July 22, 1916. Commissioned captain June 15, 1917.

One of the charter members and organizers of the battery, and with it as 2nd lieutenant and 1st lieutenant until he left to become regimental adjutant, June 15, 1917.

"What seems to be the trouble here?"

LEAHY, WILLIAM E. Massillon, Ohio. Captain, 134th Regiment Field Artillery. Enlisted in Battery B, November 15, 1915. Commissioned 2nd lieutenant July 11, 1917. Commissioned 1st lieutenant September 15, 1917. Commissioned captain November 3, 1918. One of the select few who saw the game through, from start to finish, with Battery B.

Charter member and organizer of the battery, he served with it as private, 2nd lieutenant, 1st lieutenant, and captain, until the battery was demobilized.

"That was a tres bon inspection, if I do say it myself."



CURTIN, GEORGE D. Clarksburg, W. Va. 1st lieutenant, 134th Regiment Field Artillery. Commissioned 2nd lieutenant at 1st Officers' Training School, August 15, 1917. Commissioned 1st lieutenant September 1, 1917.

Assigned to the battery for duty, March 1, 1918, and with it until he left for duty with Headquarters Company, June 5, 1918. Reassigned to the battery for duty August 1, 1918, and with it until the battery was demobilized.

"Be quiet, the Germans are just over the hill."

JOHNSTON, JOSEPH J. Akron, Ohio. Captain, 134th Regiment Field Artillery. Commissioned 1st lieutenant in Battery B, November 15, 1915. Commissioned captain July 11, 1917.

One of the charter members and organizers of the battery, and with it as 1st lieutenant and captain until he left to command Battery E, April 6, 1918.

"The sergeants are doing all right, but the corporals will have to buck up."





GRIFFIN, BRUCE P. Oneonta, N. Y. 1st Lieutenant, 134th Regiment Field Artillery. Commissioned 2nd lieutenant at 1st Officers' Training School, August 15, 1917. Commissioned 1st lieutenant April 23, 1918.

Assigned to Battery B April 24, 1918, and left to become 134th F. A. aeroplane observer July 31, 1918.

"I'd rather do this than play bridge."

TAYLOR, JOHN R. Akron, Ohio. 1st Lieutenant, 134th Regiment Field Artillery. Commissioned 2nd lieutenant November 15, 1915. Commissioned 1st lieutenant June 11, 1917. Served with the battery as 2nd lieutenant and 1st lieutenant until he left for duty with Battery F, September 15, 1917.

"Bring that caisson up here."

MYERS, HOWARD E. New York City. 1st Lieutenant, 134th Regiment Field Artillery. Commissioned 2nd lieutenant at Officers' Training School, Saumur, France, July 27, 1918. Commissioned 1st lieutenant November 3, 1918.

Assigned to the battery August 5, 1918, and with it until the battery was demobilized.

"Gunners to me."



HATCH, ROBERT G. Lorena, Texas. 2nd Lieutenant, 134th Regiment Field Artillery. Commissioned 2nd lieutenant at Third Officers' Training School, May 13, 1918. Assigned to the battery for duty, January 23, 1919, and with it until the battery was demobilized.
"They grow he-men where I come from."



GREY, FRANK W. Jacksonville, Me. 1st Lieutenant, 134th Regiment Field Artillery. Commissioned 2nd lieutenant at Third Officers' Training School, Camp Devens, Mass. Commissioned 1st lieutenant November 3, 1918.
Assigned to the Battery for duty September 26, 1918, and with it until transferred to Battery F for duty October 26, 1918.
"Peahson, wheahs my gas-mask?"



WISE, JOHN H. Canton, Ohio. 2nd Lieutenant, 134th Regiment Field Artillery. Enlisted as private in Battery B, June 19, 1916. Appointed corporal May 18, 1917. Appointed sergeant May 25, 1917. Commissioned 2nd lieutenant July 11, 1917.
With the battery from June 19, 1916, as private, corporal, sergeant and 2nd lieutenant until he left to attend Aerial School at Tours, France, August 10, 1918. Reassigned to the battery from 24th Aerial Squadron, February 15, 1919, and with it until the battery was demobilized.
"Everyone of you is headed for a labor battalion"

MOORE, LEE E. Cincinnati, Ohio. 2nd Lieutenant, 134th Regiment Field Artillery. Commissioned 2nd lieutenant at Third Officers' Training School, May 13, 1918. Assigned to the battery for duty May 14, 1918, and with it until he left for duty with the Supply Company, October 2, 1918.

"What it takes to ride that horse, I've got."



GREENE, FREDERICK H. Spencer, Ind. 1st Sergeant, 134th Regiment Field Artillery. Enlisted in Battery B as private, June 21, 1916. Appointed corporal May 20, 1917. Appointed sergeant June 2, 1917. Appointed 1st sergeant September 24, 1917.

With the battery from June 21, 1916, until the battery was demobilized. One year and a half of this time he was the "top-soak;" he was never an officer, but he should have been, and could have been, had he wanted to. He preferred to stay with the battery—so we put him here.

"Outside, you birds. Come a-running."

KAICHEN, TROY. Cincinnati, Ohio. 1st Lieutenant, 134th Regiment Field Artillery. Commissioned 1st lieutenant at 1st Officers' Training School, August 15, 1917. Assigned to the battery January 20, 1918, and with it until he left for duty with Headquarters Company, June 15, 1918.

"Remember to hold your breath while putting on the mask."



OBITUARY

CAPTAIN HARRY H. HEDGES

Enlisted as a private in B Battery on November 15, 1915. Saw border service as a sergeant. Discharged from the service April 11, 1917. Commissioned 1st lieutenant in Headquarters Company July 11, 1917. Commissioned captain April 3, 1918, and in command of Headquarters Company from April 3rd till appointed acting regimental adjutant September 15, 1918. Taken sick at Laimont, France, October 3, 1918, and died in Evacuation Hospital No. 16 at Revigny, France, October 16, 1918. Cause of death given as plural pneumonia.

"Mort Pour La Patrie."

RAYMOND P. ECK

Enlisted in Headquarters Company, 134th Field Artillery, July 23, 1917. With Headquarters Company at Silver Lake and Camp Sheridan until transferred to B Battery early in May, 1918. Transferred from Battery B to Camp Jackson June 8, 1918. Assigned to eighty-first division, 324th Infantry, in July, 1918, and went overseas with that unit. Killed in action during the Meuse-Argonne offensive near Buried at

"Mort Pour La Patrie."

THE RED GUIDON ASSOCIATION

An Appreciation by Ourselves

"DOWN IN THE SUBWAY UNDER THE GROUND"

(Selection from an old battery song)

WHEN the battery lay in the cellars of Laimont just before going into the Marbache front, there was organized, merely in a spirit of good fellowship, a little club which was really responsible for the existence of this publication.

A little old ruin across from the Epicerie became the luxurious lodgings of Kelly, Ritter, Funk, Shere, White, Fuchs, "Bill" Murphy and Hirleman. It was really not much to look at, in fact it was known only to the officers and the "Top" as the most difficult cellar to find when they wanted to call out a detail. But it was dry and we built a fireplace—which worked wonderfully when the wind was from the south, and Kelly terraced the debris in one corner to make a good solid foundation for his bunk.



Here in this "Abri Parfait" one evening after a repast of cheese, bread (purloined from the kitchen) and vin blanc, the "Hams Club" was organized. Eligibility for membership required a certain degree of "hamness" of profession. Kelly being known as the "ham newspaper man;" White was called the "Ham Boxer;" Ritter, Funk and Fuchs were "Ham Artists;" Shere was dubbed, rather hesitatingly, the "Ham Gambler," and Murphy, than whom there were none "hamer" was cited as the "Ham tenor" (adenoid).

So it was. In strange ways, many things have their beginning and the Red Guidon is numbered not among the least of them.

Someone proposed that a little ten or twelve page pamphlet be written and published upon our return to the States, a souvenir to be given to a few friends,—possibly print a hundred copies, which wouldn't cost us so much.

Until we arrived at rest billets in the woods at Camp Oust, the Hams Club became almost a memory only. There, one evening, interest was revived. Thompson, Bausman, Faulkner and Eckert were elected to member-

ship. More complete plans were formed, and even some assignments were given. Bill Murphy was to make a collection of funny stories and clever sayings of army life. That was the first meeting in which anything definite was done towards making the book an actuality. We dreamed dreams.

Leaving Camp Oust for the front, the "book" was again temporarily put upon the shelf. Not until after the signing of the armistice did we do anything further. Although Murphy (it is alleged) never neglected to jot down some clever remark, even during a barrage, he never hesitated to lay down a shell in order to make a note. (Such loyalty to an ideal deserves great appreciation—read his stuff in the Guidon.)

The battery moved back to the "Hill" above Rambluzin, before they found places to make their bunks, Kelly and Ritter were searching for a shack to house the editorial offices (note the plural.) Giving the captain a good "line" they secured permission to use the little seven by nine tar-paper shack opposite the officers' quarters. They told him that it was the intention to publish an illustrated history of the battery, which at the time wasn't exactly true. The vivid word picture, which was painted out of pure imagination, proved convincing, however.

Impressive furniture and elaborate decorations were installed during the day, and that evening the first real meeting of the editorial staff was held. The imagination of Kelly and Ritter had formulated an idea which unconsciously had been budding in our minds. The Hams Club formally adopted "The Red Guidon," upon which name they finally decided after much heated discussion. In this manner was our brain-child conceived. Joe Kelly was elected editor-in-chief; Thompson, Bausman, Murphy, and Eckert were to write copy; Martin Shere and Art Faulkner became treasurer and business manager, respectively;



Ritter was art director, with Funk and Fuchs on the art staff; George White honored us in the capacity of sporting editor; and Bill Summers received the title of Official Photographer, ably assisted by Norman H. Fuchs. Later, Joe Schnitzler became first assistant Business Manager, and opened our branch office in the business section of Camp Du Chanois. All was

as merry as a wedding bell in June.

The next day the work started in earnest. Tommy began his "11-11-11" story, and Ritter made pencil sketches, for its illustration in oil. Kelly was kept busy trying to curb the exuberant and extravagant spirits of the copy-writers. "Boil it down! Boil it down!" quoth our noble chief, none too gently. It became a watchword among the staff. Bill would submit about three thousand words and be told to "cut it down to about two hundred and use a lot of names, all the names you can think of." We were fortunate in having so capable a man for our chief. Heaven only knows what amateurish copy might have found its way into these pages.

Night after night found the staff working in the ridiculously small office, crowded elbow to elbow, feet sinking into the mud of the floor, and straining their eyes by the candle-light and the wood-smoke from the stove, which was always too hot or too cold. Oh, those were the days!

Thanksgiving Day was celebrated by the building of a three-foot addition onto one end of the shack, giving us room for the typewriter which Captain Hollenbeck, kindly loaned us. So, against all army traditions, we desecrated the Holiday, but finished in time to do justice to Curry's dinner (this is no joke.)

The impetus given by the enlarged space in the sanctum sanctorum caused ideas to accumulate so rapidly that we lacked the time in which to execute them. (Some of them should have been executed we admit.) It was considered advisable to try to be released from drill. (Against our wishes, of course, but we were altruists in those days.) The officers were backing us and boosting the book, so we were given that permission, although arguments with section-chiefs never became infrequent. Probably the greater part of our work was accomplished between that time and Christmas.

However, about a week before Christmas, our attention was diverted and our efforts directed along a different channel. One day the captain came down to the office to ask our help in making Christmas Day more enjoyable than the average day on the "Hill." It was suggested that we organize an entertainment of some sort, and of course, we unanimously voted for it. If the Guidon staff liked anything better than an enter-

tainment, it was another one.

For seven days, and nights we worked, writing, rehearsing and costuming the acts, the scenery was painted and a stage was erected and wired for lights in the little



old "Theater Comique" in the abandoned hospital at the foot of the "Hill." It was a good show and you enjoyed it. So did we.

The little office across from the officer's billet died a glorious and heroic death when the staff celebrated after the show that night. Do you remember when ----- (name deleted) broke the door from its hinges? And how Sidney's chocolate cake found its true vocation as a decorative medium! One wonderful night!

Like Phoenix rising from the ashes, a new office was erected under the corrugated iron roof of one of the stables, next door to our local "Y." (?)

About this time Tommy and Bausman deserted us for the greater excitement of going on the road with the regimental show. This cut down our writing force, but, though a considerable handicap, did not cause us to despair.

Things continued to run smoothly, in spite of the difficulty in obtaining wood for the fire. We were forced to beg, borrow, or steal candles from Polling or Curry. Occasionally it became necessary to go A. W. O. L. to Bar le Duc for supplies, ink, paper, pencils and other articles which we needed in our business.

After we left the "Hill" on the last leg of our journey toward home, we did very little until we were back in "civvies," in fact, we believed that our work had been practically completed.

We found out that the biggest job of all yet remained. Editing, coherent and logical arrangement, collection of photographs, rewriting and correcting, new stories to write, making up the "dummy," selling new subscriptions, all work, hard work and little time to do it in. We wish to give Bausman credit for finishing the history and a number of short stories, after our return. Ritter put in a lot of time collecting and arranging photographs. Harry Rhoads, who was with the Battery on the border, became a member of the staff and proved himself to be practically invaluable in the matter of technical advice. Harry also contributed some clever art-work, of which our Ex Libris is a notable example.

We have given you a good book, and a beautiful book, one which you will treasure so long as you live. We regret that it did not come out sooner, but we did our darndest, and we appreciate your backing, at first in France and then in the States.

Yes, it's a good book, but then, you deserve a good book, all you fellows of B Battery. In the years to come it will be the only link to take us back, back to those good old days when we hiked together along the roads of America, and of France, with equipment "C" on our backs, and someone (you know who we mean) in the line of file closer counting "1-2-3-4—1-2-3-4 get in step there 1-2-3-4—1-2."

Bon Nuit.



BATTERY B ARTILLERY CAMP WILLIS - OHIO

The "Old" B Battery

Forage Pile



"Doc" Barton



d
-
d



"Cannoneers wash collars"



Released at Camp Willis, O.



AT THE



GAS HOUSE .



Camp Willis



Station

B Battery History

CHAPTER I

IN the late summer of 1915 when the possibilities of United States ever entering the hostilities in Europe were being scoffed at by everyone but the prospect of trouble with Mexico or Japan were cause for much comment—then came the big idea, to a group of progressive members of the University Club of Akron. The nation was entirely unprepared for any emergency that called for an army of over 500,000 men, and surely in either case, Mexico or Japan, such an emergency would be at hand and then there was the affair in Europe to be considered, for no one had been able at that time to determine just where that would lead, before it was finished. Akron was no exception to the rule of the nation, for although she had three companies in the National Guard, it was considered by those interested in the progress of the city that from her population of over 75,000 Akron should have a larger representation in the American army, or at least in reserve.

After many little parleys and impromptu meetings at the club, it was found that there was enough interest taken in the matter at that time to justify serious consideration of another organization in Akron. On the evening of August 23rd, 1915, a meeting was called for all those members of the University Club who were interested in the proposition of forming a military organization. Eighty members were present, among them ex-army men and many of the prominent business men of the city.

J. J. Johnston was appointed temporary chairman for this meeting for his had been a great part in the culmination of the gathering. F. A. Seiberling and H. J. Albrecht spoke, and as citizens and business men of Akron promised their loyal support of anything that would assist in the organization of a military company. At the suggestion of Mr. Johnston, it was unanimously decided that the organization be a battery of light field artillery, this branch of the service being especially attractive because of the mathematical problems it involved. A petition was drawn up and twelve copies of it made, to be sent to the rubber factories for recruiting desirable men for the project. It was expected at that time to be organized by Labor Day, that year, and after calling a meeting for the following Tuesday, August 30th, the first meeting was adjourned.

The next week was marked by the editorial comment in one of the Akron newspapers which called the new organization a social military organization to enable millionaires' sons to wear a uniform. This was hastily denied, in the following evening's paper, and the assertion that only millionaires' sons were eligible to join the association was proven untrue by the petitions then going through the Akron rubber factories, asking for recruits from all ranks. True, there were several very prominent men and their sons interested in the affair, but it was

patriotism and not selfish pride that caused the interest. The story published claiming the contrary was soon branded a lie.

The meeting of August 30th was held in the court house in order to accommodate all the newly acquired recruits who attended. The proposition of an armory for the new battery was taken up and the plans for a building costing approximately \$12,000 were shown. Chairman Johnston, in speaking of the prospects of the battery gave the ways and means of a Battery Association such as was organized that evening. Among other things he suggested an annual ball as a lucrative enterprise for the organization, but as he said, "It will be no 'pink tea' affair, and we must not lose sight of the fact that we are a military outfit."

Colonel Wright, a veteran of the Spanish-American War, spoke at this meeting congratulating the men on their organization and enlightening them on a few points of militarism. A battery of field artillery would never be called out on strike duty or any industrial troubles, but although they might never be called for any purpose it was well to be prepared. A charter committee was appointed at this meeting and Mr. Johnston left the temporary chair of the meeting to assume the chairmanship of this committee. With Johnston on the charter committee were Claire Ault, J. Reddick, W. Dunn, and W. Doyle. Another meeting in the court house was called for September 8th and the second meeting of the Battery Association was adjourned.

Mr. H. J. Albrecht acted as chairman at the next meeting of the association, when it was decided that it was necessary to send representatives to Columbus to interview Governor Willis regarding a charter and equipment for the new battery. A letter was read from General Johnson, of the National Defence Board, in which he complimented the Akron men on "making an effort in the right direction," for he said, "artillery is badly needed in the American army in view of current events in France." The charter committee was authorized to make the trip to Columbus regarding the equipment for the battery and another meeting of the Akron Battery Association was adjourned. The organization was fast becoming a military one and the 170 men who were now enrolled on its roster were all anxious to get at some real weapons.

On the evening of September 13th an important meeting was held, during which permanent officers were nominated, reports were heard from two important committees; John F. Babbitt, chairman of the building committee, reported unfavorably on the proposed \$12,000 armory in view of the fact that the armory then under contract for the infantry companies of Akron called for an expenditure of almost \$200,000, and that a \$12,000 building would be out of place beside it. New plans were asked for and George Ball and George Renner,



On the Mesa



"Spike" Sperry

11
4
0



Leaving the gun-park



Sampsey, Weeks



The Rio Grande



Mt. Franklin

Mess-kit water



architects and members of the Battery Association, were asked to present them at the next meeting.

Chairman Joe. Johnston of the charter committee, then reported the accomplishments of that committee in Columbus. After interviews with Adj. General Hough, Governor Willis, and Major H. M. Bush of the Ohio Field Artillery, in which the ability of Akron to support another military organization was proven, the matter of getting the charter was only a question of a few days. Harry Quine and Captain Werner, a Spanish-American War veteran, both spoke to the men urging them to have patience and not to lose interest in the association which was soon to have its charter.

With the assurance of a charter, it became necessary to nominate officers, and so at the meeting of October 4th, nominations were received for a president, a treasurer, a secretary, and a board of directors. Great interest was shown in the proposal made by Geo. Ball and Geo. Renner for an armory to cost in the neighborhood of \$25,000. They presented plans for the building and the other plans under consideration were discarded in their favor. J. F. Seiberling said in a speech at the meeting, that the \$25,000 could be easily obtained in Akron, and that \$5,000 of it was already in the bank to the association's credit. Property for the erection of the building had been donated by F. A. Seiberling in the vicinity of Blue Pond, and looked as though the battery armory was to be a reality at last.

The Goodyear Rubber Co., through its representative member, Ralph Upson, offered a scouting balloon for the use of the battery when the other material arrived. A signal corps was organized that evening to make a thorough study of methods used in scouting and signal work in the artillery, thus preparing them in advance for the work they were to do later on. Nineteen men were chosen for this work under the direction of Ralph Upson, Harry Hosbeck, and R. A. T. Preston, all experienced men in some line of signal work.

At the election of officers for the association on the evening of October 18th, H. J. Albrecht was elected President; George Kryder, Secretary; J. F. Seiberling, Treasurer; and Dow Harter, Jerry Holmes, O. D. Hollenbeck, John Reddick and Claire Ault, Directors. L. D. King, E. Welsh, Claire Ault and T. F. Farr were appointed as a committee on publicity, to keep up interest in the organization.

Judge Anderson of Akron made a stirring speech to the men urging preparedness to the "Nth" degree. This was shortly after the sinking of the "Ancona" and two other American ships by the German submarines, and the Judge predicted such things leading to a war in the course of two years. "It can not be avoided," the speaker claimed, and who is there to deny him now?

Communication was received by Pres. Albrecht from Adj. Gen. Hough on October 30th, assuring the association of the materiel for the equipment for a battery.

The guns, caissons and wagons had been ordered, and would arrive in Akron in about two weeks. This announcement instilled new life into the organization, and at the next meeting on November 12th, almost all the members were present.

It was announced at this meeting, which was held in Judge Fritch's court-room at the court house, Friday evening, that on the following Monday, November 15th, the Battery Association would cease to exist, and that in its place would be an organization known as B Battery of the First Ohio Field Artillery. The officials necessary for the mustering in of troops would be present and all men were to report at 6:00 P. M. to the Central High School gymnasium for physical examination. Prospective officers were lined up and practically every man was assigned his duties before he was mustered into the service.

On the morning of November 15th, five carloads of equipment arrived in the railroad yards for the battery. Guns, caissons, and commissary wagons, were all unloaded and taken to the old gas house on South Howard Street, which was to be the temporary armory for the battery.

That evening the gymnasium at the Central High School was a very busy place. About 110 men were present for examination, and the work of putting them through was begun at 6:00 o'clock sharp. Dr. L. E. Brown, of the 8th Ohio Infantry Medical Corps, was in charge of this first examination. He was ably assisted by Drs. E. W. and H. W. Barton, C. C. Pinkerton, J. C. Chase and O. E. Banker, of Akron. It was a very cold night, and the business of running around without any clothes on in that gymnasium was not the most exciting thing to the men.

In the mustering in process, Major Bush, who presided, was assisted by Captain Kulich, Captain Mudge and Lieutenant E. O. Williams, all from Battery A of the First Ohio Field Artillery. After the physical examination, 104 men reported to this committee to be mustered in, four of the men having fallen down on the eyesight test. The officers chosen by the association all passed the examinations given by Major Bush. H. J. Albrecht became Captain Albrecht. J. J. Johnston was 1st lieutenant, P. W. Caldwell, 1st lieutenant, and J. A. Babbitt and J. R. Taylor, 2nd lieutenants. Charles Lange, an ex-army man who had been in the service twelve years, was appointed first sergeant.

Major Bush made a very complimentary speech on the personnel of B Battery. He said that such an exceptionally fit lot of men was seldom found in the first attempt to muster an organization. He spoke at some length on the requirements and discipline required from a member of his battalion, but when he made that memorable assertion regarding the importance of a man in the army, most of the fellows began to realize for the first time that life in the army was not to be a "bed of roses." "The first consideration should always be the horses," he said, "the second, the guns and last and least,



Rest on the hike



Showers



The Barber



Iseman and Charlie Lange



Pup-tent camp



Mechanics



the men." The Major claimed that men could be replaced much easier than either horses or guns, especially in time of war, and any A. E. F. man will now uphold that statement as a fact.

The first drill was held in the same gymnasium, with about 50 men present, on the evening of Sunday, November 21st. Squad formations were gone through and the rudiments of foot drill instilled into the eager artillerymen. Those present were measured for uniforms, which were to be delivered at an early date. Everyone was anxious to get at the field pieces that were down at the gas-house, but the weather was too cold to permit any outside drill. It was decided to have foot drill every Sunday evening throughout the winter months, just to keep the men in shape for the work expected the coming summer.

CHAPTER II

THE newspapers of June 18th were full of war talk, this day being Saturday, Akron was all astir with excitement; in the crowded streets it was the one topic of conversation. Congress had officially declared a state of war existing between United States and Mexico, and the National Guard was to be called out, mobilized, and rushed to the border at once. The officers of Akron's battery waited expectantly for the call that would bring their outfit into active service, and the men, too, were watching the extra editions that were being sold by all the local newspapers that day.

The following evening, that memorable date, June 19th 1916, the order finally arrived in the form of a telegram to Captain Albrecht. B Battery was called out! It was about 6:00 P. M. when the order was received, and immediately the telephone lines began to hum, and the bells tinkling in many Akron homes announced the arrival of the expected news. Telegrams were sent to the members who were out of town and the message was always the same, "Report to the Captain at the armory at once." Captain Albrecht made a hurried trip to the University Club, and, for the first time using his authority and rank, ordered the battery men he found sitting on the porch "to the armory at once."

That night the men stood their first guard over the materiel at the gas-house, the officers each taking one relief. It was a strangely excited group that collected on South Howard Street that evening and talked over the probable outcome of the call. "It spoiled my whole evening." "Gee! the old man was tickled to death when I told him," and such comments were heard on all sides. One member, somewhat less excited than the others, stepped up to "Chief" Lange, an old timer at this game, and asked, "What are the average fatalities in artillery, Chief?" His only answer was a sympathetic grin that caused him to think the more seriously.

It was found that 60 men were needed to fill the ranks of the battery to full war strength, so a call for

volunteers was issued the next morning, and by noon Dr. E. W. Barton had become Lieutenant Barton, and was busily examining applicants. Stock was taken of the available uniforms and they were issued as fast as the men could be fitted. The old members were still reporting in their uniforms, and in a short time the old gas-house assumed the appearance of a real army camp. Howard Bowman reported on his motorcycle, and both "Hub" and his machine were pressed into service, and the motorcycle was seen chugging through the streets of Akron all day.

The officers reported—Senior First Lieutenant J. J. Johnston, Junior First Lieutenant Caldwell, Senior Second Lieutenant J. F. Babbitt, and Junior Second Lieutenant John R. Taylor. They took hold with Captain Albrecht, and things began to assume a military aspect. Among the first men to enlist on June 19th were Alton V. Ritter, Dorsey Gates, Fred Clark, Fred Robinson, Henry Maiden, Ford Barrett, John Paul Jones, Joseph Schnitzler and Harry Blackwood.

June 21st saw the morning papers aflame with war talk. The National Guard was to be mobilized immediately on a war footing. It was expected it would be rushed to the border at once. This day marked the opening of recruiting in earnest. All day long men began flocking into the armory; crowds of war fans and friends of the men stood around the gas-house. This was the cause of the first 24-hour guard, which consisted of three posts in and around the place. A long time later Captain Hollenbeck (he was a corporal then) made the remark that this first guard was the best the battery ever conducted, adding that it conformed more nearly to the Manual of Interior Guard Duty. The first war-time formation came on June 21st, for the battery stood the first retreat that evening.

Then came a waiting period of two weeks; an anxious two weeks for every man while the battery awaited moving orders. More recruits kept drifting in daily, until finally the recruiting stopped. A regular drill schedule came out; beginners were given "Right Face!" "Left Face!" and "Squads Right!" Harvey Hitchcock will probably remember this part of his army career because he could not teach Raymond Kluge to keep step. Advanced classes were put on the guns and taught how to mount, how to dismount, and how to do it all over again. Would-be special detail men semaphored to each other from the gas-house roof to the top of the hills and learned how to send and receive messages.

Only the men who did not live in Akron stayed at the gas-house; some of them slept inside, and some of them got their first experience sleeping in pup-tents. Box lunches were served to the whole crowd at noon, and it was here that Carleton Sperry, Homer Davis, Bill Foltz and others, organized the first battery glee club. In the evening those who didn't want to, or couldn't go home to dinner, were taken to the Ohio Cafeteria in the Ohio



Hollenbeck - "Baldy"



Lynchville



Main Street
Tule, Texas



International Bridge



On the range



Building, where they were allowed to stuff themselves to the extent of forty cents worth. Every day moving orders were expected, and every day proved a disappointment.

On Sunday morning, June 25th, services were held by Rev. Franklyn Cole Sherman, of St. Paul's Episcopal Church. It was a rainy morning but not so wet as to cause any noticeable decrease in attendance. Everyone was sure that this would be the last Sunday in Akron; a sort of farewell dinner was tendered by the Howe Hotel to the men who did not live in Akron, and Ed. Romily presided. Speeches were made, and it certainly was a good dinner. The next week was a repetition of the former one; the Mexican situation was growing less acute, and there was no word from Columbus. Were they going or was it to prove a grand fizzle? In the meantime there was a ceremony in the shape of a flag presentation; Louis Isenman, Carl Schrank, Fred Seiberling, and Fred Exner were presented with silk American flags, the gift of Attorney C. W. Seibert and the St. Paul's Episcopal Church.

One night, just before dusk, the Goodyear balloon made its initial flight. Sergeant Ralph Upsón was the pilot and he carried Lieutenants Johnston and Babbitt as passengers. With the exception of the fact Chief Mechanic W. L. Stauffer, Charles Lange, and a few others, who were supposed to follow in a machine, got lost, it was a good flight. The balloon came down once, there was some trouble with the ballast, and Lieutenant Johnston got out; but it went up again and finally came down near Medina.

There was a banquet at the Valley View Country Club on July 1st for all Firestone men, and the lucky ones who attended came back with the report that "a good time was had by all." And July 3rd was the real big day, for that morning a messenger hustled into Captain Albrecht's office with a telegram. Five minutes later he had the battery lined up, moving orders had arrived. The battery was to entrain for Columbus, Ohio, the next morning.

The men were dismissed for the day with orders to get ready to leave. Then there was a lot of hurry and bustle, business of packing up, loading of boxes and equipment, and all personal belongings attended to. All the farewells and goodbyes were said and that night the Horn Stock Co. gave free tickets for the evening performance to all the batterymen. It was a military play and the battery turned out in force.

Six o'clock on the morning of July 4th, and the battery had its last view of the gas-house. The humorous element came into the situation when the men who did not have uniforms appeared in the battery column. The substitute for uniforms was blue-denim fatigue suits, and the overalls didn't fit any too well. There were about forty men outfitted thus, and it is a safe bet that there is not one of them who will ever forget it! The battery lined up on N. Howard Street, just outside

the gas-house, "Squads Right!" was given, and the march to the station began. O. D. and Blue Denim! B Battery, Ohio Field Artillery—led by Buckley Post Fife and Drum Corps of the G. A. R. And they were off!

There was an enormous crowd at Union Station; going down the incline from E. Market Street the battery walked between solid lines of people. There was a mass of packed humanity on the bridge; mothers, sweethearts, relatives, friends, well-wishers. How many of you who were there that day realized the time that was to elapse before the battery came back? How many of you batterymen realized as you stepped on that train, the time you were to spend in the army or how long it would be before you donned civilian clothes again? You enlisted for three years active service! As the Fife and Drum Corps led you up East Market Street did any of you think that you would come very close to serving it? Or that the playful little war with Mexico was only a beginner, and that the real war clouds, ominous, black and threatening, were hovering far in the back ground? A whistle tooted—a bell clanged—a few last goodbyes were said—and the battery was off on the "Big Adventure."

The train left Akron at 7 A. M., and at 12 o'clock noon it pulled into Columbus, where the battery detrained in Union Station with the exception of a few men detailed to go with the materiel out to the Camp Willis siding. After a short halt in Goodale Park, Columbus, waiting for Battery A to arrive from Cleveland, a dusty hike of five miles to Camp Willis, Ohio, was begun and for the first time the boys trudged over a road to the tune of:

"Ohio—Ohio! The hills send down the cry—"

CHAPTER III

THE arrival at Camp Willis was at 5 P. M. It was a tired bunch, but there was lots of work to be done. The materiel had to be brought from the siding, tents pitched and some kind of a battery street laid out, and all there was for supper was bacon sandwiches and black coffee. Truly it was a hard life, the first night out.

That was the life! Perhaps, everything considered, that was the hardest period of the outfit's whole career, that first two or three weeks in Camp Willis. Everything was new, and everybody, from the captain down, were more or less "rookies." The men didn't know how to make themselves comfortable, and half the time they were too tired to try; you must consider the fact that these men had just come from civil life, and all the ease and luxury that goes with it. There was no one to tell them the little things that helped make things comfortable, because no one knew! Equipment was slow in coming. Everybody expected to throw away their blue denim as soon as they struck Camp Willis. As it was, blue denim was the popular drill costume for over a month, when some uniforms came in. There weren't enough pyramidal tents; the first distribution to the Ohio

battalion gave B Battery five, and the rest of the boys slept in pup-tents. The most pathetic part of all this was that even the cooks were new. Robert Guinther was the first Mess Sergeant, and Frank Smetts and William Murray the first cooks. They had had a little experience in cooking; what they didn't have was the vast knowledge that comes with the working of a field range, and that must be acquired before army-slum becomes edible.

That first meal of baked beans that was served for instance, nobody will ever deny that they were baked—the only trouble was that they hadn't been soaked! They rattled in a mess pan like hail on a tin roof; they were harder than buckshot, twice as large, and R. S. Wallace broke a tooth. To their everlasting credit be it said that the cook's recruit days were over much sooner than the battery's, and they were turning out good meals long before the rest of the boys had finished learning how to ride.

A few days after the arrival in Camp Willis, work started in earnest, the real work of making over a bunch of recruits into a finished battery of field artillery. One of the biggest instruments toward this end was the work done by Sergeant Gale, detailed to the Ohio Battalion from the regular army. He was an old, old timer and what he didn't know about artillery drill was either obsolete or hadn't been printed yet. A whole lot of the credit for the amount learned in those early days should go to him. The section chiefs who first lined up the men for his instruction were Sergeant W. A. Snow with the first section; Sergeant Carl Kavenagh with the second section; Sergeant George Wright with the third; Sergeant O. D. Hollenbeck with the fourth; Sergeant Ralph Upson, the fifth; and Sergeant John Sampsey the sixth. Arthur J. Saalfield was first sergeant. About this time Lieutenant Caldwell resigned his commission and Sergeant Snow became Lieutenant Snow; all the section chiefs moved up one notch, Sergeant Sampsey got the fourth section, and Corporal Hitchcock received another stripe and took charge of the sixth.

The first mounted drill started after the outfit had been in camp about a week. There were over 100 horses owned by the State of Ohio that were brought up from Briggsdale, Major H. M. Bush's farm and loaned for military purposes. The first drill was that pleasant and innocent little pastime known in the army as monkey, probably invented by the ancients as one of the most effective forms of torture. Two or three days of this and most of the meals were eaten standing up, and men began wondering why the dickens they hadn't joined the infantry. This exercise, though somewhat painful, did wonderful things for Leland Flickinger's excess avoirdupois.

After the monkey-drill, riding in a saddle was next in order and finally came the day when the boys first went out as a battery with the horses pulling the materiel. The moral of the battery was high and it

didn't take the men long to learn. B Battery had the use of the horses only every third day, as the animals were used by Batteries A, B and C on alternate days.

On July 11, 1916, the battalion was lined up to take the oath and the men became part of the Federalized National Guard.

It might be mentioned here, that the guard, as put on at Camp Willis was a wonderful and a fearful thing. Starting with Post No. 1 at the guard house on top of Headquarters Hill, there were twenty-three separate and individual posts stretching around the camp. This was the cause of so much humor at the time, that it came to the attention of Columbus and there was a cartoon and write-up by Westerman in the Ohio State Journal that gave the whole of Camp Willis a good laugh. The artillery camp was situated at the north end of Camp Willis, farthest from the Columbus car line. Beyond the fence to the west of the camp, stretched a beautiful panorama of green that was the golf links of the Arlington Country Club; on the other to the east were the tents of the 1st Ohio Cavalry. Below the gun-park and across a wheat field was the infantry, and Camp Willis proper. And around the artillery, on the road, through the gun-park, along the country-club fence and up the little hill to Headquarters again, was the guard, twenty-three of them—and they all knew their general orders. This was where some of the boys obtained their first skirmishing experience, for almost any night after taps, saw two or three figures skulking past the fourth hole on the golf links and up to the fence, under it, through C Battery and into the seclusion of B Battery's street and home. Lloyd Fetch and Dan Carroll both lived in Columbus, Ohio, and they generally led these scouting expeditions.

Along with the guard came the guard house, and this last was the place that gave "Rex" Hitchcock his start. Several of the men fell into the clutches of the law along with a number of A and C Battery culprits, and this necessitated a provost-sergeant and Hitchcock got the job. He hadn't been in office more than two days before the guardhouse became the most unpopular place in camp, and a residence there, no matter how short the duration, a thing to be dreaded. One of the first ideas, Sergeant Hitchcock inaugurated for the enjoyment of his prisoners, was the building of a natural bridged road over the little valley between the battery street and headquarters. This became known as "Hitchcock Boulevard"—built at the expense of twenty broken wheelbarrows, thirty-five worn out shovels, fifty picks ditto, two hundred back-aches and ten thousand blisters.

Another pastime, which went to make life enjoyable at Camp Willis, was played with Lieutenant Barton and "Doc" E. Z. Alspach, taking the center of the stage. They started serum inoculations, and by the time these were completed on August 31st, the medics had inoculated the battery men for just about every disease known to man, with a vaccination thrown in for good

measure. This was known as "the Sore Arm Era," and the popular greeting was:

"Good morning! Have you had today's inoculation?"

There were some pretty sore arms at first, and the first "shot," being a new experience, was taken more or less seriously. One corporal drew up his will, and two or three of the boys wanted to call Akron over long distance the night before and say a second good-bye to their relatives. And there were several white faces when the time came and the needle plunged home, and some of the men fainted; but after two or three weeks it had ceased to be a novelty and a "shot in the arm" was only another one of those darn things.

In July came the physical examination to determine the fitness of the men for border service. Nearly everybody was anxious to pass it, as those who had come this far were eager to see the adventure through. It was a nervous bunch that stood around the door of the medical building, awaiting their turn to go in.

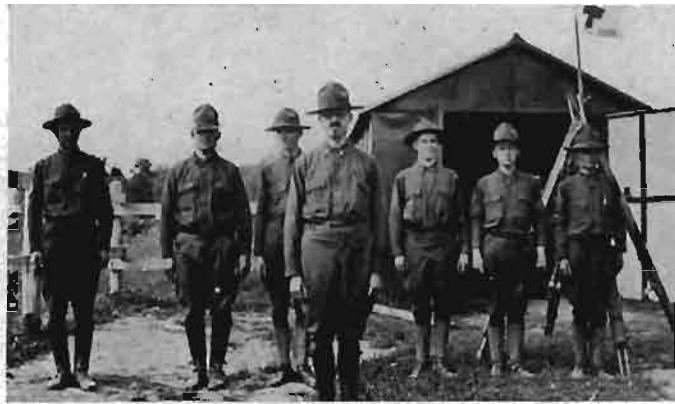
Freddie Seiberling was afraid he was under weight, and he drank so much water that it oozed from the pores of his skin. When the examination came, he traveled to the building in an automobile, as he didn't want to lose any of his precious weight through perspiration. The trick was successful, and he went through with flying colors. Fred Exner, Howard Bowman and Elbert Cox also made noble attempts to add weight, and were successfully passed. When the examination was over—the last man looked at for flat feet, the last chest tapped and the last cough echoed into space—B Battery looked itself over, and found that it was still practically intact. There were, however, thirty-two men who did not pass the examination. In this bunch the outfit lost a good cook in Frank Smetts, a good quartermaster when Ed Romily was turned down (he was under the minimum height) and his assistant, "Whitey," went with him for the same reason. Included in the bunch that went were Harry Blackwood, C. R. Andrews, Corp. William McGucken, Geo. W. King, W. F. Lynch, L. W. Smith, Harold A. Talbot, Howard Rowen, James G. Scales, "Prof" Rich, Chas. Hoyt, Chas. Brower, Thomas Thomas, and Honick. And with one or two exceptions, it was a gloomy bunch that left for Akron the next day.

Preliminaries over, the real battery drill and maneuvers started, and almost any day one could have seen B Battery in a cloud of dust in or around the wheat field east of camp. "Right front into line at a trot," and

"Battery Right at a trot," the last section swinging around the pivot, horses straining at the collars and caissons banging over the ruts. There were some fast riding at this stage of the game. Remember the time over by the road when the third section caisson struck a stump and turned over sending cannoneers into the air in all directions? And the time when the battery was going through the wheat field at a fast trot and the second section caisson bumped into a big stone? "Tommy" Thompson was driving the lead team; his near horse stumbled, threw him, and when the tumult was over, the horse was underneath the caisson with one leg between the spokes of the wheel. Neither Tommy nor the horse was hurt, but it was a grand and glorious mix-up.

On the 15th of August a battalion athletic meet was held, and B Battery's score of points was almost twice the amount of A and C Batteries added together. One

Saturday in August, at the invitation of the manager of the Columbus ball club in the American Association, the whole battalion journeyed to Columbus and saw a good game between Columbus and Indianapolis. Columbus people, standing on the corner of Broad Street and on the street cars carrying the boys back to camp, heard the song that the boys were destined to sing through the



United States and eventually overseas:

"Ohio—Ohio, the hills send down the cry—"

Here, in Camp Willis, as in every other place, it wasn't long before "when do we move?" became the popular question, and it seemed a long, long time before it was answered. When the boys first arrived they thought it would be only a matter of days before they would be on the way to the border; but July gave way to August, and they were still doing gun-drill and training the panoramic sights on the girls on the golf-course. It seemed that every state but the Buckeye was already south; New York and Massachusetts had been there since July 4th. Week followed week and there were the usual rumors and no orders until finally, late afternoon of August 31st, the battalion was ordered to entrain for Texas. There was a lot more equipment to pack than there had been in Akron, but the bunch was not so green, with the result, it didn't take any longer. September 1st, the guns, caissons, etc., were hauled down to the railroad yards west of Columbus. The cavalry pulled out that afternoon.

Pup tents were pitched in an orderly row along the railroad that night. It was the last night in Columbus and naturally everybody wanted to go to town. At



First day in Camp Pershing



Filley, Snapp, Seiberling



Norris, McCullum, McPherson, Sampsey, Sperry, Kelly, Newman, Schrank, Knell, Webster.

Matutinal Exercise



Mounted



Pat Lynch



Third Section



Filley, Newman, Martin, Weaver, Wood.

mess time Captain Albrecht made an announcement to the battery and said there would be absolutely no passes to anyone, adding that the next day was to be a hard day and he wanted the men to rest up. One-half hour later, at a rough estimate, there were four men left in the camp; three of these were on guard and the other had a sore foot. And to his credit, let it be put on record here, that later in the evening the captain met four of the batterymen on High Street. He looked, grinned, and passed on. It was a wild, wild night, for the Spirit of Eternal Youth was rampant, and the wind blew and the waves beat against the rocks. Many a good ship sailed into port much the worse for the storm; but they all got there!

And the next day, at four o'clock, a long train composed of Pullmans, freight cars loaded with boxes, flats with the guns and caissons spiked down securely, and a kitchen car trailing a thin wisp of smoke, pulled out of the siding. Governor Willis of Ohio was there to wish the boys good luck; a little cluster of friends and relatives waved a last goodbye, the train gathered speed, and fainter and fainter became the song that rang out of the Pullman windows:

"Ohio—Ohio, the hills send down the cry—"

CHAPTER IV

THE first stop on the trip south was made on Sunday morning, September 3rd, at Washington, Indiana. The train lay over for two hours and the battery marched through the streets of the town. The next day was Labor Day, and at noon a stop was made a few miles below Brookfield, Mo., at a little creek where the bunch took a swim. In East St. Louis, Cook McKeever put himself on "detached service"—he got off the train to get a bottle of "Coca-Cola" and the train pulled out without him. He didn't get lost, thank goodness, he caught the next section, C Battery, and came on through with them.

Major Bush and Headquarters Company were traveling with B Battery, and that evening, at Captain Albrecht's request, the battery octette consisting of Sergeant Kavenagh, Bill Foltz, Lloyd Fetch, Tommy Thompson, Russell Baer, Carleton Sperry, Ted Richards and Homer Davis, gave a concert in the officer's car. They sang everything in their repertoire, including Russ Baer's specialty "We're going to the Hamburg Show," and at the conclusion Captain Albrecht treated the bunch to a couple of bottles of Virginia Dare wine.

September 5th gave the boys their first idea of what life would be for the next few months, as they got their first sight of the flat plains of Texas. There was a two-hour stop at Canadian, Texas, a town noted chiefly for its main street running up the hill and for its millinery(?) store.

The Arrival at Fort Bliss, Texas.—The next day, the 6th, brought Amarillo, Texas and San Marciel, New Mexico, and that night under cover of darkness the train pulled up along the Rio Grande River, past the flat Mexican buildings on the lower edge of El Paso, and finally at nine o'clock stopped at its destination, Fort Bliss, Texas.

It was too late to do any unloading that night, so the Pullman berths were used for the last time. Early in the morning, reveille blew at the side of the cars, and life in El Paso began. It was a beautiful sight that greeted the batterymen when they pulled up the shades of the car-windows that morning—a never-to-be-forgotten sight. On one side of the train was Fort Bliss itself—a picture in gray that scattered over the mesa as far as the eye could see. Stables in the foreground, with veteran regular army men leading their horses to water, and

beyond them the hospital, a group of barracks, the headquarters of the Post Commander topped by an American flag, and a long street of little gray buildings that were the officers' quarters, and on the other side, a picture that made the boys gasp, rub their eyes and look again. In the distance, the Mt. Franklin group, a chain of mountains stretched against the horizon; the morning sun shining against their sides made them a spectacle of red and gold and tawny yellow, with wisps



of vapor still clinging to the tops. At the foot between the railroad and the mountains, covering every foot of space as far as the eye could see, were camps. Tents everywhere, until the whole panorama was filled with little yellow dots; corrals filled with horses; gun parks laid out in orderly rows that denoted the presence of artillery; and always more tents and more horses.

And clear against the morning air came the notes of bugles blowing reveille, the faintest ones far, far, away. The men took another look at the vari-colored mountains sprawling in the distance, at the neat camps in the foreground, listened to the bugles, and jumped out of bed; and the same thought was in nearly every mind. "Lord—this isn't going to be such a bad place to soldier!"

Breakfast over, the work of unloading began, and trucks arrived to haul the equipment to the new camp. It was nearly a half mile from the switch at the Fort, a vacant field among the many tents that the men had



View and People at Camp, Fort Worth, Tex.

seen when they first looked out of the car window. The camp site was directly in back of the town of Lynchville, a cluster of buildings typical of any little Texas town. There were the Mesa Bar, Shorty's Pool Room, Todd's Eating House, the Lynchville Bar and Joe's Barber Shop. Behind that town was the camp site, and the first view of it brought dismay to everybody. It was a howling wilderness of cactus, sand, greasewood, mesquite, and more sand. Huge clumps of mesquite rose in the places where the tents were supposed to go; there was only one thing to do, and the men did it. The old pick and shovel came into play. Sergeants, corporals and everybody got busy with the result, the end of the day saw the battery street cleared of vegetation, the tents lined up in orderly rows, and supper ready at the kitchen. It brought very little rest, however, in the true sense of the word, for the clearing away of the cactus, etc., had destroyed the homes of a very large portion of the animal and insect population of that part of Texas.

The result was that countless tarantulas, centipedes, horned toads, scorpions and lizards were roaming around the camp in a daze. Quite a collection was made by the battery men during the day and the honors in this line went to the fourth section men. They had acquired a mason-jar from the kitchen in which to keep their collection of wild beasts and sun-down found it nearly full, with centipedes in the majority and with a beautiful specimen of horned toad acting as king of the ranch.

The boys didn't get them all by a long shot, and nightfall brought very little sleep for most of them. O. D. Hollenbeck killed a scorpion under his bunk that night, and John Woodward had been in bed only a half hour when he found a centipede looking for shelter in his blankets. Next morning, the shoes, that hadn't been hung up the night before, were very carefully shaken out before they were put on. The next night, as if to show how poisonous the insects really were, R. C. Thompson

was bitten by a centipede while he was sleeping; he was taken to the Base Hospital, where he lay for three weeks, and it was two months before all the swelling went out of his face.

Then there was a period of ten days in which the battalion polished up on foot-drill. Then three more

batteries, A and B of Michigan, and A Battery of the District of Columbia, arrived and made camp next to the Ohio Battalion. These six batteries composed the 11th Provisional Regiment of Field Artillery. Colonel A. A. Starbird, of the regular army, was put in command of the regiment. Major Bush commanded the first battalion, and Captain Deems, the second.



The Texas Horses.—The next procedure was the drawing of horses, and one morning the whole battalion lined up with halters and marched to the remount station, south of Lynchville. The men came back with enough horses to equip the whole battalion, and, as usual, there were good horses and bad ones. Lyle McCormick was then stable sergeant and his job was to weed them out. They were weeded, and eventually saddle broken; but like at Camp Willis, there were a good many falls and some bruises in the process. Later it was found the best horse in the bunch was Dixie. Dixie! King of them all, a horse that was to become a battery pet, and beloved by all the boys through the battery's entire career in America. The bad horses, and the ones that never were broken were "Circus" and "Loco." Their names were well put, for they were wild, wild horses and stayed wild until the last.

Once again the real battery work was begun. The horses were assigned to the different sections, harness was fitted; drill began on the field east of Lynchville, on the other side of the railroad, and "stables," blown twice a day by the buglers, began to mean something. The daily drill program usually called for the "Battery Mounted" in the morning with "Right Front into Line," etc., and a short hike in the afternoon, with each man on a single mount. On one of those afternoons when the bunch was out with Lieutenant Snow in charge, the battery men got as far as the stables of the 5th Cavalry when they ran into a rainstorm. It wasn't an ordinary rainstorm, it was a downpour—a deluge. It seemed as though solid sheets of water were dropping from the sky. For a while the boys took shelter in the Cavalry stables, but it was late, the rain showed no signs of abatement, and it was decided to make a dash for camp.

And it was a dash! It was worse than that, a break-neck, headlong race across the drill field, down the street of Lynchville, around the corner of the Mesa Bar and up into the gun park. That was a never-to-be-forgotten ride and Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade" was tame compared to the "Dash of the 1st Ohio."

It might be said that this day nearly proved the undoing of Private Rhoads. It seems that Rhoads was on stable police that day, and tiring of the duties of his "Office," decided to try his luck at riding "Loco." With the help of the stable sergeant and after much work, "Loco" was duly saddled and mounted.

Everything went well until the center of the drill field was reached and it started to rain. Well, to be brief, the harder it rained the harder "Loco" bucked, and finally settled down on all fours and refused to move until the rain was nearly over.

By this time Rhoads' disposition was ruffled up to the extent that he forgot all about "Horses first, Guns second, and Men last," as taught by Major Bush, and abandoning



On the
Pistol
Range



Hal Jay



Boone, McKeever



Foltz



"Caribou"



"Loco" somewhere near the "D. C." picket line, beat it for the second section tent.

Who it was that finally persuaded "Loco" to the B Battery picket lines and who removed the saddle and bridle has always remained a mystery to Rhoads.

After the drill got pretty well under way and the horses got into condition, came the test to find out how much the boys and horses could stand. This came in the form of a three day hike over the mesa, and was started before the dawn on the morning of November 6, 1916.

The now-famous "Sob-fest" was held on the 15th of November, the first anniversary of B Battery's formal organization; marking a period of one year from the time the battery was mustered in at Akron. While it was called a sob-fest, it was a pretty merry affair in the form of a banquet at the Zeiger Hotel in El Paso. It was limited to the men who were in the battery at the time of the first muster on November 15th, 1915.

Captain Albrecht was toastmaster and Lieutenants Johnston, Snow, Babbitt, Sergeant Hollenbeck and Corporal Fred Seiberling made speeches.

One of the hardest trials of the men in the new camp was met in getting used to the climate. The first two months in Texas, September and October, brought the hottest weather that they had ever known. The boys sweltered on the drill-field and lay on their bunks and perspired, and they learned how lucky they were that they had stayed in Ohio during July and August. The Rhode Island and Massachusetts battery men told some pretty wild tales about the heat. November brought cooler weather but with it, as a tribute to the law of compensation came the sand-storms.

It was a toss-up as to which was the worst, the dry, hot days of September and October, or November's cooler ones that brought with them the intermittent sand storms. Those storms brought a gray-brown dust that would not be denied. It crept into the tiniest cracks and enveloped clothes, trunks, boxes—anything and everything in a dirty powder that mounted to an eighth of an inch in a day. Brush it off in the morning and it was back again at night, and twice as bad. Day after day it kept up until it became one of the most disagreeable phases of army life, and finally it gave rise to the popular little poem:

"There's sand in my blankets,
There's sand in my clothes,
There's sand in the coffee—
The Lord only knows!"

The Border Rumors.—Thanksgiving came and brought with it a denial of the first rumors the O. F. A. would be home on that date; it also brought a big feed, of turkey and "all the fixin's" that McKeever and the rest of his staff had worked for two nights to prepare; and it brought in the evening a second banquet at the

Zeiger Hotel that was far more of a "Sob-fest" in the real sense of the word than the first one on Nov. 15th. The dinner was gotten up by Bill Foltz and Claire Ault; most of the battery men were in attendance and it would have been a good banquet had it not been for two factors (1) the fact that it was the first holiday in the army for all the men and (2) nearly everyone had entertained visions of the Mexican fracas over, and the battery home by that date. So instead of the gaiety and hilarity that was anticipated, it was more or less a gloomy bunch that sat down to dinner. The whole gang was cranky and in a bad mood. It was as much as one's life was worth to say "pass the pickles, please," a polite request for butter brought a growl and one bold artilleryman, who proposed singing "Ohio" was crowned with a loaf of bread. Altogether the atmosphere was about as blue as at New Haven after a football victory at Cambridge. So after all the big event of the day was the Thanksgiving dinner in the battery mess-hall. That meal itself couldn't have been any better at home.

The first training period in Texas up until the first of the year was taken up with the regular work that all artillerymen received when they first went to the border. The middle of October saw the completion of pair drill, and the many positions that were taken up on the Mesa, going into action, simulating firing at targets, etc. After that came the real thing, the actual firing of the battery on the range, and that lasted until about the second week in December. It was a lot of fun in those days and the boys enjoyed every minute of it. The three Ohio batteries took turns on the range, two batteries firing while the other one did range guard. The memory of the range days will probably stay longer with the men who were there, than any others. The Texas mesa, with its cactus covered sand-hills, the guns pulling into position with the horses working hard to pull the pieces through the sand; the establishing of positions behind the little hills, with the "B. C." station showing its red flag from the top of another hill. The red flash and roar and a little puff of white smoke marking the burst far out on the horizon. And for the drivers, pleasant memories of sitting on the sand in the warm Texas sunshine, holding their horses and wondering what Cook McKeever was going to have for supper, or gazing lazily across the mesa at the curling smoke and white roofs of El Paso ten miles away; or of going home. Sometimes it was late in the evening when "Cease firing—March!" order came down, and by the time the battery was on its way home past the Texas School of Mines, the cold glittering stars of Texas were in the sky and the air was chilly.





Then drivers and cannoneers huddled into their overcoats; from all along the line came the clank of steel horse collars and up forward, Bill Bass's voice raised in a peevish, "I want a go home!" and the glow of countless cigarettes, and Kavenagh, Bill Foltz, Larry Fetch and Russ Baer singing, "Oh, Lord Jeffery Amherst was a soldier of the king."

Then home, a quick unharnessing and unhitching, at which "Spick" Woodward was one of the best men in the outfit, and a good hot supper followed by a review of the day in the tents, cozily heated with the old Sibley stoves. Yes, those were the happy days.

During this period there were two things worthy of mention here. Todd's Eating House sprang into fame as a place where the batterymen could get a good breakfast of hot cakes and coffee. It was just below the stables and gun-park; a good many of the men for a long while did not see the mess hall in the mornings. Some of the frequenters of Todd's were Sergeant Hollenbeck, Claire Ault, Jim and Lyle McCormick, Joe Kelly, Howard Treat and Bill Foltz. The other thing to be remembered: "Rex" Hitchcock began his betting-bee with Lieutenant Lunn, the battalion veterinarian; and "when do we go home" was the subject of all bets. Hitchcock bet the battery would not reach home by Christmas of that year.

The second week in December saw the beginning of the glanders epidemic, a very serious time in the battery's career. Several well-developed cases of glanders were discovered among the horses of the battalion and steps were taken to prevent the spread of the disease. Isolated corrals were hurriedly erected separating the stables of the three batteries. Each horse was given the Mallein test for glanders. Suspected horses were immediately taken away to be treated or shot. A few horses that did not show up under the test and yet looked sick were isolated in a corral west of camp, near the foothills of Mt. Franklin. A fence was erected around the 11th Provisional Regiment bearing signs, "Glanders! Very contagious. Keep out!"

Only certain men were allowed to go near the stables. They were the men who volunteered; two from each section, and they did all the necessary feeding, watering, grooming, etc.

They helped Lieutenant Lunn doctor the sick horses, and before they were allowed to leave the corral they had to take off their fatigue clothes, leave them at the stables and wash their hands in a creoline solution. For a while, it was a fight to keep the disease from spreading, but quarantine rules and the laws laid down by "Doc" Lunn finally won the day. In all thirteen horses were lost. The quarantine was lifted just after Christmas.

As a precautionary measure and to be sure that no glanders germs might possibly be lurking, all the tents were sealed while sulphur was burned in them, and bed

blankets as well as horse-blankets were put in a large sterilizing machine and thoroughly sterilized. For a few nights afterward, sleeping on those blankets was not much of a pleasure, due to the fumes of formaldehyde that persisted in staying, but the blankets were sanitary!

And then—came Christmas! Pages and pages of this history might be written about that Christmas of B Battery's. It might have been a very blue one; it was the first Christmas in the army (than which there is nothing worse under Heaven) and besides, the boys had expected to be home long, long before then. The Massachusetts N. G. had gone, as had Rhode Island and part of the Pennsylvania troops, but Ohio was still there with prospects of staying indefinitely. And so, for the first time in their lives, lots of the men came to know the meaning of Grantland Rice's little poem, written especially for such as they:



"For Christmas on the off-trail isn't what we used to think it,

I hear the blare of bugles, and the roll-beat of the drum;

And somewhere, in the distance, a kid calls "Mother, mother!"

And then, through all the drifting years—we know how far we've come."

Considering the circumstances, it might have been a blue Christmas, but it wasn't. For there was too much to do, and too much excitement for anybody to get blue. The people at home helped out to a large extent, and long before Christmas, hundreds of boxes, loaded with good things to eat and presents, came for the boys in the battery, and on the 23rd and 24th of December there were so many of them that each day saw two truckloads of presents come in. In every tent there was jam on the tables, cake and cookies under the cots, candy everywhere, and pink ribbons and red and green bells hung along the walls.

A seven-day vacation was declared, from Christmas until January 2nd, 1917, the only work done was the absolutely necessary feeding and watering of the horses, and kitchen work. This work was divided among the sections, each section taking a day. So that there would



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Cleaning harness



McIntee Trombly



Wood, Hedges



Weeks Crawford



McMillen

be no favoritism, the names of the seven days were put into a hat and each section-chief drew one. O. D. Hollenbeck was the unlucky man at that party, for he drew Christmas day for the third section to work and stay in camp.

Christmas Day itself was one of the worst days for weather in the battery's border experience. All day long the wind howled down out of the mountains and shrieked around the corners of the tents, a veritable tornado that brought with it the usual deluge of sand. It was a regular Texas sand storm, the kind that the men used to call "Oklahoma and Texas passing in Review." A few hardy spirits braved the storm and went to El Paso, but most of the batterymen stayed in the tents and ate the contents of the boxes from home.

Lumber came in for boards and side-walls for the tents, early in the week, and all of the sections volunteered to put floors and side-walls in the tents as a Christmas present to themselves. Outside of that there was nothing to do. Most of the boys had a pretty good time. The racing season was on at Juarez and a large part of the men spent their afternoons leaning over the rail and watching the horses sweep around the corner of the track. In El Paso there were movies, and dancing at the Sheldon Hotel, and across the Rio Grande there was the quaint and interesting city of Juarez, Mexico, where the boys could see a near bull-fight.

Cooks McKeever, Friel, Walker and Curry contributed in no small measure to the success of the week. They worked hard; they got out a wonderful Christmas dinner and served it in the evening. That dinner was a feast of good things, and all week, the meals were above the average. The Third Section, the unlucky men who had drawn Christmas Day to feed horses, do kitchen police, etc., had arranged for a big dinner at the Valley Inn at Ysleta, N. M. Christmas evening. Hollenbeck and his crew had a big party and came back in the wee small hours of the morning. Altogether, it was a pretty big week; while it might have been better, it could have been a whole lot worse.

The first of the year brought many things. Looking backward and taking account of itself, the battery found that it was a pretty well organized battery of Field Artillery, a well drilled and efficient organization. It had been on the range and had seen some very good firing, and a little over a year of its career was behind it. Looking ahead, and considering the fact that Mexican affairs were at a standstill, that many of the troops on the border were already gone, the chief question in the minds of everyone was "when do we go home?" And apparently there was no answer. The 11th Provisional Regiment now took up the yearly drill schedule allotted to regular army artillery, and the first part of it was devoted to sub-calibre practice. Tiny pasteboard targets in the form of horses, caissons, infantry, cavalry, were put up among the mesquite and greasewood below

the mountains; and the passing days saw the gun crews at their guns peppering away with the sub-calibre cartridges. It was good sport; the men could find the targets against the hillside, and the crack of a bullet, the puff of dirt an inch above the white bit of pasteboard was the cause of much excitement.

A good bit has been said about the mountains at Camp Pershing; a good bit more might be said and still that wouldn't be half enough. In their beauty, they made up for all the sand-storms, all the dust, and all the disagreeable features of the Texas climate. Stretching away in an unending panorama as a background for Camp Pershing, Mt. Franklin towering above the rest of the group, they were a source of constant delight to the batterymen. They were a study in lights and shadows, and from the time the sun rose and changed their ashy-gray to a splendor of red and gold and yellow, until it sank behind them and made them a vision of purple and orange, they were never the same color any two minutes of the day. They were the sort of mountains that Maxfield Parrish loves to paint; his pictures the



kind that people look at and sometimes brand him as a nature-fakir.

The month of January saw the destruction of the battery's observation balloon when it blew away from its moorings one night, and was hopelessly ripped on the cactus spines. And it was also in the month of January that the famous "Keg Party" was held, where McKeever made a speech and Alvin Ritter sang "Sweet Spittoon." The month also recalls the more serious near riot with the Georgia Artillery. It wasn't exactly a riot, but it had all the earmarks of one. The affair was the culmination of a series of small brawls between Ohio and Georgia artillerymen, and without fear or prejudice, it may be said that Ohio usually got the better of it. The culmination of the affair came one night when Georgia threatened to come over and "get" Ohio, adding that they were going to "get 'em good!" The O. F. A. took it very quietly, made a few small preparations and sat down and waited. Early in the evening there was a false alarm, but the threat was never fulfilled. Altogether, it was a lucky thing—for Georgia!



Infantry barracks



Officers quarters



Gymnasium



The battle of Ft. Sheridan



1917

Showing stables, carriage sheds -



The next thing on the training schedule was pistol practice, and the old "Colt. 45" came into play. Targets were erected on the west side of camp toward the mountains, and there was firing nearly every afternoon for a month. Some heretofore unknown "Deadeye Dicks" were discovered in the organization, chief of whom was Elbert Cox. He knocked the bulls-eye cold nearly every time his pistol cracked. He was the only man in the battery to win the medal for "Expert Pistol Shot." Al Long ran Cox a close second, and very nearly made expert, the two Sperrys, Schrader and Don Scott followed Long very closely.

There was a big artillery review in February. All the artillery in the El Paso district passed in review before General St. John Greble on the drill field east of camp. And the Cattlemen's Convention that began the first of March and lasted two weeks, marked the beginning of the end. "Going home" rumors, the first of which was heard around Thanksgiving, were more persistent than ever, and carried more conviction. There were very few outfits left on the border. General Pershing and his expeditionary force had come up out of Mexico and the Mexican crisis was practically over. The Ohio Battalion had been in Texas six months, which was three months longer than it had expected to stay; the men were well drilled and rather sick of sand storms; what then, was keeping them?

The answer to that question was now only a matter of days. The Cattlemen's Convention went into full swing, with hundreds of cattlemen and cow-punchers in the streets of El Paso. A parade through the downtown district of all the troops left around Fort Bliss was held as a part of the convention, and out at the Rio Grande Baseball Park a large "rodeo" came into being. It was a very interesting affair. Most of the soldiers attended at least one day of the week and saw their first exhibition of cow-punching, hog-tying, roping, throwing steers, etc.

Moving orders for the two batteries from Michigan and the District of Columbia battery saw the breaking-up of the 11th Provisional Regiment. And while the Ohio men were cleaning harness and carriages on Friday afternoon, March 10th, the grand and glorious news came down. The Ohio battalion was ordered to Fort Sheridan, Ill., to be mustered out.

Irrelevant as it may seem, it would not be amiss, considering the trend of later events, to record a certain conversation that took place in the second section tent the day moving orders came. Harness cleaning was over, and the men were washing up, and getting ready for mess.

Ted Richards was sitting on his bunk thinking about the future in Akron. Finally he said:

"Thank the Lord, it's come at last; a couple of weeks now and the battery will be mustered out."

And Bill Foltz, drying his hands on a towel, managed to live up to his acquired reputation as a joy-killer.

"Maybe we will," he said. "We will—if the Kaiser lets us alone long enough."

They laughed at him then. Who shall say now that Bill Foltz was not the truest prophet of them all?

All the horses with the exception of thirty-two, that were picked to go home with the battery, had been turned in about a week before. These thirty-two were picked as the best horses of the bunch by Captain Albrecht and Lieutenant Lunn. Dixie, of course, was one of the elect, and the near horse of Bill Kelly's swing team, "Kelly," was taken after some deliberation. They didn't want "Kelly" at first, but he afterward proved to be the second best horse in the battery. It would be a great mistake to think that all the good horses were taken. On the contrary, there were some very good ones left behind. Through six months' association there had sprung up a close attachment between the men and their horses, and the day the nags were turned back to the remount station, it was a parting of real friends. The parting of Oscar Hollenbeck and his mount "Baldy" was the most touching of all, and "Hollie" was a sorrowful looking soldier as he slipped the halter off Baldy's head, slapped him on the back and watched him trot away.

The freight cars were not spotted immediately, and the battery men (now old hands at the moving game), spent Saturday, Sunday, and the most of Monday taking care of the packing so that the material would be ready when the cars came. They finally arrived, a long string of them, about five o'clock in the evening. The move was scheduled for the next day, so loading had to be done that night. The weather was second only to that of Christmas day and it was a memorable night. The men worked in pitch darkness with only a lantern here and there to help out, while the wind and sand nearly took them off their feet. Boxes went into the cars, the guns were spiked to the floors of flats, and the wind blew a veritable gale. Eleven o'clock saw the job completed, the Pullman cars rolled in at eleven-thirty, and a tired and sandy bunch got into them and went to bed. The train was switched around, and in the morning the battery was heading past the El Paso flats, past the "Spigoty" huts, past the Rio Grande and the International bridge, and along the same route they had come some six months before. There was a big canvas sign stretched the whole length of the third Pullman car. It bore the legend:

"B Battery—Homeward Bound."

And from the windows came the song that echoed the sentiments of the whole crowd:

"Oh, it's home boys, home, it's home we're going to be
Home, boys, home—in God's country—"



CHAPTER V

THE trip going north was one continual riot of joy. The men were quartered in Pullman sleepers; Bill Foltz and Bill Kelly were running a canteen, and B Battery was going home. Small wonder they were happy! The first stop was made at San Marciel, New Mexico, on the fourteenth; the fifteenth brought Alamagordo, where half an hour's stop was made; just long enough for the boys to eat breakfast at the Harvey House restaurant. The train passed through Amarillo that night, and the next day at two o'clock, a two-hour stop was made at Enid, Oklahoma. This was a pretty little town, and the battery took it by storm; the horses were exercised, and some of the staid residents of the city must have been surprised at the sight of mounted soldiers, red hat-cords, leather puttees, spurs and all, clattering up Main Street.

Newburgh, Mo., was the next layover, the afternoon of the seventeenth. No one who took that ride will ever forget that town; if anyone of them was asked "What was the biggest hick town you ever saw?" it is a pretty conservative estimate that he would say, without the slightest hesitancy, "Newburgh, Mo.!" It certainly bore all the earmarks; one main street, the corner grocery store, a creek, and the residence district (?) on top of a cliff. The Newburgh High School Literary Society had a meeting that afternoon with several fond parents and relatives of the members in attendance. Some of the boys wandering past stopped in, and at the invitation of the principal, "Two Gun", Jones and Harold Jackson made a little speech describing the hardships and "sufferings" endured by Battery on the border, talking on the battle of Mt. Franklin and the "Siege of the Mesa."

Early the next morning a short stop was made at St. Louis, Mo., long enough for some of the men to get breakfast in Union Station, and for Don Stanton to take a street car to his home, say "Hello" to the folks and hurry back. Decatur, Ill., was the last stop on the way up, and in the two hours here, as everywhere else, the men met a wonderful hospitality. The next morning the battery looked out the window and saw their first snow-storm of the winter. The stations they passed along the road read "Evanston, Ill.," and "Highland Park, Ill.," and finally the train came to a stop on March 19th at Fort Sheridan, home of the battery for the next six weeks.

What a host of pleasant—and bitter—memories the name of Fort Sheridan brings up! It marked the turning point in B Battery's career; the division between the old and the new. And what a beautiful place it was! The Fort itself was more like an old college or university than a military institution. The long gray stone barracks covered with ivy, divided in the middle by the water tower, and a high shaft of gray stone, the well kept lawns that reminded old college men of former campus days, dotted here and there with oaks and elm trees; the Northwestern R. R. station, the auditorium and the neat stone houses, the officers' quarters,—even the stables were architecturally beautiful; and the whole effect, oak-bordered walks, graystone, ivy covered and time worn, was peaceful and soothing.

On one side of the Fort, and west of it, were the tracks of the Northwestern R. R. and the Chicago & Milwaukee Electric Line; to the east at the foot of the bluff, the silver waters of Lake Michigan stretched sheer into the horizon; the aristocratic suburb of Lake Forest, with Ferry Hall School for girls, lay to the north, and Highland Park to the south.

From a standpoint of ease and luxury, Fort Sheridan was far and away, the best place the battery ever stayed. The barracks were large, warm and comfortable, steam-heated and electrically lighted. Down in the basement, there were showers or tub baths at the pleasure of the bather, and the water was always good and hot. Kelly and Foltz established their canteen in the basement, and the boys soon formed a habit of taking a bath, then dropping into the canteen clad in a towel, to buy a ham sandwich and a cup of coffee. The mess hall and kitchen were in a separate building across the area-way, and thus were just as good as the barracks. The ranges in the kitchen were huge affairs that would have done credit to the Portage Hotel. In comparison with Camp Willis and El Paso, living quarters at Fort Sheridan were more



like a good hotel than anything else. As George Pattullo would say, "Boy Howdy! That was the life!"

And it was the life—those first three weeks. The boys were going home, at least they thought they were; and in the meanwhile they meant to have a good time. And they did. There was little or no drill, and what there was, was lots of fun. In the mornings, Lieutenant Johnston took the battery out individually mounted for long rides along the sandy beach of Lake Michigan; coming back he waited until they were a mile or so from the Fort, and then would let the peaceful jaunt develop into a race.

Sometimes the route was changed and the road led through the smart little towns of Lake Forest and Highland Park. In the afternoons the men who were not on guard, stable-police, etc., proceeded to take a bath, shave, dress in civilian clothes and go to Chicago, only forty minutes' ride on the Northwestern R. R. One week after the Ohio Battalion landed at Fort Sheridan, the clerk in the Western Union Telegraph office at Highland Park made the confession that he had received more money by telegraph from Ohio than he had in all his prior three years' experience!

So life went on merrily enough, and there wasn't a cloud on the horizon. Everyone was too busy to take the newspapers seriously; though if they had studied them, they might have worried over the war news, and the ominous war-clouds that were gathering and threatening the peace of America. The Lusitania had been sunk long ago, and various other overt acts by Germany were causing patriotic Americans to clamor for reprisals. But it was only the "same old stuff" the boys thought, and none of them took it seriously. Checking up of equipment went right ahead, and the afternoon of March 26th there was a big inspection on the veranda of the barracks. It was an ordnance inspection and included pistols, holsters, web-belts, etc., and it was to have been the last inspection prior to the turning back of equipment to the State of Ohio. A short time after mess that evening, the blow fell. A telegram came like a bolt out of a clear sky. "All demobilization of troops was to cease at once!"

In recalling this history, the kindest thing to do would be to pass hurriedly over the next few days. It was a period of deep gloom, in one respect, the darkest era in the battery's whole career. You who were there,—you know what it meant, and how you felt. But you who were not, try to picture it for yourself; long months of drill in the sand-storms of Texas; men who had enlisted to fight in Mexico, to stay in El Paso and groom horses



B Battery Street



Camp Perry



On
K-P



Mess ? hall

Details



instead; months of drilling when luckier National Guard units had long ago been sent back to civil life; finally a chance to go home, visions of Akron within another week; and then, without any warning, a telegram that said you were not to be mustered out after all! Can you blame them for being gloomy?

It was not surprising then, when a general order came through shortly after to the effect that men having dependent relatives, that is, men who could prove they had been contributing to their support, would be mustered out of the service, that the majority of the batterymen would try to get out and go home for a few weeks, whether they really were entitled to a discharge or not. The "G. O." stated that affidavits from the man's parents, and signed by a notary, would be necessary, with the result that there was a rush for pen and ink and requests were sent home to the "old man" to please send an affidavit to the effect that he and the children would starve in a week if Sam didn't get home at once. When all the affidavits came in and were sworn to, the worthy cases picked out, and the family bread winners given their honorable discharges, there were eighty-eight out of 150 odd men and officers left in the battery. And some of the men who said goodbye to B Battery that day, and boarded the train at the Northwestern R. R. were:— Marshal Weaver, Ted Richards, Chalmers Weeks, Bill Foltz, Bill Kelly, Clarence Foust, Frank Good, Russ Trombly, Bill Schneider, Jimmie Snapp, Harry Hedges, Harry Rhoads, Wm. McKeever, Gene Crawford, Jim and Lyle McCormick, Wesley Purdy, Martin Davis, Claude and Ira Jump, "Babe" Hunsicker, "Scissors" Hall, and "Pete" Sprigle.

Then, on April 6th, 1917, war was declared with Germany, and the men left of the battery were in the army for good. Little or nothing of any import happened in the remaining three weeks at Fort Sheridan. Bill Martin was sent to the hospital with scarlet fever, and all the men sleeping in the barracks with him were quarantined and put in charge of Roscoe Poling; for two weeks they lived a life of ease and luxury, even having their meals brought upstairs to them. Toward the last it became rather monotonous, and they were all glad when the quarantine was lifted.

Captain Albrecht, First Sergeant Kavenagh, and Corporal Seiberling left for Akron to open a recruiting office. Once again the battery had to be recruited to war strength. Then on April 28th, 1917, the Ohio Field Artillery got moving orders again; equipment was loaded on Sunday, the 29th, and the train pulled out at seven o'clock. The singing and "pep" that usually marked B Battery train rides was sadly missing this time. The surprise that came on March 27th was still too fresh in memory and the future too vague. And with Fort Sheridan vanishing in the distance, B Battery finished her old career, and embarked upon a new one.

CHAPTER VI

THE train pulled into Camp Perry, Ohio, about eight o'clock the next morning, April 30th. The arrival of National Guard was not a new spectacle on this site, as Camp Perry was, and has been for years, the rifle range of Ohio and many summers had seen Ohio Guardsmen there. This time however, the arrival of troops was unexpected; America's war with Germany was in its infancy and mobilization had not begun. Ohio did not quite know what to do with her own troops; the artillery, engineers and signal corps were the only troops caught by the "no more demobilization" order and Major Bush made the remark "that they were unwelcome guests in their own state."

Camp was pitched on the flat ground east of the railroad switch and the pyramidal tents that had not been used at Fort Sheridan, once more sprang up. There were plenty of board floors, stacked in neat piles all over the



camp and each tent soon had a wooden floor. It started raining in the afternoon of the day the Battery arrived; it was the last day of the month and muster was held that night in the pouring rain. Major Bush made a short speech, the high spots of which were to the effect the war was serious business, and he expected every man to "play the game."

The Ohio Engineers and Signal Corps pulled in the next day and pitched tents; and all the Ohio National Guard outfits in the service were at Camp Perry and B Battery was among them. About six o'clock the next evening "Top Kick" Kavenagh back in Akron showed that he was on the job by the delivery of 18 recruits, the first for the Battery since the gas-house days. Two of them, James Lester and George Smith were rejected as a result of Lieutenant Barton's physical examination; but those who stayed and began drilling under Lee Breese, Mike Greene, Robert Newman and Jensen McEntee were Sidney Sedberry, Archie Murphy, Vaughn Peoples, Harry Dougherty, Orland Outland, Chas. Seikel, Robert Merrill, John Funk, Paul Vrabec, Harry Slater, Eret Hull, John Hiemel, Marshall Sheets, Wm. Murphy, L. D. Clark and Morgan Bright.

To these 18 men goes the honor of being B Battery's first volunteer recruits enlisted for the war with Germany.

A little previous to this it was mentioned that it rained the day the Artillery landed in Camp Perry. It might be added that it rained the next day, and the next, and the next. In fact it rained and it rained and it rained! Beautiful weather! Everything and everybody was soggy and damp. Old farmers, long-time residents of that part of Ohio, looked dubiously at the downpour and calculated that they "never seed such weather for this time of the year!" To make matters worse a steady gale began blowing from the North, directly off the Lake. There was a four-foot retaining wall along the beach, but the wind was so high and steady that four feet was insufficient and the white waves began to slop over the wall. Noon of the fourth of May found gallons and gallons of water pouring over, and spilling into the target ranges; and by four o'clock the fields were covered with a silver sheet of water that crept nearer and nearer the camp. Once the water got over the little rise in the ground around the target butts it followed the lines of least resistance towards the Artillery camp.

Seven o'clock that day brought no change in the weather and the water kept creeping up, inch by inch until at nine o'clock the first water appeared in the Battery street. Lanterns began to bob in the darkness, top Sergeants whistles blew, and the men were told to "come a rolling!" Engineers, Signal Corps and Artillery all began to abandon Camp.

Everything was left just as it was, only bedding and personal belongings were taken. The troops took up quarters for the night in the concrete building known there as the mess-hall.

Morning came at last, and brought with it a vast change in the scenery. Where once had been green grass there was now a large lake, and the tents of the Ohio troops had settled down in the water. Boxes, and a hat or two and two or three suit cases floated serenely around in two feet of water in the Battery street. The men didn't like to contemplate what they would find when they got back to the tents. The first thing to be accomplished was the rescue of the horses. This was done immediately after breakfast, and they were turned loose in the fields, west of the mess-hall. A good many wet feet were acquired in the process and the cry immediately went out for rubber boots. A telegram announcing the catastrophe was sent to Akron with a request for as many rubber boots as was possible to send, but the boots were slow in coming and didn't arrive for quite a while afterwards. The horses attended to, all the tent floors were blocked up clear of the water and the equipment piled on cots. All that could be done while the water was still up was finished in two or three days, and then it was merely a matter of waiting for the water to recede.

Life in the mess-hall was far from pleasant. The building was never intended for sleeping quarters, and it

would have comfortably accommodated about one-third of the number of men who were packed into it. The hall was damp and wet and the bunks were packed in so tightly that they overlapped, with the result no one had room enough to move around. The men had to endure it for a week.

By May 12th, however, the ground was pretty well drained off and the Camp was moved to a new place behind the mess-hall.

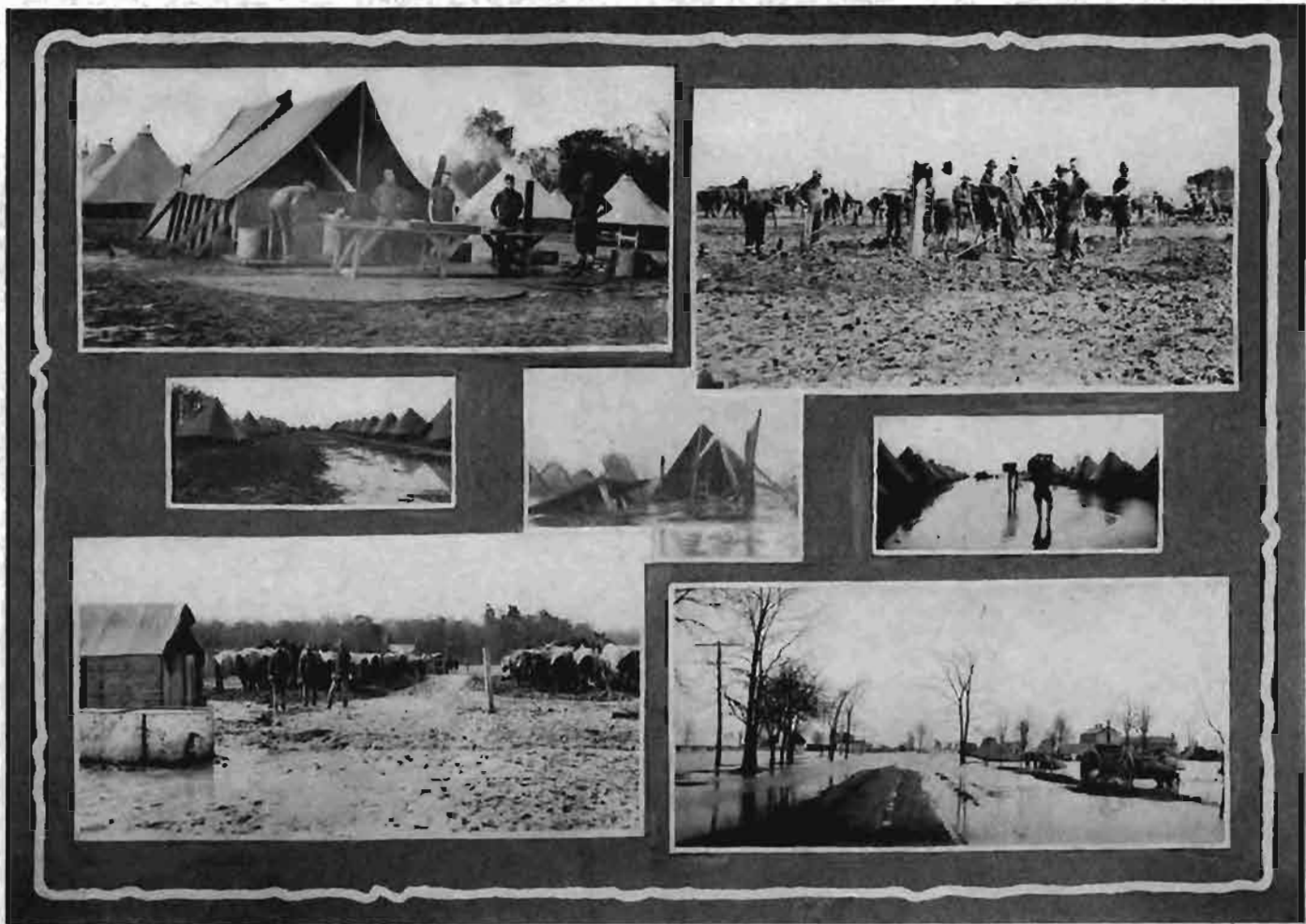
Sixteen more recruits came in the night of the 12th and the Battery began to fill up. The whole day of May 13th was given over to building picket-lines. New Texas horses came in that night and with the 32 brought up from the border, the Battery was equipped. The horses came in at nine o'clock and Lieutenant Joe Johnston, commanding the Battery in Captain Albrecht's absence, had a hard time routing the boys out of bed. It was past one o'clock before the cars were unloaded and the horses tied up.

Captain Albrecht and his recruiting Staff were busy



in Akron and recruits kept coming in. Six men arrived on May 23d and June 5th was the record breaker when 41 men marched into camp. Prior to this time however the Battery suffered more losses in her ranks, for the papers brought out the announcement of the First Officers' Training Camp. A large number made application for it, as they all figured their border experience entitled them to wear black and gold hats. Later events proved that they had the right idea. The Battery men who won the coveted chance to go to school were Richard Vincent, "Rex" Hitchcock, Howard Treat, Al Richmond, Jensen McEntee, Jack Sampsey, Lee Breese, Harry Webster, Roy Limbach, Ted Powers, Carlton and Jack Sperry, John Whitlock, Al Long, Russell Palmer, Robert Craig, Homer Davis, Claire Ault and Don Stanton. Gilbert Lane and Hugh Boone left with them. They however, had taken an examination at Fort Sheridan and were commissioned immediately without having to go to school.

Full justice would not be done Camp Perry without a few words about the mud. The water finally went down, but it rained pretty steadily up until the second week in



June. The ground was low and soggy and mud soon bore the same relation to Camp Perry that sand had to El Paso. Boots finally came in for all the Battery men and they were the most useful things in camp. The mud was worst around the picket-lines and outside the guard-house; some of the men actually sank up to their knees while grooming horses. There were a good many instances where, when the order "Cease grooming" came down, a Batteryman found himself with one stocking foot waving wildly in the air, his boot barely showing and held tight in the yellow mud. The Battery street was slippery and treacherous; many a luckless individual spoiled a nice clean uniform and lit on one ear while trying to get to the Top Sergeant's tent. As for the guardhouse, there was a standing joke about the corporal of the guard taking his relief around in a rowboat.

Drilling of recruits went merrily on. Charley Lange, Elbert Cox, Alphonse Falardeau, "Spick" Woodward, Jack Wise and George Bruner entered the list of drill-master and they taught the "rookies" foot-drill in the mess-hall, gun-drill and equitation. Equitation included the usual amount of monkey-drill and monkey-drill was just as heartily hated as in the old days. As for the Battery itself, it was pretty tough sledding at this period. So many men were on special duty, drilling recruits, etc.,

that there weren't many old privates left. They were doing kitchen police one day, stables the next and guard the next.

Then they had a day off and in this day of rest, all they had to do was to exercise the horses that were not being used, water all the horses, in Lake Erie, help feed them, and go out on a few odd details. Pretty soft! ??

A War Department order came out in June, raising the pay of enlisted men in the army. The buck privates pay was doubled from fifteen dollars a month to the stupendous sum of thirty; and to offset this and take all the joy out of life again, two more orders came in at the same time. The first forbade the wearing of civilian clothes and anything other than the field-service uniform for the duration of the war. The second was a terrible catastrophe—prohibiting the sale of "all alcoholic drinks to soldiers, or men in uniform" for a like period. There wasn't any getting around it, and it looked to the battery-men as if it would soon be a case of "lots of dough and no place to spend it."

Quite a few fellows got two and three-day passes to Akron and many trips were made to Port Clinton, Oak Harbor and Toledo. Registration Day for the first draft came on June 5th. It was a big thing, and interest was widespread as to just how the country would take it.



Herb



On the range



Bass Fetch



Little old Fort Ben



Woody



Jungling up



Cold showers

Major Bush anticipated some trouble, for he sent an armed guard to the towns of Port Clinton and Oak Harbor. The guard, however, came back and reported a very quiet day.

An Official Visitor's day was declared on June 10th, Sunday, and the Camp Perry Clubhouse on the Lake was thrown open to the men and their relatives and friends. It was quite a success from every point of view as nearly every man in the Battalion had somebody up there to see him.

The majority of the visitors came by train although quite a number motored up from Cleveland, Columbus and Akron. And the "old timers" ate the cake that their sisters brought up and told them about the border; while the "rookies" munched candy and showed Aunt Sarah how well they could do an about face and forward march.

For the first time there were little or no rumors attendant upon moving as there was no move expected so it was a big surprise when moving orders came on the 28th of June, and the afternoon of the 29th at three o'clock, the Battery entrained for Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind.



CHAPTER VII

AS the train rattled through the darkness that night, it was practically a new battery that sat in the day-coaches and played cards, read magazines and sang. Seventy per cent of the old Border Batterymen had left, and their places had been taken by the recruits who came in at Camp Perry. A lot of new non-commissioned officers had been made; Carl Kavenagh was still first sergeant and the section chiefs lined up this way: First Section, Sergeant Hollenbeck; Second section, Sergeant Kneff; Third section, Sergeant Wise; Fourth section, Sergeant Greene; Fifth section, Sergeant Hosback, and Sixth section, Sergeant Lange. Pearl Wood was supply sergeant, Joe Kelly, stable sergeant, and Ralph Curry, mess-sergeant. The battery on the border had a very high personnel; over half of the men were college men and they were all good fellows, so that, when the old bunch left for training camps, the first question that arose in the minds of those who were left was, "What kind of men are we going to have in the place of these who are leaving?" The question was answered to the satisfaction of everybody, for the men who came up from Akron were of the same type and class as the men who had gone. As the train crossed the state line between Ohio and Indiana, there were many more new faces than there were old ones, but it was B Battery and the personnel was just as high as it ever was.

Next morning there was a three hour lay-over and

breakfast at Bellefontaine, Ohio. There were three pigs rooting in a plowed field nearby, but the element of arithmetic and subtraction entered into the situation, and when the train pulled out there were only two pigs.

It wouldn't have taken Sherlock Holmes more than an hour to deduce that the missing pig had gone with B Battery. At least, that's what the farmer thought; and upon receipt of a rather irate letter from him demanding monetary reparation, (he had lost all hope of ever getting the pig back!) Major Bush conducted a very rigid investigation asking each member of the battery individually if he had seen or had any knowledge of said "pig, shoat or hog." Nothing came of it and "who swiped the pig" remains one of the Battery's unsolved mysteries to this day.

The arrival at Fort Harrison was at four P. M. on June 30th, and it was a case of hurry to get unloaded so that camp could be made before dark. There was some trouble getting the horses to camp as they had not been watered for 24 hours but everything was fixed up temporarily by eight o'clock, when the battery stood muster.

The next day was Sunday and every man was busy all day—digging post holes, erecting picket-lines, lining up the battery street and digging ditches around the tents. Did any thoughtful statistician ever stop to figure out why nine-tenths of the battery's moves always began or ended on Sunday? There should be some kind of a reward for the first man who turns in the correct answer. There was so much to do that it was well into the evening before the men had a chance to look around and see where they were and what they were there for.

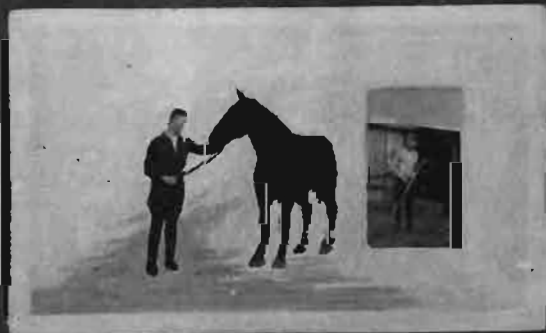
Ten miles from Indianapolis, Ind., on the Big Four railroad, was Fort Benjamin Harrison. An old army post, it was very much like Fort Sheridan with graystone barracks, stables, etc., but the surroundings were not nearly so pretty.

This being partly due to the fact the old buildings were now only the nucleus of the new camp, being built in a hurry by hundreds of carpenters, laborers, etc., to accommodate the men from Ohio, Indiana, West Virginia, and a few from Kentucky, there for the first Officers' Training Camp. So that the Fort itself was only a part of the camp. Yellow wooden buildings for sleeping quarters, mess halls, showers, etc., sprawled all over the landscape. There were two parts to the camp proper, separated by a little ravine and they soon became known as the Ohio camp and the Indiana camp because of the fact the men from these two states were pretty well divided. The old buildings of the Fort were a part of the latter, in fact comprised the most of it, and the Ohio camp was all new, consisting of the hurriedly built barracks.

At the far end of the camp was the site selected for the Ohio Battalion and they soon found that provision had been made for taking care of everybody and everything except the men who were to train the student-officers. For them there was no barracks, no mess-hall,



In the
Sunny South



no shower-baths—as one of the boys said, “No, nothin.” It didn’t worry them much; they had been at too many places where they had been forced to shift for themselves, so once more the old pyramidal tents went up, and they pitched a camp of their own.

Next, they found out what they had come for. In brief, the Student Officers had passed the preliminary stages of the game and were now specializing; those who had taken up the artillery end of the game had to have horses, guns, caissons, etc., to train with and they had to have men to assist the instructors in training them; to show them what to do. This was the new job of the Ohio Field Artillerymen. It was something they had never done, as they had been too busy learning themselves to have time to teach anybody else.

But they had succeeded in everything else and they meant to succeed in this! They were assisted by three Batteries of the Indiana Field Artillery who moved in beside Ohio a few days after, and a tentative regiment was formed with Major Bush acting as Colonel.

The Indiana Artillery remained at Ft. Ben for only three weeks so that the training of Uncle Sam’s Student Officers was left entirely to the First Battalion on the Ohio Field Artillery. Three days after the battery’s arrival at Ft. Ben the camp was in perfect order.

On the morning of July 4th, a battalion section race was held between A, B and C batteries. B Battery came off the winner, establishing an enviable time record. It was a big Independence Day in the battery camp. In the afternoon and evening most of the men paid their first visit to Indianapolis. They danced at its two parks, Riverside and Broad Ripple. They wandered around the “Circle,” strolled down to the Y. M. C. A. and across the street to the Hotel Linden, which hotel eventually became the downtown headquarters of the batterymen when in the city and the scene of many of their gay parties. As the boys wandered into the traction station that evening, they heard the call, which was afterward to become so familiar to them, “Ohio Camp Car.” July 4th having been fittingly observed, the battery settled down to hard work. The days were spent teaching future officers the art of harnessing and driving teams, arm signals and other army exercises. The students were taught the difference between the breech block and the muzzle of the gun and how to work a panoramic sight.

Every evening for about three weeks, “Boots and Saddles” was blown at six o’clock. The batterymen would harness up their teams and two hours would be spent in mounted drill. It was the battery’s first evening drill. The drill field was west of the battery camp. The field at Ft. Ben was entirely covered by grass and was perhaps 1000 yards square. Woods and hills surrounded it on three sides and the drivers had an opportunity to work their teams over difficult terrain and to test their skill as horsemen. In the afternoons when

the training students were not using the horses the men would go out individually mounted and take long rides through the country. Early in July all men with mining experience were requested to report to the battalion commander. Under the command of Private Bill Leahy, they were set to work digging gun pits. Bill Summers, Paul Davis and Oda Reynolds were numbered among the men who claimed to have had mining experience and for three weeks they labored, with pick and shovel, constructing gun pits and dugouts. When the pits were finished, two blank cartridges were fired in them, from a three-inch gun. This was to test the construction of the pits to withstand concussion. The experiment was entirely successful. Then dummy guns, made of logs, carefully camouflaged, were placed in them and there was not a visitor, who seeing them, failed to remark how natural they looked.

July 11th was a big day in the careers of officers of B Battery and in fact the officers of the entire regiment. On that day almost everyone of them moved up a notch and in some cases two notches. Although he had been acting in the capacity of Colonel for some time, it was not until this day that Major Bush received his commission. It was dated back to May 4th, the time that he assumed his duties as Colonel. Captain Albrecht was advanced over the rank of Major and became Lieutenant Colonel of the regiment. Lieutenant Johnston who had been acting battery commander for some time became Captain Johnston of B Battery. Second Lieutenant Kavenagh was moved up one place and became 1st Lieutenant Kavenagh of B Battery, while the vacancy thus made was filled by Sergeant John Wise who became 2nd Lieutenant Wise. Private Bill Leahy passed the Colonel’s examination satisfactorily and so became 2nd Lieutenant Leahy. Saturday afternoons and Sundays brought crowds of visitors from Indianapolis and the surrounding country, all eager to see and talk to the boys in camp.

The artillery proved an especially attractive feature of the camp, as a red hat-cord commanded attention everywhere. Visitors would inquire of the boys how they like the army, if they were well fed and some asked for samples of the food. The visitors became so numerous that for a time it was necessary to post a mounted guard on Sunday to keep the people from wandering all over the battery camp. Three-day passes were being given the men and they were paying short visits to their homes. The weather was ideal and many of the relatives and friends of the boys were motoring over from Ohio to see them. August 5th was an eventful day in the history of B Battery and the old Ohio Field Artillery, for on that day notice was received that all National Guard organizations were to be reclassified and renamed. Thus old 1st O. F. A. died and thereafter all mail was addressed to the 134th F. A. of which B Battery was a part. The first officers’ training camp was drawing to a close and its members presented the battery with several cartons of



Ackward squad



Snaking 'em out



"Goldbricks" supreme



George Bruner



Equipment



cigarettes and boxes of cigars as a token of their appreciation for what the battery had done for them. Some of the men who received commissions in this first camp, later came to the battery as its officers. August 15th found the first officers training camp closed and the Fort practically deserted. On August 22th Major General Glenn reviewed the Ohio Field Artillery.

From the closing of the first training camp until the opening of the second the men had the use of the horses and material every day, and every day found them on the drill field doing "Battery right" or "Battery left" taking up positions and simulating actual warfare. On August 28th the battalion hiked to Greenfield, Indiana, and returned the next day.

In the early part of September the Regimental Band, under Captain Snow and Bandleader Long, on its way to Camp Sheridan, stopped at Ft. Ben, and for one morning the boys hopped quickly out of their bunks to music. Comments were made on the fun it would be to get up in the morning after the band came to stay. A few weeks later the men did have the band to help them out of bed every morning but there was no noticeable change when it came to climbing out of the hay at 5:30 A.M. On September 14th twenty-six recruits for the battery arrived from Silver Lake, Ohio, where they had been in training for several weeks. The new men were: Dick Thomas, Hal Crossman, Lester Deselms, George Capron, Bob Riden, Billy Lenihan, Tub Lamiell, Ernest Fulmer, Fritz Cunningham, George Rood, John Ogier, Dave Smith, Dick Lavery, Erritt Sanders, Mack Bausman, Harry Williams, Frank Werner, Jimmy Jameson, Lewis Bush, Lewis Desaussure, Aleck McFeeley, Jedge Mason, Bill Rogers, Mack Sharp, Clyde Tilton, and Reed Yorkey.

Corporal W. V. Dunn was placed in charge of them assisted by R. C. Thompson, Henry York, William Tyson and George Grimm. They received the usual recruit drill and in four weeks were turned over to the battery. The Second Officers' Training Camp opened on September 15th and Sergeant W. O. Wallace and Corporal Wendell Norris left to join. Once more the battery began instructing the student officers, and a few days after the opening of the training camp, the 16th U. S. Field Artillery moved in to aid the First Ohio in their work of making officers.

Learning they were to be associated with a National Guard outfit the Regulars became very indignant. Their top sergeant, however, had been with the 8th F. A. on the Mexican border and knew the old Ohio outfit and what it was. He informed the men in his battery that if they could begin to compare with the First Ohio F. A. they would be good. Events proved him right. Out on the drill field the Ohio batteries drilled; went into action and executed limbers front and rear with a speed that fairly dazzled the 16th Regulars. They could not begin to imitate it. All they were able to do was to stare. The Ohio National Guard, now known as the 37th Division,

was being assembled at Camp Sheridan, Alabama, under the command of Major General Charles G. Treat and the usual moving rumors began to circulate in B Battery. First orders were received late in September for the battery to move but after everything was ready and the orders were countermanded. The men were still living in pyramidal tents and as the weather was becoming cold they were anxious to move. The shower baths were in the open and a bath became a painful operation. Most of the men made it a point to go to the Y. M. C. A. in Indianapolis where a hot bath and plunge could be had for the asking. It was over three months since the battery arrived in Ft. Ben. It had been a good camp and the men enjoyed their play and work. Indianapolis was one of the best cities the battery ever saw. Some of the men met their future wives there but the old, old wandering spirit was upon the boys and they were anxious to be on their way.

Finally on October 9th, orders were received to proceed to Camp Sheridan and join the rest of the Ohio Division. The usual work preparatory to moving was gone through. The battery left Fort Benjamin Harrison on the 12th. The last night there was but a repetition of the last night in Camp Willis. The entire battery went to town to celebrate and say good-bye to their friends. For the last time the men danced and strolled around the Circle, to the Y. M. C. A., and then over to the Linden Hotel. They were all there. It was the last night and they were determined to make the best of it. The three A. M. "Ohio Camp" car found B Battery there strong. It was a weary bunch that tumbled off at the big canteen at Camp an hour later, but they did not bother to sleep the rest of the night. It was cold and a light snow was falling so they sat around the big fire and swapped yarns. At noon the next day, Friday, October 12th, the battery pulled out, bound for Montgomery, Alabama.

The battery that pulled into Ft. Ben on June 30th had been made of recruits. The battery that occupied the tourists sleepers as they pulled out of Ft. Ben was a veteran one. The men were disciplined and drilled to a point of high efficiency. The men smoked, read, played cards and sang. Holton Ford, Fred Exner, Bill Schmok, Paul Davis and Martin Glasgow played their mandolins, guitars and ukeleles. Mutt Bausman, "Skeets" Werner, "Tub" Lamiell, Larry Fetch, and Tommy Thompson sang. Louisville, Ky., was reached that night about eight o'clock, later, Bowling Green and the next day at noon the train pulled into Nashville, Tenn. A four hours stop was made there in order to feed and water the horses. The drivers were lined up and under the command of Lieutenant Leahy, they started out to find the stockyards. A march of about a mile down the main street of the city brought them to the Tennessee River. The men admired the scenery and took pictures while the officers looked around for the stockyards. The men lined up, marched back to the station and from there went in na-

other direction to the stockyards. After having spent about two hours marching around the city, the yards and water tanks were finally found. It was also found that the employees had taken care of the battery stock. The men were then dismissed with orders to report to the train at four o'clock. They wandered all over the city some to the Capitol Building, others to restaurants to "jungle up" and many spent the time snapping pictures. When they reported back to the train at four o'clock every man in the battery seemed to have done one thing—found a girl.

Lieutenant Kavenagh looked them over and exclaimed, "Oh, Lord! And it only took them two hours! What would happen if we stayed all night?" A short distance from the train there was a large factory and the boys risked life and limb climbing over freight cars and upon sheds to talk to the dear factory girls. The train pulled out about five o'clock with Birmingham, Ala., scheduled as the next stop for Sunday morning October 14th.

The part of the South through which the train passed proved a disappointment to the men. Instead of a land of sunshine and flowers the country showed nothing but a dull reddish sand, covered with rank undergrowth, while an occasional cabin squatted along the railroad. The towns were few and far between. When the men awoke on Sunday morning about six o'clock the train had stopped. The soldiers looked slowly around and then hopped out of their berths. The next stop was supposed to have been Birmingham yet there was the train in the midst of a big army camp and on a sign-board were the words "Three Miles to Montgomery." For a few minutes an animated discussion was carried on. They could hardly believe they had passed Birmingham and reached Camp Sheridan, yet such was the case. The battery had reached the place that was to be its home for the next nine months.

Chapter VIII

CAMP Sheridan was situated northeast of the City of Montgomery. It was built on old cotton plantations and the outfits that had arrived before the first battalion of the 134th F. A. had spent many weary weeks digging and grubbing out cotton stalks. The country around had been the scene of the first field activities of the Confederate Army in 1861. Divisional Headquarters were at Pickett Springs, the place from which General Pickett had issued

his call for volunteers to defend the Confederacy of the South.

In the center of the camp lay the old Alabama State fair grounds with its mammoth exhibition hall (later made into a theatre and recreation hall for the Ohio men), its various show buildings, its cattle pens and stables. Around the field ran the mile race track where Dan Patch had once made a record of 1:55½. On these grounds the troops, who answered General Pickett's call, received their first army training. Radiating from the fair grounds spread the camp. The mess-halls, showers and stables, the men sleeping in the tents with floors and side-walls. Half an hour after the train pulled into the yards the place was seething with activity. The men ate breakfast and the work of unloading began. The unloading platform was large enough to accommodate all the box, flat,

and stock cars at one time, and in a very short time the train was unloaded.

The entire 62nd Field Artillery Brigade was at the siding to "see a regular outfit work" and they saw—according to the 1st Ohio men. Truck Company Number 48, the same that had met the battery on the border and at Ft. Ben Harrison was on the job again to assist in moving from the siding to the camp site. By this time the entire camp must have been out, for the



route was lined with soldiers. The first sight of the place picked for B Battery camp was enough to sicken the stoutest heart. The gun park was in the middle of a cotton field; running across the proposed battery street was a drainage ditch about eight feet deep, and the place where tents were to go was piled high with dirt. Boxes, barracks bags, mess kits and everything that goes to make up a battery was scattered around just as it was dumped off the trucks.

To make things worse, the heat was intense and the dust choking. But there was no chance to sit around and get melancholy; the old pick and shovel that had long been in storage came out. The junk that littered the place was piled up and the men started to move the state of Alabama. "I wish they had put this state where they wanted it in the first place," the boys said. All morning the men carried dirt, leveling a spot here, filling up a hole there. In the afternoon the tents were set up and by five o'clock the street was in order. The gun park was in the rear, then the picket lines, latrine, bath house, battery street and, at the head of the street, the mess-hall. Across the road were the tents of the officers, in the rear of which

was the regimental infirmary. From there a field stretched away to the warehouse and railroad tracks.

The Battery was lined up about five o'clock and the rules and regulations governing the camp and surrounding country, including the city of Montgomery, were read to them. The principal order forbade the wearing of leather puttees in the city of Montgomery. Leather putts had long been the pride and joy of the batterymen. When the order was read their spirits took a big slump and they decided to register a protest against the order by going to town that evening with leather putts on. They went, nearly half the battery, but they didn't stay long. They had hardly stepped off the cars when the M. P. got busy. A few of the weaker sisters grabbed taxis and beat it back to camp. Some were in favor of doing battle with the M. P. but the decision agreed upon was to quietly submit to arrest and in this way register a protest against the order. Before the evening was over they had all paid a visit to M. P. Headquarters.

The next day, everyone who was implicated in the trouble the night before was called before Colonel Bush. Out of 162 men who had been arrested in town, 82 were from B Battery. The men were given a lecture but this was one occasion on which the Colonel did not mean everything his office required him to say. He seemed anxious to see the boys wear leather putts, but as some disciplinary action was required, the entire crowd was confined to camp for thirty days. This confinement was lifted in about two weeks.

A day or so after the battery's arrival in camp, an exhibition drill was given by the first Battalion on the field behind the infirmary for the Second Battalion, and the 135th and 136th Regiments. The battery had done exhibition work for student officers but on this day they determined to out-do their previous work. Men, horses and equipment were polished and shining when the battery trotted out on the field. The spectators were lined up along the edge of the field and for two hours the batterymen went through the maneuvers. Up to the very edge of the field, in a battery line, they would sweep and just as the crowd began to scatter, a signal for right or left flank would be given and they would be off in another direction. Captain J. J. Johnston was in command of the battery on this occasion, and the work of the battery was of the highest order. The next few weeks were busy ones for the battery. They had come to Camp Sheridan, not to train future officers as at Ft. Ben, but to train future enlisted men in the 62nd Brigade.

The 62nd Brigade of the 37th Division was composed of the 134th, 135th and 136th regiments, the 112th Trench Mortar Battery and the 112th Ammunition and Supply Trains. Of these, the First Battalion, A, B, and C Batteries of the 134th were the only outfits with full equipment and the rest of the brigade depended on them for what they didn't have. It is true that some of the other batteries had dummy guns made of logs and mounted on

cart wheels but these could scarcely be called materiel. The first Battalion started to teach the rest of the Brigade the intricacies of harnessing and driving, the working of the three-inch field piece and the care of horses and materiel. It was somewhat of a relief for B Batterymen to have some one else clean their harness.

The Battery camp meanwhile was being put into shape. Floors and sidewalls for the tents arrived and were put in. A bridge was placed across the ditch and the street graded and drained.

About this time several of the officers that the battery had trained at Ft. Ben arrived in camp and three of them, Lieutenants Mays, Scroggs and Cheney, were assigned to the Battery. Those who graded the street under Lieutenant Mays' direction will never forget the incident, nor the time Mays set out four stakes in the field and made the Battery march around them for an hour as a disciplinary measure. Towards the middle of November the other outfits in the Brigade became fairly proficient as artillerymen. A drill schedule was posted and each battery in the brigade had the use of the horses and materiel one day a week.

The field on which the Battery's exhibition drill was held would have answered all the requirements of a drill field. However, the officers of the 135th and 136th Regiments needed recreation and had made it into a polo field. On the one day in the week when the Battery used the horses and materiel, the men would go about a mile back of camp and drill on an old cotton field. After having spent one day at drill on this field the men were all thankful they did not get to use the materiel more than once a week. The cannoneers were especially fervent in their thanksgiving. On days when the Battery did not use the materiel the men took hikes through the woods and along the banks of the Tallapoosa River which ran a mile or more back of camp. Every day brought fatigue details of one kind or another, most of them of the good old pick and shovel variety. The roads which men of B Battery helped construct in Camp Sheridan would have done credit to the army of Caesar.

Stables were erected toward the end of November and nearly every day, from then until the following June, found details grading the stables.

Montgomery, the capital of Alabama, had been the heart of the South and the hotbed of the Confederacy during the Civil War. Jefferson Davis had lived there. In the capitol building, a star marked the place on which he stood when he took the oath of office as President of the South and the City had been the first capital of the Confederacy. The Union Army had taken the city, advancing on it along the upper and lower Wetumpka roads and the camp site of the 37th Division marked the spot where one of the battles for its possession was fought. When the people of the city learned that an army camp was to be established near by they were disturbed by the news. But the Ohio troops moved in, went to the city

and behaved themselves. In a few weeks the men were welcome visitors and the city was endeavoring to show its hospitality. The Red Cross and Knights of Columbus gave dances.

The men became acquainted with the Southerners and were invited to Montgomery. Montgomery homes were opened to the Ohio soldiers. There were places of amusement in the city such as May's Coca Cola cabaret, Harry's Eating Place, The Sheridan Club and others, where the soldiers could flock Saturday afternoons and Sundays for a little diversion. To properly cover B Battery's experiences at Camp Sheridan some mention should be made of the Montgomery street car system, particularly that branch of the system that was operated between Camp Sheridan and the city of Montgomery. The car line the boys had to depend upon to a great extent was a one-track affair over which the traction company operated cars whenever the weather was nice and the power plentiful. George Reed and Oda Reynolds used to start for Montgomery with lunch in their pockets which they ate on the car at one of the numerous tie-up switches along the line to the city. The cars were old-fashioned single truckers that squeaked whenever a passenger got on or off. And how those cars ever carried soldiers that used to pile onto them still remains a mystery. The conductors used to make the price of a new car on a round trip.

The jitney service between the camp and city was a caution. A soldier going to the city, while the cars were running, could ride in a jitney bus for a quarter. If he stayed in town until after the last car left for camp, the trip home in a jitney bus set him back anywhere from twenty-five cents to two dollars, depending upon the hour. Boys from the Alabama hills, who never before had seen as much as a two dollar bill, became Alabama millionaires in the jitney business.

The Battery enjoyed a happy Thanksgiving Day at Camp Sheridan. There was a Thanksgiving dinner with turkey and all the trimmings. The officers spoke after dinner and told the boys they were a bunch of soldiers, etc., etc. Johnny Funk dressed in a South Sea Island dancing costume gave a hula hula dance on the table and Paul Davis and Martin Glasgow strummed some plaintive airs on their ukeleles. R. C. Thompson led the famous Hamburg show song.

Winter arrived after Thanksgiving and while it wasn't an Ohio winter the weather grew cold enough to warrant the building of stables for the horses. Colored hammer and saw men advanced toward the Battery picket lines from the direction of the 136th regiment and built a stable a day. The colored boys used to beat ragtime harmony on the nails as they drove them into the roofs of the stable buildings and the battery soldiers used to stand around during grooming hour to watch them. With the new stables came horses for the rest of the Brigade and the first Battalion men were given complete charge of their own horses. About this time the Sheridan Reveille, Camp Sheridan's daily newspaper appeared in camp and Private George Harris of the Battery was detailed to run the press for the paper at a salary of twenty-eight dollars a week. This has always been considered the best detail anybody in B Battery ever got in on. Stable Sergeant Joe Kelly reported news and gags for the paper for the 62nd Artillery Brigade. The first army Christmas for the majority of B Battery soldiers was approaching when the Sheridan Reveille announced the whole Division was to be allowed furloughs home for the holidays.

The furlough story was printed on authority from General Treat, commanding the camp, but the hopes of the boys were doomed, for soon the war department announced that owing to the shortage of railroad cars



and so on, it would be impossible to cart the men to and from Ohio. In the meantime many of the men had wired for and had received money for transportation home and as it turned out most of this coin went to Montgomery for holiday celebrations. Parents, wives and sweethearts of the men came down to Montgomery in trainloads however, and there wasn't a man in B Battery who didn't receive two or three boxes of fruit cake, candy and other Christmas cheer. To B Battery came presents from the Akron Chamber of Commerce, The American Red Cross and W. A. Johnston and citizens of Barberton. It was almost impossible during Christmas week to walk into a Battery tent without running into an invitation to sit down and eat some cake or something.

Six men, John Heimel, C. T. Bowen, Elbert Cox, William Hoffman, Fred Exner and Homer Eckert were given furloughs to go home for their Christmas presents. They went home and got married and celebrated a real Christmas. One of the things that in a way took the boys back to Ohio that Christmas was the arrival of the "Christmas Special" train from Columbus with Governor Cox, Henry Schlagel, and Charley Benner and several others from Akron. A big review was held in honor of the governor and the other visitors who had left home to celebrate the week with the Ohio volunteers in the South.

A big reception and get-together party in the Coliseum at Camp Sheridan, Governor Cox told the boys he had brought the season's greetings to the 37th Division from the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home in Ohio. A resolution conveying to the old soldiers and sailors the same greetings was adopted by the soldiers amid wild cheering. The Battery camp for once was thrown open to visitors with the result that relatives of the boys then in Montgomery were given the opportunity to make a close inspection of the Battery Camp. Kenna Bausman, Larry Fetch, Dick Thomas, Atlee Wise, Clyde Lamiell and others

entertained their parents and friends at the Battery's Christmas dinner.

Colonel Bush, Captain Johnston, Lieutenant Kavenagh, Lieutenant Leahy and First Sergeant Mike Greene made speeches at this dinner. And Lieutenant Kavenagh, risking his reputation, asked the batterymen to give three cheers for Bush and the boys came across. No one else but Kavenagh could have put that over. In connection with the Christmas dinner it may be noted that Vic Guinther, Martin Shere, and Bill Summers were on kitchen police and had to eat at the "second table" as they say in Canton, O.

Shortly after Christmas there was some kind of a strange epidemic among the parents and relatives of the Battery soldiers in Ohio and other places. The epidemic began about the time one or two of the men got leaves home to visit parents who really were ill. Of a sudden everybody got word from home that someone was dying and "to come home right away." The situation became so bad that the wires from home had to be temporarily ignored while the boys waited their turns to go home. Pretty nearly every man in the Battery who wanted to go home was given a furlough before the Battery left Alabama.

The next thing that happened in Camp Sheridan brought sorrow to the hearts of the flappers, and other soldiers whose wardrobes, until this time, had always been large and complete. An order that all boxes, trunks, suitcases and other luggage trappings be sent home or burned was read to the Battery. Taylor Haller, Harold Mook, John Downey, Straud Jackson, and others with six and eight uniforms and three or four pairs of sox for each foot didn't know how they were ever going to cram all their stuff into a barrack bag. "Pretty soon they'll take away our barrack bags," said Earl Youngs, little knowing how soon Batterymen would turn in their





At Camp Sheridan



"Extra-duty men, outside"



Following the ponies



barrack bags. Contrary to the Ohio custom, the battery-men played their football in midwinter. The games before and after Christmas created great interest among the officers and men of the regiment. There were nine B Battery men on the regimental team and the outfit was a winner all through the championship season.

The first firing by the Battery since leaving the border took place January 25th. The firing Battery was composed of non-commissioned officers of the Brigade. Sergeant Bowen and Sergeant Lynch, Corporal Verne Ritter and Corporal Louis Isenman were chiefs of section and gunner corporals for the First and Second sections.



The last day of January saw the first bunch of Battery-men leave for overseas service. Harry Williams, Joe Schriener, Edward Carson, Wagner, Clyde Creveling and Dan Jensen left to become members of the A. E. F. motor transportation service. These men were all skilled mechanics and in accordance with the government's plan to place men where they would be most useful, these men were taken away. The boys were all liked by the men in the Battery who regretted to see them go.

The Battery as a unit did its first firing at Sheridan, February 2nd. The new men were nervous and excited while the old border boys stood nonchalantly around and told how they used to "do it on the Mesa." If the old border men were not nervous, the old border horses were, and two of them, "Molly" and "Smoke" ran away that first day.

The weather, which through the months of December and January was cold, now started to warm up. Shrubs and flowers came into bloom and the countryside was beautiful. The horse-back rides through the woods and along the river were a source of enjoyment to the men. About every ten days the Battery would go to the range to fire. The rest of the time was spent exercising horses. On the 15th of February, Captain Johnston was called to Ft. Sill to take a course given all Battery commanders at the School of Fire there. This left Lieutenant Karl Kavenagh in command of the Battery, an office which he filled until he too was called to the School of Fire.

A peculiar accident, the like of which perhaps has never been known in army history took place about the middle of February. The horses and limbers of Battery D, 134th F. A. were struck by lightning while on the range. One man and six horses were killed. Four men and many other horses severely injured. Lieutenant Colonel Albrecht, Lieutenant Kneff, Lieutenant Woodward and Corporals Don, Northrup, Louis Isenman, Verne Ritter and others were at the range at the time of the accident and assisted in caring for the men and quieting the horses.

The souvenir craze suddenly struck the Battery at this time and every Sunday crowds of the men would go to the range in search of shell and shrapnel noses. Chief Mechanic Earl Hageman, his assistants, Mark Drees, Straud Jackson and Bill Butcher were among the collectors. So was Walter Vaughn, Russ Lathomar, Guy Price and James Hogue. A pistol range was being built back on the old drill field and one afternoon the Battery took its turn in the construction of it. A major from the 112th Engineers was in charge. He had a facial camouflage in the form of a beard that would have done credit to Rip Van Winkle and he did rag the boys. One day while on the way back to camp from the range with Lieutenant Cheney in charge, a pretty stiff pace was being stepped off. "Why don't you double time!" yelled Vic Guinther. "Battery attention!" came the command, "Double time, March!" and from Brigade Headquarters to the Battery street the boys double-timed.

March came and with it two hours of calisthenics and marching every afternoon. In the evening men wrote letters, went to shows at the Coliseum and on occasions, marched over to attend lectures. Colonel Bush, who had been to the Artillery school at Ft. Sill, returned on the 13th of March, and a barbecue promoted by first sergeants of the 123rd regiment, was given in his honor behind the gun-park. Sergeant Bob Barrington was master of ceremonies and the men "jungled" on barbecued beef. Toward the latter part of March and through April, the Divisional field maneuvers were practiced. The Battery took up a position, the detail strung wire from the "Doughboy" trenches to the Battery and the city of Montgomery was theoretically attacked and captured.

Early in April a plan to serve the Battery mess at the mess hall tables was begun; so much food for each section was placed in pans on the tables before the Battery arrived for mess. This method might have worked all right in a young ladies' seminary, but in the Battery it



failed to register. Small sections like the Sixth and Ninth got all they could eat while in other sections there was not enough. Added to this, "first come, first served" became the rule so that a man three minutes late would get nothing to eat. This system was abandoned after a few weeks' trial.

Having completed his course at Ft. Sill by this time Captain Johnston returned for duty and was assigned to D Battery of the second battalion where Colonel Bush claimed there was a need of some old time discipline. This left B Battery without a Captain, but Lieutenant Kavenagh was hurriedly dispatched to the school at Ft. Sill to take the necessary training to assume the duties of "skipper." This put Lieutenant Leahy in charge of the Battery and for a few weeks B Battery had only three officers.

April 6th, the first anniversary of the United States entry into the war, was marked by a big parade in Montgomery. Atlee Wise was all dressed up for the occasion but his horse laid down on him and spoiled his part in the days' program.

Recollections of border days were brought to some of the men when in the middle of the month, glanders was discovered among the horses of the 112th Engineers in a neighboring camp. Nine new guards posts were added around the stables and all horses were given the moline test. They were carefully watched but no symptoms of the disease were found among the artillery horses.

Baseball was coming into popularity and a very interesting game one Sunday caused them to be late for stables. The Battalion commander learning of it, confined the men to camp for thirty days, but, three days later, he lifted the ban. Major General Chas. G. Treat who had been in command of the 37th Division since its arrival was relieved on April 24th and went to the Western Department. Brigadier General William Smith of the 62nd Artillery Brigade became temporary commanding officer and shortly before the Division's departure for France, Major General William A. Fransworth was appointed commander of the Division.

Midnight on May 2nd the Battery answered its first fire call in Camp Sheridan. The large forage piles at the fair grounds caught fire and the resulting loss to the Government amounted to fifty thousand dollars. The men fell in in the Battery street that night in all stages of dress and undress. Dick Thomas wore pajamas, a slicker and hob-nailed shoes, and A. V. Ritter carried his breeches on his arm. The Battery was to be held in reserve in the street but through some misunderstanding they were marched over to the fire only to find they had arrived too late.

During the first of May when all rumors of the regiment's going overseas began to assume more semblance of the truth, Lieutenant Leahy was sent to Ft. Sill also to take a course in observation as practiced in Europe. With the departure of the acting Battery commander

the responsibilities were shifted to the shoulders of Lieutenant George Curtin. Lieutenant Curtin's administration will be best remembered by his attempt to revolutionize the routine of stable duty, when prizes were offered for the cleanest looking row of stalls.

Furloughs which had been coming through for the Battery men since the first of the year, were suddenly stopped. Mutt Bausman, Skeets Werner, Don Cochran, Verne Clark and Bill Murphy were all ready to leave for Ohio when word was received the furloughs were discontinued. With the end of the furloughs, rumors began. The Division was going over according to the rumors and everyday brought new stories as to how, when and where.

It was worth while to pause long enough in this history to record the feelings of the men when it became certain that the Battery was going across. The men in the old Battery had enlisted to fight Mexico but instead they spent their time grooming horses and drilling on the border. The men of the new Battery had enlisted to fight Germany and expected to go over here. They had been moved from camp to camp and in place of fighting Germany they were training others to do it. As the months went by and there was no sign of going across the men became dejected. The morale took a slump. With the coming of the rumors about leaving for "over there" came also the return of spirit and morale.

It didn't come slowly, it came in a burst of glory. The Battery would be lined up in the street before 1st Sergeant Greene finished blowing his whistle. There was a willingness to work and the old pep came back and over the night the Battery was rejuvenated. The event they had been looking forward to and hoping for was coming.

About the middle of the month of May, an order was received calling for candidates for the officers' training camp. It was surprising to note the small number of Battery men who became enthused over this project, which, had it come a month earlier, would have found the entire Battery in line. The overseas rumors had gained such prestige that the thought of spending more time in training did not appeal to many. As a matter of fact the candidates who were finally chosen were called in by the Colonel and given applications to fill out. Some were never filled out or sent in but the candidates who were eventually chosen for the school were, Paul Davis, Paul Vignos, Roland Herbert, Bill Bowen and Bruce Newkirk.

They were booked for the big show in France. The month of May dragged slowly through. On the 18th, the 112th Engineers and part of the Sheridan doughboys left. The psychological examination was held at the Coliseum and the Battery passed it with the highest grade in the regiment.

During the months at Sheridan the personnel of the Battery had suffered from transfers and from men going to the training camps. On May 23rd, thirty recruits from Camp Taylor, Ky., arrived, bringing the Battery

up to war strength. Tents were erected behind the gun-park for the new men and under the command of Sergeant Hoffman, Corporals Carl Truby, Marion Slates, John Jackson and Leo Fitzpatrick, they were given the rudimentary artillery drill.

The last few days of May were spent on the pistol range, where the men sharpened up their eyes and prepared to give Fritz a warm reception if it ever came to close quarters in France. With June came the closing of the Battery's career in Camp Sheridan. On the 3rd the guns and caissons, relics of the gas-house and Mexican border, were loaded and shipped to Camp Wheeler, Ga. On these old B Battery guns, hundreds of officers and men had been trained, but their usefulness to the Battery was at an end.

Four days after the guns left, the horses were taken to the Remount Station. No one was there that day will ever forget the wild ride around the race-track, during which Bill Base and Don Northrup were thrown from their horses and slightly bruised, and the sad parting



of men and horses. The trip back to camp through Montgomery where Marshal Sheets, Spooks Fulmer and others sent kids to buy ice cream for them and then had to go back to camp before the kids returned.

The horses and materiel gone, the remainder of the Battery's stay at Sheridan was taken up with full pack drill and inspections. June 14th was the day set for the Battery's departure from Sheridan. The 13th was spent tearing down the tents, oiling floors and policing camp. That night the men slept in pup-tents in the gun-park. A few of the hardened flappers ventured to Montgomery to say their final farewells, but the majority remained in camp. Sleeping on the hard ground in the gun-park was none too good so the men were up bright and early the next morning. Blankets were rolled, packs made up and the men sat around waiting to go. All that day the "Y" was thronged with men, writing their final letters from Sheridan. It was a wild, hilarious bunch that boarded the train late in the afternoon. Cheering, shouting, singing, the boys were overjoyed. There may have been a few serious ones but for most of the men it was the great moment. They had waited and longed for it for over a year. Outfits not half so well drilled or disciplined as B Battery, had gone over long before.

At last its time had come, June 14th at six P. M. the

train bearing the B Battery pulled out of Camp Sheridan. The Battery was bound for the big show "over there."

CHAPTER IX

THE trip north from Sheridan was made in day coaches. The day coaches were the only flaw in the ointment of the Battery's joy ride to Camp Upton. The train was delayed at Opelika, Ala., for eighteen hours, owing to a wreck further along the road. The Battery took a short hike through the town and encouraged by Captain Kavenagh, sang for the people. Athens, Ga., Monroe, N. C., and Hamlet, N. C., were next on the list of stopping places and the Red Cross, represented by the pretty girls of these towns, passed out chocolate, cigarettes and lemonade.

Raleigh, N. C., was reached about eight P. M. on the 16th. Here the Red Cross and pretty girls were out strong. The Battery song birds Mutt, Bausman, Skeets Werner, Tub Lamiell, Larry Fetch and Tommy Thompson rendered several "choice selections." Some of the officers on the train became so interested in the work of the Red Cross here that they let the train pull out without them. An auto was pressed into service and they caught the train a few miles out of the city. Washington, D. C., was next and the train reached there about ten o'clock the next morning. The men went on a short hike through the woods outside the city and then back to the train for coffee and doughnuts that were served by the Red Cross. Baltimore, Md., Wilmington, Del., and Philadelphia, Pa., were on the route. At Philadelphia blocks of ice cream were served to the men, then through the Pennsylvania tube under New York, and then out onto Long Island.

At one A. M. June 18th, the Battery arrived in Camp Upton, L. I. The men were too tired to look around and tumbled into their bunks. A few hardy spirits braved the icy waters of the shower baths to remove the travel stains.

Camp Upton was built on the flats of Long Island. It was a typical cantonment layout and the troops lived in big two-story barracks. The entire second and part of the ground floors were devoted to sleeping quarters. The remainder of the ground floor was taken up by the kitchen, mess-hall and offices for the first sergeant and the supply sergeant.

The spick and span appearance, so noticeable at Sheridan, was lacking at Camp Upton. The camp was neat and clean but even so it lacked the finished touches of Sheridan. There were the usual Y. M. C. A. buildings, K. of C. halls and other places of recreation for the men. The big canteen was more like a department store than an army canteen. The men saw several good shows at the Liberty Theatre at Camp Upton, among which were Isadore Duncan's Dancers, the Lamb's Gambol, and Irvin Berlin who sang his famous song, "I Hate to Get Up in the Morning." Then there was the Buffalo Theatre for the colored troops in camp. The men

attended several performances and one of their visits ended in a near riot. After that an order was published forbidding the attendance of the batterymen at the Buffalo Theatre.

Life for the Battery at Camp Upton was an easy one. The men had fair living quarters and spring cots to sleep on. The mess hall was clean and the meals good. There was a good sized mess-fund on hand and it was being spent liberally to supply some of the delicacies which it would be impossible to obtain overseas. A few days were devoted to drill and calisthenics, but the big feature of the Battery's stay at Camp Upton was the inspections.

There was an inspection for every day and for everything. It would have been an absolute impossibility for a man, unfit for foreign service to have escaped detection. Tin derbies and a few other articles of equipment were issued and the Battery was ready for overseas.

Three days after the Battery's arrival at Camp Upton, twenty-four hour passes were given to the men who had relatives in New York. Tay Haller, Joe Kelly, Atlee Wise, Mike Greene and Mutt Bausman visited the big city, Art Faulkner and John Hiemel visited their homes in New Jersey, Lewis Moore made Easton, Pa., Henry York to Mt. Carmel, and Bill Murphy went to Philadelphia, Pa. Relatives and friends of many of the boys came to camp to bid them good-bye. Patchogue, Centre Moriches and the other towns around camp where they stayed were the scene of many parties for the men.

Captain J. J. Johnston, Captain Kavenagh, Lieutenant Bruce Griffin, Lieutenant Lee Moore, Dick Thomas, Billy Lenihan, Hal Crossman, George Couchy, Thurman Staudt, Mutt Bausman, Russ Lothamer, Harold Mook and many other men entertained visitors.

The day when the final good-bye's were said came all too quickly. The men said farewell to their relatives and friends while outwardly they were brave, there was many a secret tear shed at the parting.

On June 26th, the final inspection was held. Barracks bags were packed and sent away and a detail of men went with them to care for the loading and unloading on the railroad and ferry.

The Battery was scheduled to leave early the next morning. The packs were made up in the evening before and the men, fully dressed, laid down to snatch a few hours sleep.

Top Sergeant Mike Greene's whistle routed them out of bed at three A. M., a hurried breakfast was eaten and the men started on their march through the sleeping camp to the station, about half a mile away. On the way to the station the boys saw a fire burning in the church opposite the K. of C. hall and by their shouts, they attracted the attention of the guards in camp and in a few seconds the buglers were blowing fire call.

The entire 134th Regiment loaded on one train which pulled out about five A. M. A two hour ride brought them to the Brooklyn terminal of the Long Island Railroad

and in a few minutes walk, they reached the ferry boat waiting to carry them down the river. The men hung over the rails and endeavored in every way to reach a vantage point on the boat, from which to see New York and Brooklyn, as the ferry churned its way down the East River. They saw the Brooklyn bridge, New York's famous sky-line, and many other interesting sights. The ferry boat reached the Bush Terminal about 9:30 A. M., and, docked at the terminal lay the English transport ship "Nestor," which was to bear the Battery on its journey. The men debarked from the ferry boat to the pier where hot coffee and buns were served by the American Red Cross women. At every place the Battery had stopped on its trip from Camp Sheridan, the Red Cross had been there to serve the men. The American Red Cross was always deeply appreciated by the men of B Battery.

The lunch finished, the Battery lined up according to number, filed up the gang-plank, and onto the boat. As the boys reached the head of the gang-plank, "Safe Arrival" cards were distributed by the Red Cross.



They were filled out and addressed by the men and the Red Cross took charge of them, and as soon as word of the "Nestor's" arrival in Europe was received, these cards were mailed from New York.

The good ship "Nestor," a single funnel freighter, had formerly plied between Australia and England, carrying cargoes of meat and wool, but during the war it was pressed into the transport service and now it was the ship that was to carry B Battery overseas. The Battery quarters were on C Deck in the forward hold. About twenty mess tables accommodating ten to fifteen men each, completely filled the place. The men slept in canvas hammocks which were slung from hooks overhead and above the tables and during the daytime the hammocks were taken down, folded and piled in the corners. All equipment was folded and placed on racks. The place was overcrowded and it was almost impossible to move around. After arranging things below, the men went up on deck to look around. The scene was typical of New York harbor. At the different piers as far as the eye could see, ocean going vessels were moored. Most of them were taking on cargoes, and many, like the "Nestor," were crowded with soldiers, and all of them camouflaged.

On the dock were the warehouses of the Bush Terminal. Out on the river, tugs and lighters churned their way up or down stream. Here and there a tug could be seen hauling a string of barges or bull-doggedly pulling a vessel into mid-stream. Alongside the "Nestor" lay a

lighter from which barracks bags were being unloaded by means of a winch and deposited in the hold of the ship.

Supper, served about four P. M., was the Battery's first meal on the ship. It was a fairly good meal, one of the few good ones served on board during the trip. Before supper the men had their first experience in drawing rations aboard ship. Cards were issued for each table and two men from a table armed with pots and pans went to the galley. A sergeant punched the card and as the men marched through the two by four cook house, the English cooks filled the pans. Every afternoon at four o'clock, two men went to the ship's bakery and drew bread, butter and sugar with an occasional can of jam or marmalade.

After mess, hammocks were slung again and the men prepared to try their new sleeping quarters. They had been on the go since three A. M. and were ready to sleep anywhere. The hammocks were so close that the ends over-lapped and a man often woke up and found himself



nursing the foot of the man sleeping in the next hammock. Henry Bittinger, Verne Ritter and several other men spread their hammocks and blankets on the tables and floor, preferring this to the swinging overhead berths.

When the batterymen reached the deck the next morning the "Nestor" was still at her berth. About eight-thirty A. M. a tug came spluttering up along-side and tow lines were thrown to her and made fast. The tug, puffing and spluttering more than ever, headed for mid-stream, while the "Nestor," carrying its load of soldier-freight, slowly followed. "They were off!"

Mid-stream reached, the tug cast off. The huge propellers of the "Nestor" started to churn. She swung around and in a few minutes was headed out to sea. Down the bay, past Governors Island and the Statue of Liberty the vessel steamed. The men stood crowding her sides and decks taking a last fond look, as the shore line of the one and only nation in the world for them, faded slowly beyond the horizon. They were going 4000 miles away to fight for this great nation, to protect her from the fate of Belgium and France, to keep inviolate her womanhood and to preserve a government of democracy against the autocrats and barbarians of the Kaiser and his legions. Deep down in every man's heart

there was a sadness and a tear as they stood and watched the land of their birth or adoption fade slowly into the distance.

Late in the afternoon the sea became choppy. The boat rocked badly and many of the men experienced their first attack of seasickness. Mess that night found very few of them at the tables. Nearly everyone on board was sick. The hold was hot and stuffy, so most of them remained on deck until seven-thirty P. M. when they were ordered below. When they did go below they were all armed with buckets.

From the time of leaving the harbor at New York the "Nestor" had been under the protection of two destroyers, six submarine chasers, two aeroplanes and a dirigible balloon. When the men came on deck the next morning after a miserable night in the hold the protecting vessels and aircrafts had vanished. The "Nestor" had been joined during the night by eleven other transports. A United States battle cruiser was the protecting ship.

For the next few days nearly everyone had a touch of seasickness or was recovering from it. On Sunday the men were given their first boat drill and an order was read making compulsory the wearing of life belt and canteens filled with water at all times. The transports in the convoy had now increased to fifteen in number and the vessels were following the Gulf Stream. Late in the afternoon two men fell overboard from a vessel on the port side of the "Nestor." A boat was lowered from a tanker bringing up the rear of the convoy and they were picked up. Corporals Glen Spade, Don Northrup, Carl Truby, H. J. Thomas and Frank Werner of the Special Detail were stationed at different points on the ship as lookout, watching for submarines. C. E. Lamiell and Art Possehl were assigned to the ship's gun crew and for the remainder of the voyage they stayed by the gun on the stern of the boat. With detail men on guard and Possehl and Lamiell on the gun crew, it would have spelled disaster to a submarine that dared show itself.

The Fourth of July was celebrated in mid-ocean. The Stars and Stripes flew from the mast head all day, the only day that any flag was flown by the "Nestor" during the entire voyage. In the morning there were speeches by the ship's Captain and the ship's Doctor. The band played and the whole bunch sang, led by Captain Kavenagh.

The dinner was ordinary, but plum duff was served which helped some. In the afternoon there was boxing. The men had all recovered from their attacks of seasickness and were beginning to enjoy the trip.

On the daily routine Reveille was blown about six in the morning. There was mess at seven and about nine, the men took salt shower baths followed by calisthenics on the top deck. The rest of the day was spent reading, writing letters or watching the boxing in the afternoons. Taps sounded about eight P. M. and every one was forced to go below. Lights were under ban on the ship and,



Sgt. Shaw's section



Reconstruction



40
Hommes
8 Chevaux



D.B.S.



Over There



Cootie hunt



A good German



Pipes of Pan



except for a few shaded lights, the hold was dark. It was stuffy and uncomfortable. Many of the men would sneak up-stairs to the wash rooms to steal a smoke or to enjoy the fresh air. The nights were wonderful, and except for about three hours of darkness, they were as bright as day.

The mess being served was totally inadequate to satisfy the appetites of the men and many a stealthy visit was paid the ship's bakeries after taps. M. P. were on guard throughout the ship but the men managed to elude them and get into the bakery and kitchens of the ship's dining room. Corporal Clif Schnake and M. M. Shere were leaders in these visits and for the sum of fifty or seventy-five cents a sandwich and cup of coffee or a pie could be purchased. Nearly every man in the battery bought something from the bakery during the trip and while the prices charged were exorbitant, still the appetite must be satisfied. Something the regular fare was totally unable to do.

When the "Nestor" had been at sea for seven or eight days the voyage started to become monotonous. The men were anxious to land. Even the fact that the ship was entering the mine fields, or the possibilities of an encounter with a sub, failed to keep alive the interest of the men in the trip. On the tenth day the convoy met the sub chasers sent out to escort them safely in. As soon as they hove into sight the protecting cruiser turned back and started full speed for the States. For a few hours the men were interested in the maneuvers of the chasers. They seemed barely to touch the water as they skimmed along, racing hither and thither, always on the lookout for a submarine or mine. They did discover a floating mine and there was a lively half hour while they exploded it by gunfire.

When the bunch came on deck the morning of the eleventh day they saw land far out on the port side of the vessel. It was Scotland and all day long the vessel steamed along its rocky coast. For a time the coast of Ireland was visible far off on the starboard and later the Isle of Man.

About one A. M. on July 10th, the "Nestor" entered the Mersey River and anchored in midstream by the city of Liverpool. Hammocks were taken down and folded for the last time that morning. Packs were made up and the men made ready to disembark. The ship had to wait for the tide before docking so the men spent the time on deck, taking in the sights on the river and waving to the ferry boats as they steamed down the river.

By two P. M. the tide was right and the boat warped into the berth. The docks were crowded with workmen who waved and cheered and gave the Yanks a hearty welcome. The boys on the boat were all on deck, the band was playing and everyone was shouting and singing "Hail! Hail! the gang's all here," and the old, old favorite "Ohio—Ohio, the hills send back the cry" were the

popular songs. They were sung with a vim and gusto that must have been heard all over the city.

It was a happy bunch that filed down the gang plank and formed in line on the dock at Liverpool. A few minutes of rest, then the command "Squads right!" and the battery was on its way to a rest camp about four miles distant. Through the streets of a city, new and strange to the men, they marched. The double decker street cars, with women conductors, and the few English Bobbies that were seen, caused much merriment. Everywhere the people treated the men kindly and at one place where the men rested some women served tea.

By five o'clock the Battery had reached its first rest camp at Knotty Ash, on the outskirts of the city. The Battery was destined to stop at several of these rest camps during its stay in Europe, but none of them lived up to their name. Knotty Ash was typical of all other such camps. There were tents of all sizes, shapes and colors, accommodating from six to twenty men each, and a dirty straw tick for a bed. Stops for over-night or occasionally for two or three days were made at these



rest camps, and, during that time, the men were not permitted to leave them. There were huge stoves where coffee could be boiled but that was about all, the mess usually consisting of cooked and ready-to-serve army dishes such as corn willy, hardtack, etc.

After the men had cleaned up and eaten they spent the evening wandering around the camp. Perched on the wall around the grounds were dozens of little English kids and their favorite cry was, "Eh! Sam, gimme a coin."

The Yanks always obliged, and had lots of fun watching the kids scrambling for the pennies. Occasionally a Bobby would wander past and then the kids would beat it to a safe distance until he had gone. Perhaps the most noticeable thing around Knotty Ash was the hundreds of convalescent English soldiers in their light blue uniforms. Some were seated on benches on trees. Many were walking and a few were in invalid chairs.

Despite the strict orders about leaving camp many of the boys managed to sneak out and take a look at the city. A few of these were unfortunate enough to be picked up by the M. P. Captain Johnston, Captain Kavenagh and several of the lieutenants put on their "Old Sam Brownes" and went downtown.

Packs were made early the next morning and at seven-thirty A. M. the Battery boarded a train at the Knotty Ash station, a few hundred yards from camp. Here they

found that English railroad coaches and continental coaches, for that matter, differed greatly from those in the States. The cars in which the Battery traveled were divided into compartments. There were eight men to a compartment and there was no interior aisles in the coaches. In going from one compartment to another it was necessary to leave the train.

The Battery had a pleasant trip that day for the country was pretty and good to look upon, and although there was no grandeur or magnificence and no imposing mountains or rivers as might have been seen in the States, things were just pretty and typically English. Towns were plentiful and their red bricks and white mortar gave them the appearance of Christmas houses. The fields were cultivated up to the railroad tracks and low stone walls, running far up the hillsides, divided the fields. Crops were springing up everywhere and the whole country was so neat and orderly that it appeared that a landscape gardener had plotted it. The train passed through many of England's famous cities, notable among them being Leicester, Sheffield, Reading and Oxford, where a glimpse of the gray towers of its famous University were seen, and late in the afternoon the train pulled into Winchester. Then there was another hike through the city and another rest camp, Morn Hill, situated some distance beyond, which differed slightly from Knotty Ash. Here the men slept in wooden barracks. There were many British soldiers at this camp and from them the boys heard some wonderful stories of the fighting on the Western front. It was here that an old soldier talking to Bob Wiener, Red McCracken and other Battery men answered the question:

"What's the war like, over there, anyhow?" "Well," came the reply, "Hits four-fifths fun and excitement and one-fifth danger and inconvenience."

The next day the Battery was on the move again. A two-hour train ride brought it to the docks at Southampton. A short time after the 134th arrived the 342nd Field Artillery also pulled in. There was a canteen on the dock, and all afternoon the men ate pork pie, cookies, chocolate and drank pop. Hours later they deeply regretted the way they had spent the afternoon. The band of the 134th and that of the 342nd gave concerts, each band striving to outdo the other in music and volume of noise furnished.

At six P. M. the Battery boarded the boat that was to carry them across the English Channel. It was a side-wheeler and looked like the old "Island Queen" that used to run from Cincinnati to Coney Island. Adjectives aren't available to describe the way the men were crowded, jammed and packed on that old "tub." As the vessel steamed down the bay the boys saw some of the coast-defense work. Small stone turrets scattered over the bay and the ugly muzzles of the big guns projected through loopholes in their sides.

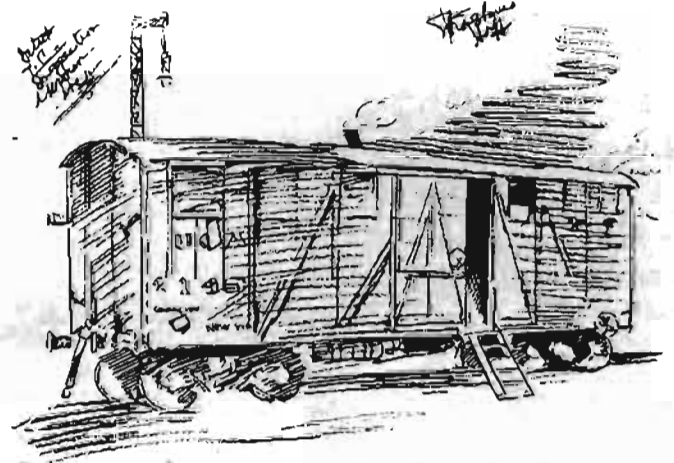
Once in the channel the trouble began. The ocean

at its worst had been a mill pond compared to it and the crowded condition made things still worse. The boat was heavily convoyed by sub chasers, but there were many men who that night prayed that a submarine might slip through and end their misery with a torpedo.

Despite the miserable night the men were in fair shape when at six o'clock the next morning the vessel reached Le Havre, France. B Battery had finally arrived "Over There" and was soon to be in the place for which it had so longed hoped and waited. It was soon to take its place as one small unit in that far flung battle line on the Western Front.

CHAPTER X

AFTER disembarking they were drawn up on the pier. The men stood rigidly at attention and the officers at salute while the band played the "Star Spangled Banner" and the "Marseillaise." Then headed by the band the



regiment started for a rest camp about five miles away. The march through the city was a triumphal procession. Everyone had heard or read of the treatment accorded the American troops by the French people and few of the men ever expected to experience it, yet on that eventful day, the Battery's first in France, they were received with a welcome that will linger forever in the memories of the men who were there. American flags floated everywhere, the people clapped and cheered, flowers were showered on the marching troops from walls and windows and it was not long before all the batterymen were wearing flowers in their buttonholes.

Perhaps the most striking incident of the march, the thing that will linger longest and strongest, was the deference and respect shown the regimental colors and the American flag as they went by. Everyone in uniform, men and women, stood at salute. The entire male population from old white haired men, veterans of 1870, to small boys hardly able to walk, took off their hats. It was a touching sight and the men thrilled and wondered at it.

After an arduous march up steep hills the camp, which was but a counterpart of the rest camps that had gone

before, was finally reached. Guards were posted and the men were not permitted to leave the camp. Two days were spent here and it rained most of the time. Throughout the night the distant rumble of guns could be heard although the battle line was about seventy-five miles away. There was a vapor bath in the camp, but most of the time, both vapor and bath proved to be a minus quantity. When a man was all ready for a bath, water was shut off, due to a defective tap or joint and then he was forced to wait several hours or go without his bath. The Battery was well satisfied when on the third day it started its march down hill and back to the city and railroad yards. If the men had known what was waiting for them perhaps they would have been content to remain in the Le Havre rest camp. Their next experience was to be with "40 hommes—8 chevaux." For the unenlightened it might be well to explain that all troops in France were moved in box cars, which resembled, to a great extent, the ones on children's toy railroads and were not much larger, about half the size of an American box car. These cars were supposed to hold forty men or eight horses and as a matter of fact, they do hold forty men, but the last six men have to be pushed in and the door closed. Into these cars the men of B Battery were crowded, between thirty-five and forty men to a car with their equipment and three days' traveling rations. The cars were so badly crowded that it was hardly possible for all to sit down and when night came the men either slept on top of one another or else they took turns sitting down.

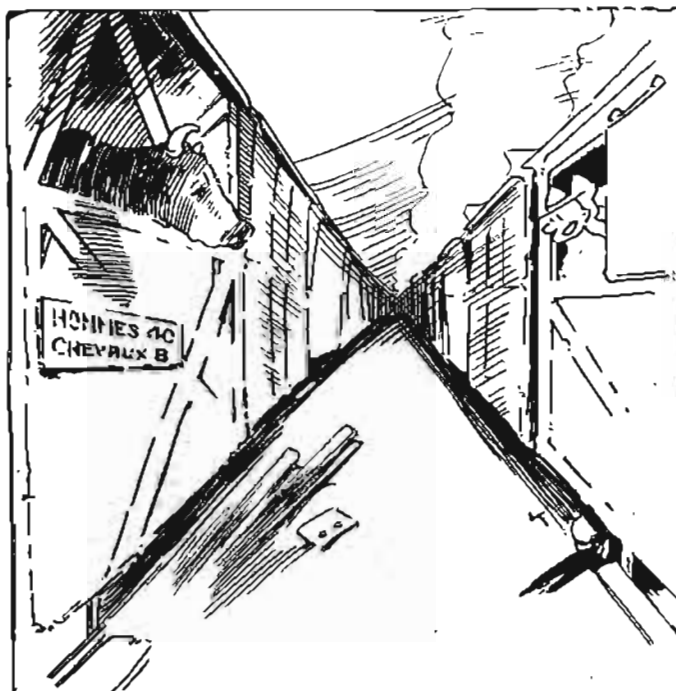
While waiting for the train to pull out the Battery had the first sight of the Hun; there were many German prisoners working around the yards and in their pea green uniforms on the back of which was painted in white the letters P. G., they presented a strange sight. Their guards were French soldiers who were too old for line service.

As the train pulled out of the yards and through the city, the way was lined with kiddies who continually pleaded for "Beeskeet." Many a can of corn willy and package of hard tack was thrown to them but whether or not that is what they wanted is still a debated question in the Battery. However, the men deprived themselves of food in order to give it to these French children.

"I like to eat but if those kids are hungry, I am willing to go without" was the sentiment expressed by Vic Gunther and it found an echo throughout the Battery.

The men seated in the doorways of the cars that night saw indistinctly the irregular flashes of the guns, far to the north, and their roar reached them faintly. Up there American soldiers were making history. It was July 15, 1918, and that day the Yanks defeated the flower of the German army at Chateau Thierry.

The trip south from Le Havre was uneventful but the men of B Battery will long remember it, not for any incidents during the trip but because of the mode of



travel. The country through which the train passed lacked the picturesqueness of England. Cities were scarce; Rouen, Le Mans and Saumur being the principal ones that were passed on the road. At several places where the train stopped, strong black coffee was served.

As the train got further south the country became prettier and showed more signs of cultivation until it finally entered the great wine country around Bordeaux. Here the land was given over almost entirely to the growing of grapes, and, stretching into the distance, clear to the horizon, were fields of grapes, the vines all carefully pruned and trimmed to a height of three or four feet.

About noon of the third day of the trip the train crossed the bridge over the Gironde and entered the city of Bordeaux. A stop of about an hour was made there. Then the train continued its journey to the town of Pessac about ten miles outside of Bordeaux. The train pulled in on a siding and the men unloaded. Then that wearisome, full-pack hike to Cestas, seven miles away, began.

The Battery's stay in Cestas was short but pleasant. (See details Cestas.) Calisthenics under Lieutenant Jacks followed by a full-pack hike of five or six miles in the morning and a shorter hike in the afternoon made up the schedule of work. The rest of the day the men were free. Captain Norton was in command of A and B batteries at Cestas and he never overworked them. The Battery's easiest and pleasantest days in France were spent at Cestas and its best impressions of France and of the French were obtained there.

During the stay in Cestas the first passes issued in France were given out and the fellows, who were lucky enough to have the necessary francs, made their first trip

to a French city—Bordeaux. The long deferred pay-day came at last and then the demand for passes grew to such an extent that Captain Kavenagh put restrictions on the issuing of them. The fame of Bordeaux had spread like wild-fire and everyone was anxious to verify the picturesque stories told by those who had been there.

Twelve days after the arrival at Cestas the Battery was on the move again. I. C. Spicer, Howard Miller, John Michaels, James Hogue, Chris Mogensen and others under the command of Stable Sergeant Lavery left to scour the country for horses. The rest of the Battery started at seven A. M. for the artillery training camp of De Souge, twenty miles away. Packs had been lightened as all unnecessary articles were put in barracks bags which went over by trucks. Just before the hike started all canteens were inspected to see that they contained water and not "vinegar blink." Twenty miles is easy to say but it's mighty hard to hike and the men found it out that day. It was hot and dusty. The men had been warned to be conservative with the water in their canteens but before the stop was made for noon mess, most of the canteens were empty. Mess consisted of baked beans, tomatoes and hard tack. It was eaten quickly and the Battery was on its way again. The rest of that hike was torture to most of the outfit. They were artillerymen and as such, they had never been called upon to hike any great distance on foot. Near Camp De Souge two captive observation balloons floated lazily in the air, and the men gazed at them longingly and wished that they were in them.

About the middle of the afternoon the gate of the camp was reached. "Here at last!" was the expression of all. They were doomed to disappointment as they found that the billets were a long, long way from the gate. Through the camp they marched, barracks were everywhere and ten yards from the road was running water. Once the Battery halted and the men made a break to fill their canteens but were ordered back in ranks and they realized the meaning of—

"Water—water everywhere and not a drop to drink." After a weary heart-breaking hike through camp they finally reached their billets, which were at the extreme end of the camp. The barracks were typical French ones. Long, rather narrow, one-story affairs with double-deck bunks, each building capable of housing about seventy-five men. The barracks in which the Battery lived at De Souge were built of brick, though many in this camp were of wood.

The men were too tired to take much interest in their surroundings the afternoon of their arrival. They lay wearily on their bunks until mess time and immediately after mess they went to bed again for the night. The next day work started in earnest for the billets, kitchen and mess hall were in a filthy condition and the Battery's first job was one of housecleaning. It was thorough and started at the top, the ceiling and rafters, then the walls

and bunks were dusted and finally the floors were swept and scrubbed. The kitchen, mess hall and tables were scrubbed; the rafters and walls whitewashed. Flies buzzed around the kitchen and mess hall in untold numbers and in order to remedy this to some extent, the place was darkened through the daytime and every day two men were detailed from the Battery as fly swatters.

Housecleaning finished, the men discovered that after their work they could stand some personal cleaning but they soon found that the most necessary element—water—was sadly lacking in Camp De Souge. It seemed to be lacking all over France but in the training camp it was especially noticeable. Water was indeed precious. There were shower baths but most of the time they were not working. It was during the months of August and September that the Battery stayed in De Souge. The weather was hot and the ground covered with fine dust, so that the shortage of water caused much inconvenience. There was a small, shallow creek some distance from camp and many of the men went there for their baths.

The Battery was to be equipped with the French 75 mm. gun, which had been shipped from Tours, but it was not until two weeks after the arrival in De Souge that the guns arrived. During these two weeks the Battery was not idle. The camp still needed cleaning and under the direction of Colonel Bush and Major Gordon all brush around camp was burned, and there was gas mask drill and full-pack hikes. The old bromide about war being Hell was fully realized by the men who took the two-hour full-pack hikes with gas masks. The hike was bad enough but the ankle-deep sand made it worse. The Battery usually walked to a balloon school, about two miles below camp, and much interest was exhibited in the products of their home town, for they were Goodyear balloons.

There were numerous forest fires about camp, caused by firing on the range, and every day and every night found details from the Battery out fighting fires. Baldwin, Swain and Owens were the chief fire fighters of the Battery.

A few days after the arrival in camp, schools were opened in different subjects pertaining to Battery work. There was school for Battery officers; another for chiefs of section and gunners in the nomenclature and care of the 75 mm. The signal detail took a five weeks' course in telephone and communication work and there were also courses in special subjects. Corporals C. I. Brewee and M. L. Slates were instructed in machine gun work, Corporal J. B. Kelly and Norman Fuchs were the Battery's camoufleurs and Corporals Thurman, Staudt, Cliff Schnake and George Miller attended gas school. The gas corporals soon became the most cordially disliked men in the Battery, not personally, but from a gas point of view. Their job was to give the Battery an hour or so gas drill every day and if there was anything the bunch disliked, it was this method of torture and the playful games that went with it.

In the evenings the outfit loafed around the Y. M. C. A., wrote letters or visited the neighboring towns of Bonneau, St. Medard and St. Jean d'Ijac. The city of Bordeaux was only about fifteen miles from camp and the boys with the necessary amount of francs spent Sundays there. They visited the art galleries, the cathedral and places of interest, and dined at the Y. M. C. A., or restaurants or drank vin blanc at the little tables in front of sidewalk cafes.

The materiel finally arrived late Sunday afternoon, August 11th, and the following morning the men, very glad to have guns again, and acting in lieu of horses, dragged the guns through the sand from the road back to the gun park. The next few weeks were busy ones for with gun drill and range work, there was not much time for loafing. Gun drill started in the afternoon under Lieutenant H. E. Myers and a corporal who was assigned to the Battery as an instructor. The 75 mm. was a much different gun from the old three-inch field piece, and the boys had to begin learning all over again. They soon found that, in many ways it was a much better gun; the one thing they didn't like however, was the panoramic sight. The gun park was crowded every day after the arrival of the guns.

"Rear of your piece—Fall in!"

"Cannoneers Post!"

"Gunners to me!"

and similar commands filled the air. The boys were old-timers in artillery work, so it did not take them long to get going. Then too, there were other incentives to spur them on. They realized that the quicker they learned the quicker they would reach the front, and, after a wait of two years, they were all broken out with anxiety to get in the big show. Every day the papers were filled with news of Yankee activity and B Battery wanted to get in on a part of it at least; —Chateau Thierry, The Marne, Fismes,—"La Jeune Armee Americaine" had fought side by side with the veterans of France and England and had earned its spurs. They had met and bested the Huns at their own game. Would there be any fighting left for old "B" when it struck the front? No wonder the gang put pep and ginger into its gun drills.

Gun drill started Monday afternoon, and Friday morning the Battery went to range for its first firing practice. Captain Kavenagh acted as executive officer on this occasion and on the Battery's return to camp, he congratulated the men on their work. From then on the Battery spent about every third day on the range, the other days being filled in with gun drills and an hour or so of gas. Water was still lacking in camp. It was anything but pleasant to spend the day working on a gun,

cleaning and greasing it, then tramp back to camp under the hot, dusty afternoon's sun and find there was no water. A bucket bath became a luxury and there were men who were able to shave, bathe and get a good drink from one canteen of water.

French harness arrived on the 18th of August, but why it came no one was ever able to figure out for it was always an encumbrance to the Battery. No doubt it would have been useful if there had been any horses but most of the work in France was done "sans chevaux" (without horses). Of course, there were a few scraggy animals but the total very seldom exceeded twelve or fifteen. The lack of horses was the cause of holding up the Battery on more than one occasion. As the work progressed barrages became the order of the day. They were small at first, culminating in the big one the evening the training ended. D Battery suffered a most regrettable accident on August 27, two of its men being killed and a third injured by a premature burst of a high explosive shell in the breach of a gun. After this accident every precaution was taken to guard against similar ones in the regiment. Pits were dug, and bags erected and the guns were fired with a long lanyard.

Two days after D Battery's accident B Battery also suffered a loss. Captain Carl Kavenagh went to Brigade Headquarters to become Chief of Operations for the 62nd Field Artillery Brigade. There were grave fears that an outsider would become commander of the Battery but they were never realized. Lieutenant Wm. E. Leahy became commanding officer and some weeks later received his commission as captain and assigned to B Battery. Three other men left the Battery about the same time as Captain Kavenagh. Sergeant Clyde Miller went to the Officers' Training School at Saumur and Corporal Wm. A. Bass and Private George Harris went to the Motor Transport School at Lyons.

The boys were all working hard, at De Souge, but there was enough diversion to keep them from going stale. The Y. M. C. A. had shows and one evening held a costume ball, strictly stag, and a regimental minstrel show was organized. C. E. Lamiell, Larry Fetch, "Skeets" Werner, Tommy Thompson and "Mutt" Bausman were the men who represented the outfit in the show. Several old boys from "B" scattered through the regiment also took part, among them being Jack Friel, Harry Greenberg, Eddie Sauter and Bob Barrington. The show played at the different Ys in camp and took a few trips to outside places.

Great excitement prevailed with the arrival of newspapers on September 14. The First American Army operating on its own initiative had succeeded in reducing the famous St. Mihiel salient after two days of hard



fighting. The news made the boys more impatient than ever to be leaving the training camp, and it was not long until they were on their way.

The period of probation was soon to be ended. There was a day spent on the range using direct fire and some dead-eye gunners were uncovered, Corporal Larry Fetch and George (Speed) Nycamp knocking down four trees in as many shots at 400 yards distance. There was a night barrage laid down by the regiment and then came the big final one, lasting better than half an hour, in which the entire brigade participated and it was only a question of days, now, until the Battery would leave for the big show. Playing war was over; from now on it was to be the real thing.

Barracks bags were discarded as was all unnecessary clothing. Everything a man owned was to be carried on his back and no one cared to be over-burdened. Caissons were packed with a few extra articles of clothing and the harness was bundled up. There were only fourteen horses in the outfit and on Monday, September 23, the guns were pulled from the gunpark to the road, preparatory to being hauled away by truck.

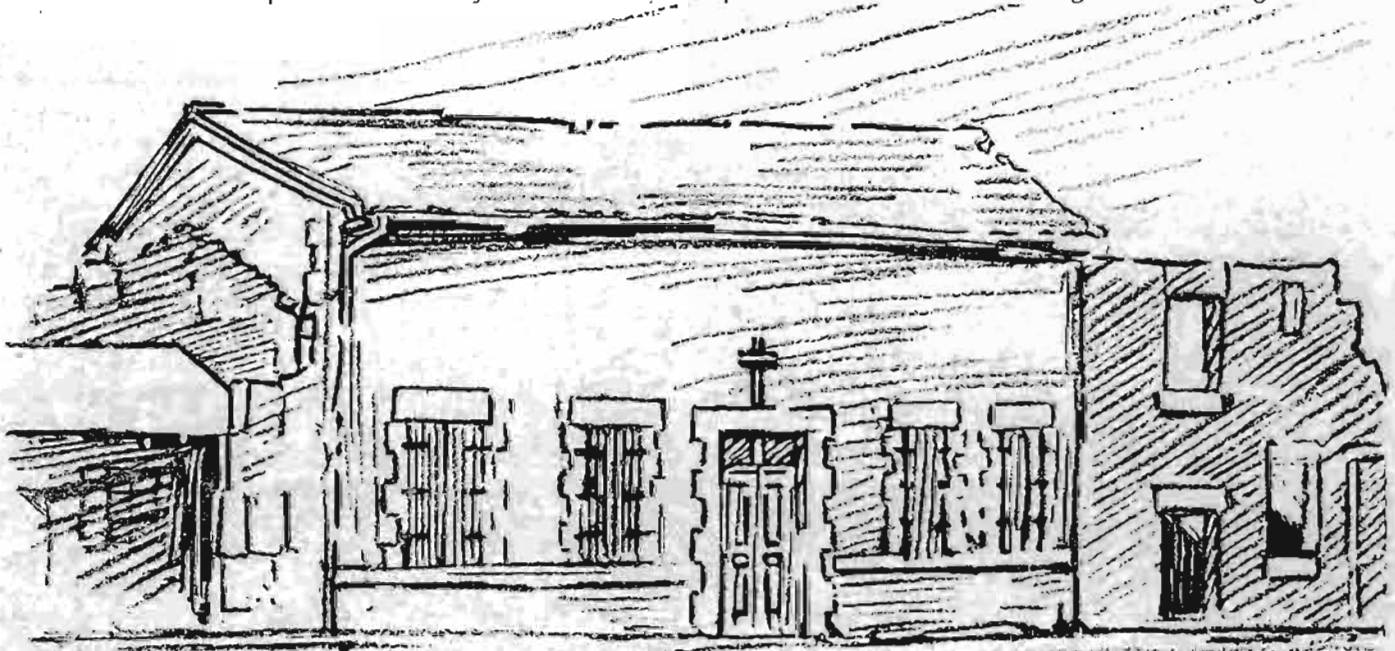
The Battery was to leave early the next morning. A detail left in the evening to care for the guns at the loading platform and the rest of the men laid down full pack for a few hours sleep. At three a. m. they crawled out in answer to the "Top's" whistle and with their packs they started for the loading station at Bonneau, five miles away. They were scheduled to pull out at six a. m., but no one ever knew of a troop train in France leaving on time. By the time the cars were spotted and the materiel loaded and spiked down, it was well after six a. m., and it was nine when the departure was finally made.

The trip from Bonneau was perhaps the most comfortable one the outfit ever made in "40 Hommes—8 Chevaux." There were only twelve or fourteen men to a car. A large forage pile lay beside the platform and before the train pulled out, every one had straw to sleep on.

The engine puffed and switched around Bordeaux until noon, when it finally decided to start on its journey. The first stop after Bordeaux was La Bourne, then Perigueux, where an American train crew took charge. The horses were watered at Bussiere and the journey continued. Limoges, Chabanais and Chateauroux were on the list of stopping places. The countryside was beautiful and the boys spent long hours in the doors of the cars admiring it. Through Issoudun, Bourges and Saumur the train sped or crawled. It usually did the latter. Then into the railroad center of Chatillon and later the one at Cosne. Revigny, the destination, was finally reached at two a. m., September 27.

Then started the work of unloading. There was something missing here, however, that was present on all previous occasions. No lights were allowed as the place was close enough to the front to suffer from air raids, and, being something of a railroad center, it did occasionally suffer. After the cars were unloaded, the guns were pulled into a field a few hundred yards away, and the men sat down to await developments.

After a hot breakfast, very early in the morning, the Battery started for Laimont, four kilometers north, where it was billeted. They had to pass through Revigny and for the first time the boys saw, at close hand, the effects of modern war on a French village, as the northern part of the town was nothing but crumbling walls and



brick dust. Laimont was even worse; there was hardly a building in the whole town that had not suffered a direct hit and here the men saw (what was later to become an old familiar story), crumbling walls, gapping windows, shell-torn roofs and shattered church spires.

The billets were scattered over the town; a few in the lofts of barns that had escaped serious injury but most of them in cellars and bomb-proofs called "abris." Another new experience, and one that really made the outfit think that they were at last "getting into it," was the early posting of an order forbidding lights after dark as Boche planes had a habit of making visits in this territory and a light might mean a bomb and the upheaval of large sections of the surrounding landscape. And when darkness fell, it brought with it a red flicker like heat lightning on the horizon and the sullen mutter of the guns, "C'est la Guerre."

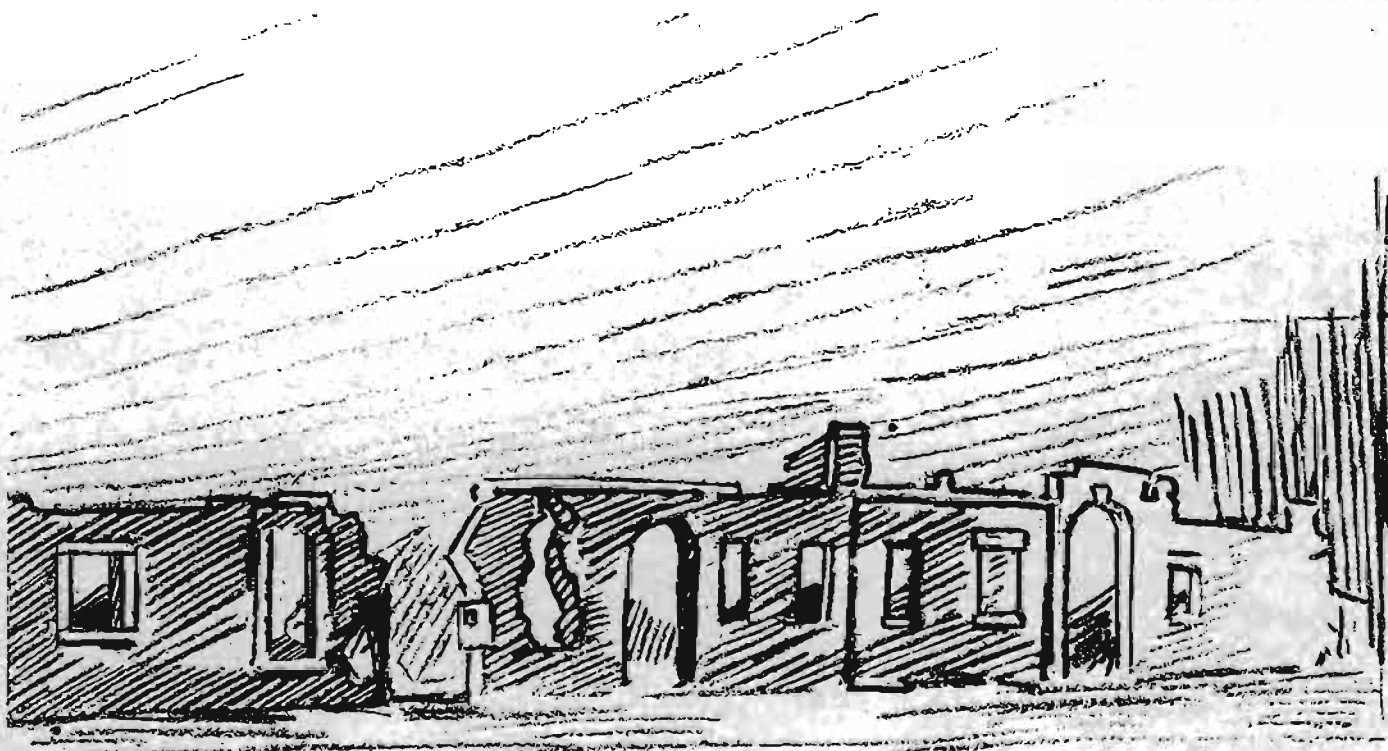
The 324th Field Artillery pulled into Revigny just three hours after the 134th and some of the old border men held quite a reunion with Captain Richmond, Lieutenant Palmer and Lieutenant Bevington, who were attached to the 324th Field Artillery. All of them were tickled to death to see the old crowd. The 324th Field Artillery left about noon, thinking that they were bound for the Verdun sector.

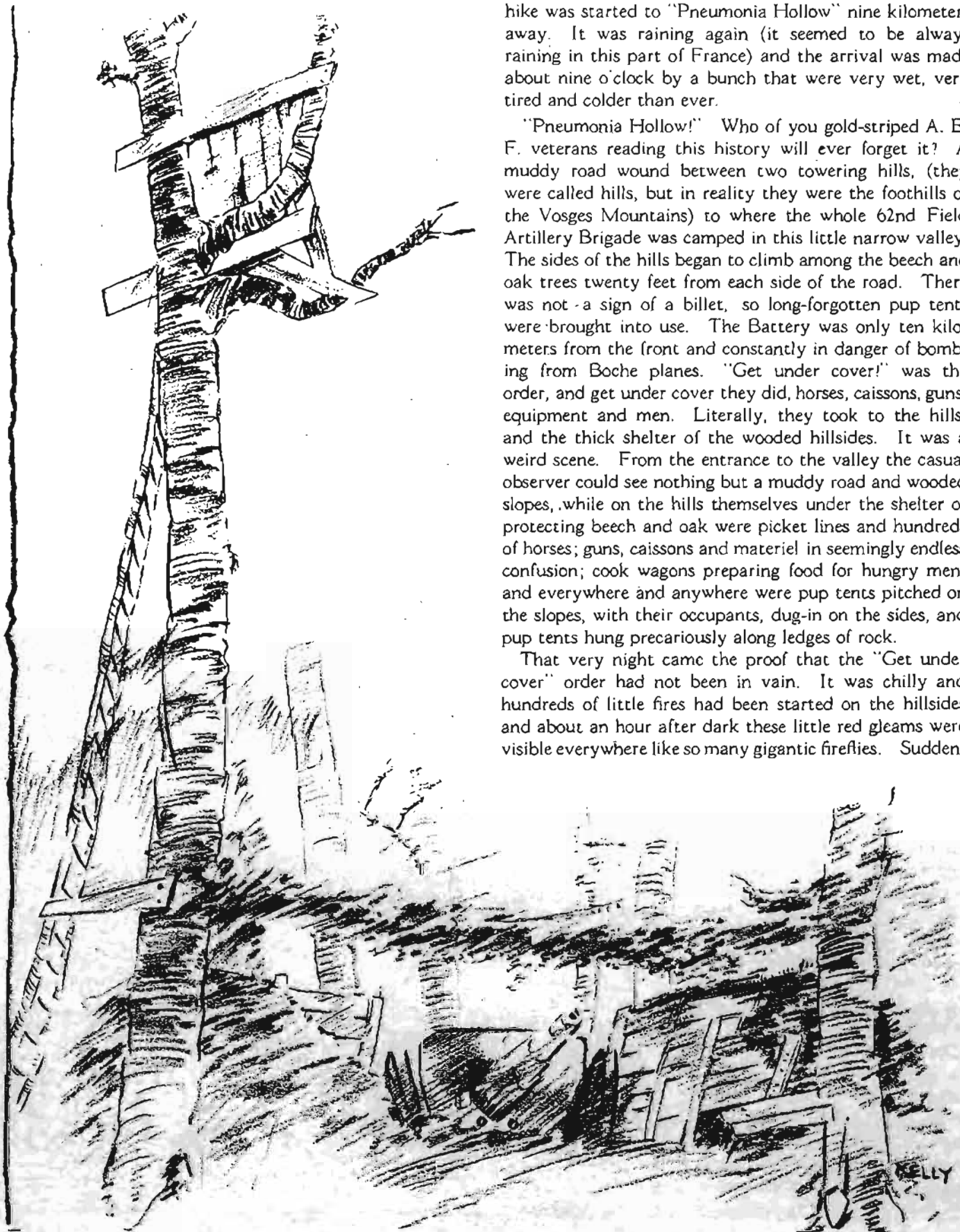
Life in Laimont for the next few days was very quiet. The Battery had gun drill in the morning, in order not to forget what they learned at Souge, and hikes with the materiel in the afternoon. There was a large aviation camp near Revigny and all day the air was filled with planes, generally flying in squadrons, going to and returning from the front. One evening just before mess the

Battery men counted seventy-eight planes in the air at one time. There was a French anti-aircraft battery stationed here but while the outfit was in Laimont, Boche planes kept pretty well out of sight and the anti-aircraft guns were silent.

A detail from the Fifteenth Cavalry Remount Depot brought four hundred horses to the regiment at Laimont on September 30th and B Battery got thirty-five of them. The Battery began to have visions of a well-equipped outfit in regard to horses—something new in France, and their hopes rose still higher when a regimental detail of about one hundred men was sent to Revigny after some more horses that came in by rail. It was a grand, little dream, while it lasted, but the detail was no sooner back than another detail was picked to take them away again, along with the horses that the Fifteenth Cavalry brought in. This detail took the "chevaux" up to an outfit (C Company 23rd Engineers) on the Verdun front. This was the afterward-celebrated "Trip to Verdun." (See story.) The Battery was now left with twenty-two head of horses. For that matter, in all the moving around France that was done later, they never had any more than that, and they always got there!

Orders came through, and the regiment left Laimont at one o'clock in the morning of October 8th. It was a miserable, rainy night to load and the inevitable "40 Hommes—8 Chevaux" train that pulled out at seven in the morning carried a tired and cold crowd. They did not know it then, but this was the Battery's last train ride for a long, long time—their next one was to be in February "apres la Guerre." It was only a one-day ride; the train came to its destination at Champigneulle





that night at five o'clock. After unloading, the long hike was started to "Pneumonia Hollow" nine kilometers away. It was raining again (it seemed to be always raining in this part of France) and the arrival was made about nine o'clock by a bunch that were very wet, very tired and colder than ever.

"Pneumonia Hollow!" Who of you gold-striped A. E. F. veterans reading this history will ever forget it? A muddy road wound between two towering hills, (they were called hills, but in reality they were the foothills of the Vosges Mountains) to where the whole 62nd Field Artillery Brigade was camped in this little narrow valley. The sides of the hills began to climb among the beech and oak trees twenty feet from each side of the road. There was not a sign of a billet, so long-forgotten pup tents were brought into use. The Battery was only ten kilometers from the front and constantly in danger of bombing from Boche planes. "Get under cover!" was the order, and get under cover they did, horses, caissons, guns, equipment and men. Literally, they took to the hills, and the thick shelter of the wooded hillsides. It was a weird scene. From the entrance to the valley the casual observer could see nothing but a muddy road and wooded slopes, while on the hills themselves under the shelter of protecting beech and oak were picket lines and hundreds of horses; guns, caissons and materiel in seemingly endless confusion; cook wagons preparing food for hungry men; and everywhere and anywhere were pup tents pitched on the slopes, with their occupants, dug-in on the sides, and pup tents hung precariously along ledges of rock.

That very night came the proof that the "Get under cover" order had not been in vain. It was chilly and hundreds of little fires had been started on the hillsides and about an hour after dark these little red gleams were visible everywhere like so many gigantic fireflies. Sudden-

ly there was a low hum, rising and falling in cadence, even to those who did not know what it was it held a sinister sound. The hum grew louder until it became what it really was, the purr of an airplane motor. Then a new sound, the low wail of a siren in the little village of Pompey at the foot of the road warning inhabitants to go into their "abris" or bomb-proofs and simultaneously, the "krump—krump" of anti-aircraft

batteries opening up. The first Boche airplane to visit the 134th Field Artillery was here! It got to be a



common enough occurrence afterward; but that first night there was pretty much excitement. The air was filled with cries of "Put out those lights!" "Hey, Buddy, douse the gleam!" and "Put those fires out!" "How?" "Pour water on 'em. Anyway, only make it snappy!" Needless to say, the fires were extinguished "toute d'suite" and in five minutes "Pneumonia Hollow" was enveloped in the deep dark gloom of the night. The plane eventually passed over without dropping any bombs and the Battery finally got to sleep.

Pneumonia Hollow was damp and muddy and cold and wet and miserable and if there were any more adjectives to be thought of they could be applied just as well. That was the way the place got its name, while, as far as is known, nobody really developed pneumonia, everybody should have.

Most of the next day was spent in cleaning the mud from the harness and materiel, and in watching the battles between German airplanes and anti-aircraft guns. It was a fascinating sight; a black speck appeared in the sky, there was a muffled "krump" and a fleecy white ball of smoke exploded somewhere near it. This was soon followed by others until there were a dozen or more of the cottony puffs in the sky and until the Hun turned tail and chased back to his own lines. There were many of these battles, but the boys never tired of watching them.

At one thirty p. m., on October 10th, the first two gun sections led by Lieutenant Leahy, Lieutenant Myers and Lieutenant Curtin, with a few men from the detail

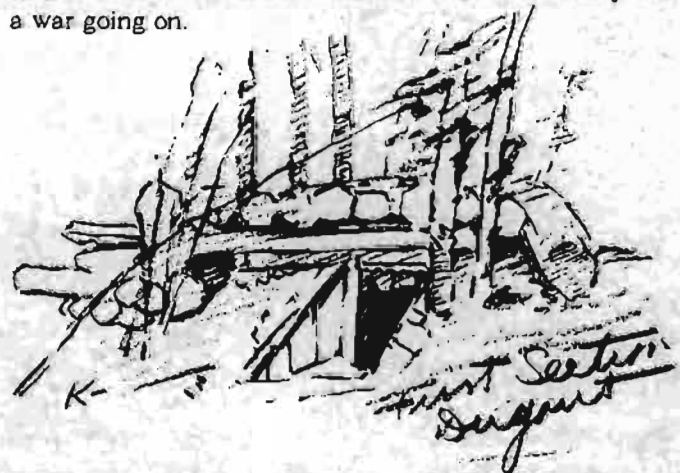
left to take up a position, about sixteen kilometers away. The route lay for the most part along the beautiful Moselle River and they reached the position about nine in the evening and relieved the first two gun sections of a French battery. The next day the performance was repeated by the third and fourth gun sections; they arrived at the same time, pulled their guns into the places left by the French guns, the Frenchman started down the hill and B Battery was established in its first position of the war.

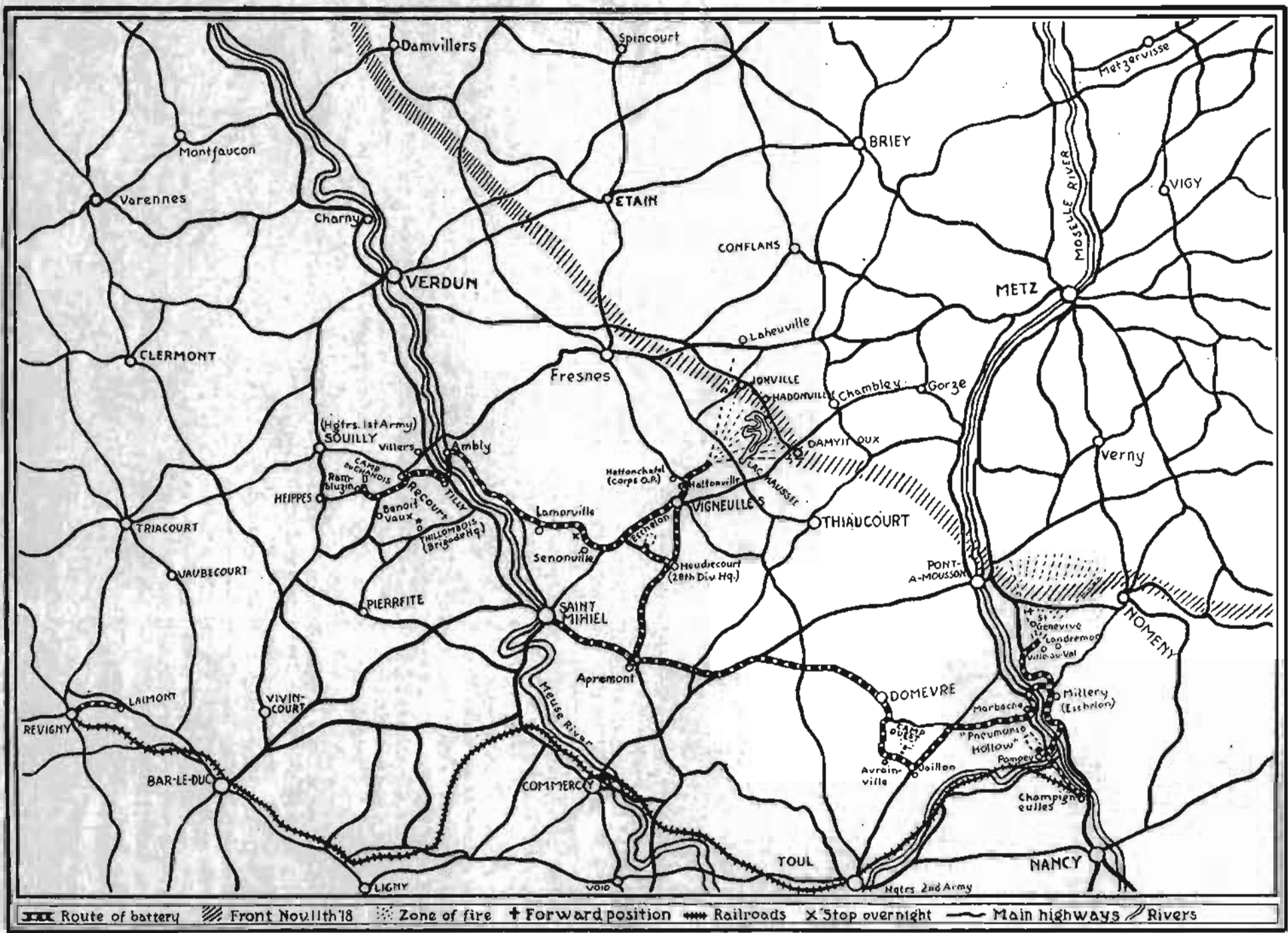
The Battery suffered its first casualty on this trip. Just before the positions were reached a caisson ran over Corporal Glen Spade's heel while he was assisting to pull one of the limbers out of a mud hole. It was a very painful injury and he was taken back to Pompey the next morning and from there to the hospital at Toul.

The next morning when the firing Battery woke up, dressed, and came up out of the dugouts to look around, they found themselves gazing on the most beautiful scene they had witnessed in France. The Battery position

was on top of a high hill, with the gun positions just below the crest. All around and far below them lay France. Directly at the foot of the hill, nestling in the valley, was the little vil-

lage of Ville-Val, her red roofs and church spires gleaming in the sunlight, smoke curling lazily from the many chimney tops. The rest of the broad valley was a study in patches of green, red, brown and gold, the whole country was under different stages of cultivation and from this high altitude it looked like a cubist picture. The Moselle River was a silver ribbon that twisted crazily in and out until it lost itself among the far purple hills on the horizon, and the roads looked like white tape stretched across the country. Just below them a plowman turned a furrow in a nearby field and shouted to his yoke of oxen; a cowbell tinkled faintly in the distance. It was a beautiful scene, a scene of peace and quiet, and it is pretty safe to say that not one of the Battery men in trying to picture what their first front would look like, came anywhere near the mark. In fact, there were times when it was hard to believe that there really was a war going on.







*Second Section
Dugout
above
ignominies*

On the other hand, there were the gun pits with the guns pointed in the general direction of Germany. Looking closer, one could see that the business of war was going on here in a very business-like manner. The dugouts were all camouflaged from aerial observation, as were the gun pits themselves. These last, by the way, were very substantial affairs; the floor, and the trail-log was of concrete, heavy timbers supported the roof, which was made bomb-proof with heavy, steel rails, sheet iron and sand bags. There were roomy ammunition

pits adjoining, filled with shrapnel, high explosives and gas shells, as well as different kinds of fuses, and camouflaged tunnels led from one gun pit to the other.

That first day the men found that this was officially known as the Marbache sector; that the 134th Field Artillery was backing up the 92nd Division; that they were about fifteen miles from the city of Metz as the crow flies, and that B Battery's barrage data called for purely defensive barrages. As the probability of the Allied forces being put on the defensive again at this stage of the game was very remote, this proved to be quite a disappointment; as usual, the Battery craved action, especially now that they were really on the front and some of them could not understand why they did not begin firing right away.

Two days later, on October 13th, the rest of the Battery moved up from "Pneumonia Hollow" to Millery where the Battery echelon was established. It was only eight kilometers from here to the gun positions and much easier to get supplies up to the firing Battery. All the Battery, with the exception of the four gun crews, two camouflage men and some of the telephone detail, two cooks and three kitchen police were here, and spent the time, for the most part, cleaning up the town, which was in a pretty filthy condition, due to the fact that it was so near the front.

Up at the gun positions, life was far from monotonous, even though B Battery did no actual firing from where

they were. There was a good bit of counter-battery work.

Heinie was sending his shells over more or less constantly all the time, and the beautiful statue of Joan of Arc near to the Battery position, erected as a shrine, came in for a good bit of shelling. It is characteristic of the German Kultur, that they shelled this statue for months at a time, and they never hit it.

The Battery never fired a shot from this position. Corporal Mike Slaters and his machine-gun crew had their Hotchkiss set up about fifty yards in front of the fourth-section gun and they, too, waited in vain; plenty of Boche planes came over, but they were either too high or too far away for the gun to be used. For the most part, the men sat in the dug-outs and wrote letters or stood guard over the guns during the night—listening to the whine of German shells as they dropped in the vicinity of the Battery position. Here it was that the Batterymen heard, for the first time, the unmistakable sound of an approaching shell—a low whine, gradually increasing in intensity, followed by the "Bang" of the burst of the projectile. It was a terrifying sound at first, but they soon got used to it and learned to tell approximately where the shell was going to light.

On the morning of October 16th, the first and third gun crews got up at four o'clock and had an early breakfast. Limbers came up from echelon and the guns were taken from the positions, and they started forward. Their objective was a point some four kilometers from the Battery position on the edge of the Alton woods, in a forward position. They reached it about seven o'clock and at two o'clock that afternoon they fired B Battery's first shot of the war, on Epley in the German lines. Altogether, the two sections fired ninety rounds between them. As soon as they ceased firing, a German Battery opened up with reciprocal fire and they limbered up and moved out under heavy shelling, reaching the position again at eleven o'clock in the evening. The second and fourth sections were supposed to repeat the performance



*Second Section
Frontier above
ignominies*



Signal Detail



Machine-gun



Hard-boiled lads



4th Section



2nd Section



6th Section



7th Section



3rd Section

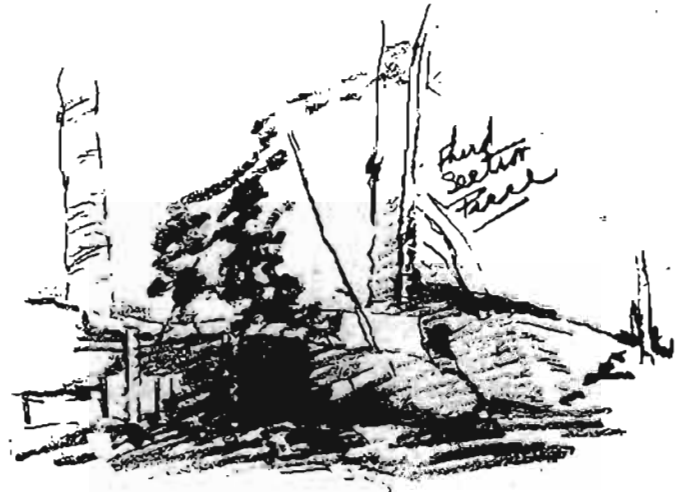
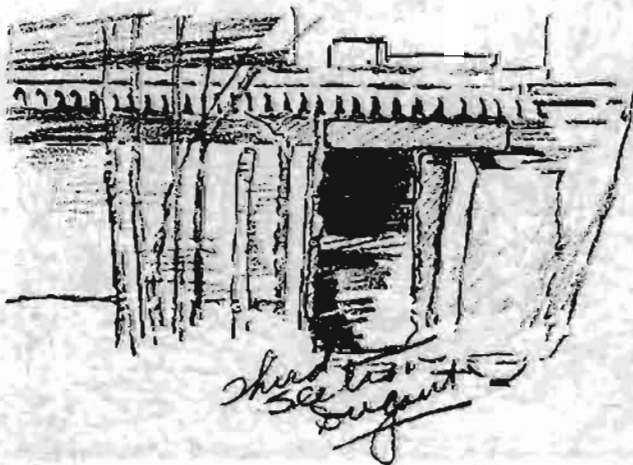
the next day, but word came from Regimental Headquarters that the Battery was to be relieved and they did not go.

The Battery was relieved on the night of October the 20th, by a Battery from the 351st Field Artillery, 92nd Division and the Battery men who were in Texas were surprised to find two old B Battery men with this organization. Wendell Norris, at that time Lieutenant Norris, was acting battery commander of one of the batteries, and Chas. Chapman was orientation officer with another. There was not much time for talk then so after a few words of greeting B Battery was off.

They arrived about one o'clock in the morning and under cover of darkness, B Battery moved out; the limbers went down the hill and the new Battery moved in. They reached echelon at Millery, just as dawn was breaking, to find that they were to leave again that day; that the higher numbered sections had left the day before in trucks. A hot breakfast was served to the men who had just arrived and they hit for the nearest barns and billets—any place to snatch a few hours sleep before they had to leave again.

At eight o'clock in the morning, the regiment was on the way again and arrived at Camp Ouest, their new destination, at four o'clock in the afternoon. It was an old French camp with the typical wooden billets of the French army, situated in a patch of woods just off the Toul road. There was hardly room to accommodate a regiment so as a consequence, all the billets were filled to overflowing.

A period of six days in all was spent here. It was known as a "rest camp" and was the one place in France so designated that lived up to its name, for the men didn't do much but rest. There was a Mobile Hospital about two kilos away and Colonel Bush made arrangements for hot baths for the regiment. It was their first bath for a long time—most of the outfit hadn't had a bath since leaving Laimont, so it was sadly needed and greatly appreciated. This six day sojourn at Camp Ouest can be best remembered by such incidents as pay-day, the subsequent all night poker session, and



the trip to Toul that George White, Vic Guinther and Harold Mook didn't take.

At this stage of the game, it seemed to most of the outfit that they were traveling all the time—in fact ever since leaving Camp de Souge, they no sooner got settled in one place than another order came through and they hit the road again. As they never, in all their A. E. F. career, had more than one-fourth of their full equipment of horses, it became the regiment's pet boast that "what it took to get somewhere with nothing" they had. Really it was not so much of a boast either, for it was an absolute fact. It was not much of a surprise then, when, after six days at Camp Ouest, they again found themselves moving—destination unknown. Accordingly at four o'clock in the afternoon of October 27th, the guns, caissons and men were on the road again.

All night long they hit the road. It was a long and wearisome trip through the darkness. Now and then they clattered through the streets of a shell-torn and ruined village. It was cold as usual and very uncomfortable as such trips always are. At one place the line was held up for three hours by two stalled trucks that blocked the road by running into a shell hole. Dawn came, and it was five o'clock in the morning when they pulled onto the side of the road and came to a stop. Dead tired the men tumbled off the guns and caissons, spread their blankets in the mud and went to sleep.

When they awoke they found that they were in territory that was to go down in history, connected with the American army—for they were just on the outskirts of Apremont, in the famous St. Mihiel salient. Just ahead of them was a high hill that had been German territory until a few short weeks before when it was wrested from them. Apremont and the surrounding country was terribly shelled and evidences of the American offensive were everywhere. The fields to the right and left of the woods were full of barbed wire entanglements and hastily constructed graves.

Immediately after breakfast most of the battery men climbed the high hill west of Apremont and found it

well worth the effort. The Germans had been there so long that they had spared no pains to make themselves absolutely comfortable. Everything was made of concrete, even the trenches and machine-gun nests were well made and very substantial. The larger dug-outs were marvels of human ingenuity, containing everything that might add to the comfort of those living therein. Some of them forty feet below the ground with connecting tunnels, had wallpaper and pictures on the walls, tables and arm chairs sitting around and two of them even had grand pianos. All were equipped with electric lights although the power plant had been completely destroyed. In one of the exploring parties was Tub Lamiell, B Battery's piano artist, who was one of the first to discover the pianos. Ten minutes later the casual passer-by might have been astonished to hear, coming from a hole in the ground, the old familiar, "Ohio—Ohio The hills send back the cry," etc.

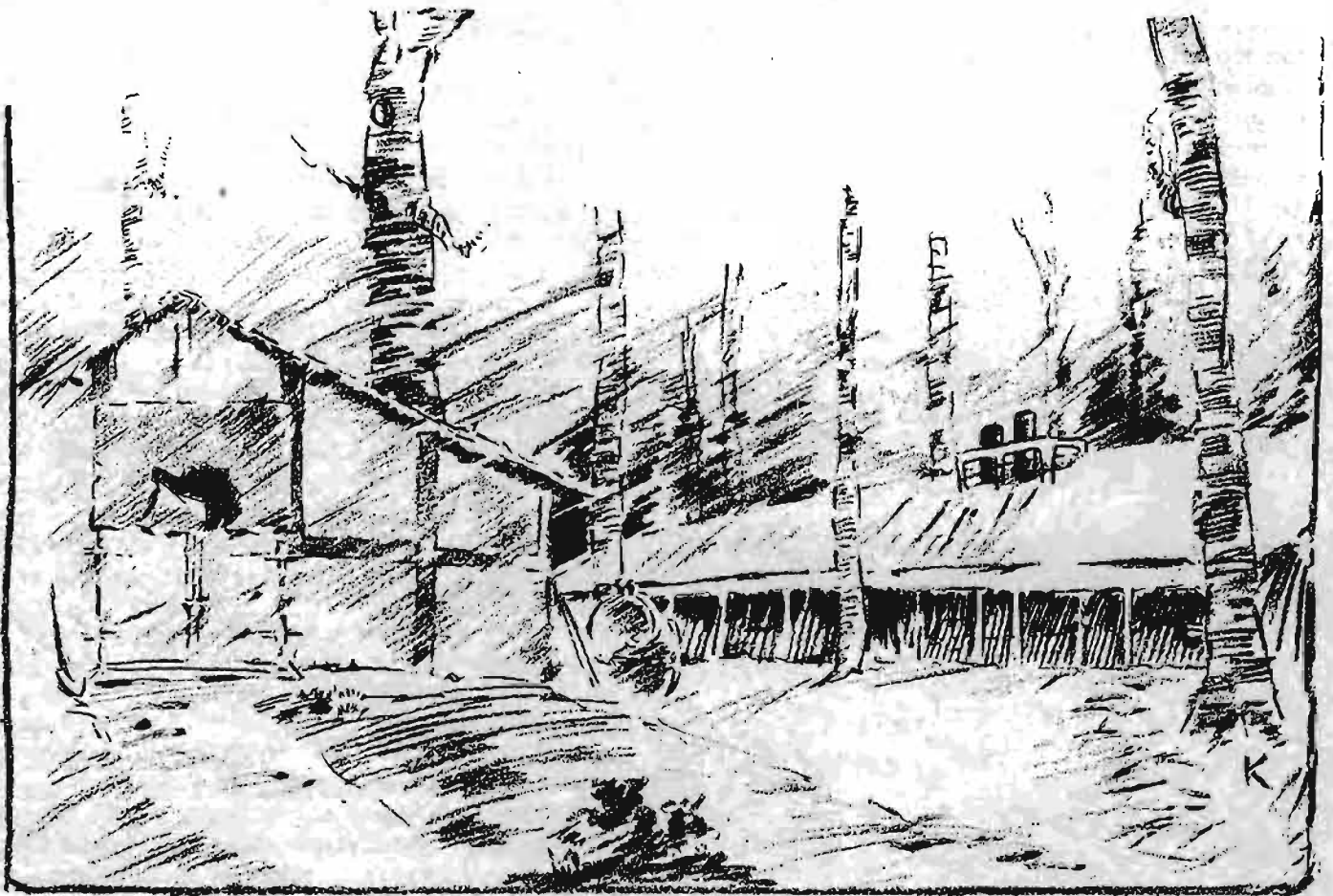
On the summit of the hill, cleverly camouflaged from aerial observation by a clump of trees, the fellows found a two-story clubhouse that might have served as a country-club anywhere. It was surrounded by a "beer garden" with clever little rustic tables and chairs; everything left just as it had been before the First army had made their attack. It was very evident that the Hun had left this place in a great hurry, nor had he meditated

on the manner of his leaving. However, from the way things were fixed on that hill, he certainly must have hated to go.

Apremont was only what might be called a breathing spell, to give the men and horses a much needed rest. The regiment now had work to do, and it was not to be very long until they would be doing it.

Once again it was the same old story of not enough horses so at ten o'clock on the night of October 27th only the first two sections left Apremont for the front and the Battery's second positions. It is unfortunate that they were not able to make the trip in daylight for it was a very interesting road they traveled. The boys never saw it that night but they passed under the shadow of the famous Montsec where it is said that forty-five thousand Frenchmen in efforts to capture its fortifications, were lost.

At Hattonchâtel the batterymen were met by a French sergeant who was a guide for the remainder of the journey. At four o'clock they came to a stop on a deeply wooded road and discovered the French batterymen, they were to relieve, busily engaged in pulling their guns out of some cleverly camouflaged gun-pits. B Battery's guns were soon in their places and the men looking for their dug-outs, for it was not wise to go exploring in a strange country at night. The shells were



all falling some distance to the left of these new positions but one could not tell when Heinie might shift his guns to the right.

The next night the third and fourth sections went through the same performance, relieving the remaining two French sections, and the firing battery was in position on the second front. They were now in what was officially known as the Pannes sector but the newspaper accounts of activities gave it as the Woevre sector. Ahead of them was the 33rd Division of Illinois National Guardsmen who were relieved two days later by the 28th Division of Pennsylvania National Guardsmen.

When the batterymen had the opportunity to look around them, they found that all their preconceived notions of artillery warfare as regards battery positions were turned topsy-turvy. The four guns were centered around a cross-road that ran through the heart of a deep woods, about one-half kilo west of the Verdun, Pont-a-Mousson road. The first section gun was just about one kilo from the little piles of stone that had been the village of Woel. Most of the positions were in what had at one time been a German camp or echelon during their four years stay in that part of the country. The positions served as a sort of permanent right wing defense for the Argonne advance. Like the hill at Apremont the one-time camp had all the modern conveniences that could be found in any of the French homes that the Boche had ravished.

The first section gun was on an uncharted road that had been built by the Germans during their occupation of the territory. Back of the gun position in a little grove were a few shacks that had been the homes of the lately departed Boche. The dug-out was a hastily constructed affair dug by the Frenchmen who had been the first allied soldiers to occupy the place. It was very small and only by crowding were the men able to get into the hole and once inside it was necessary to get in a bunk, such as they were, for it was impossible to stand up because of the low ceiling of logs. In one of the shacks marked "Unteroffitzenn" the men established a kitchen and for two days they prepared their own meals. The kitchen was about a kilometer back of this position and to get to it it was necessary to go over some dangerously exposed territory, so Cook Sedberry gave the men rations to last a few days and the trip was not necessary. In their rush to get out of this sector the Germans had left many useful articles behind for the newly arrived batterymen who soon had an iron range set up and were preparing warm meals three times a day. To the

right of the position was a huge building that resembled a house that might be seen on any new allotment in Akron. It was of the colonial type and had been equipped with all modern improvements, including electric lights.

The second, third and fourth section gun positions and the officers and special detail dug-outs were close to each other and all along the main road, also uncharted on most commercial maps, which connected Vigneulles with the road to Fresnes. In these sections as in the first, the boys had made themselves as comfortable as possible with the stoves, tables and chairs which they found around in the little shacks throughout the woods.

The third section adopted a little shack near their dug-out in which they spent their leisure hours during the day. There they wrote letters and talked, and on

one occasion, when the issue of sugar had been rather large, they made real fudge. That mess of fudge is one that the boys will not soon forget for it was surely made under peculiar conditions and with peculiar utensils. A bucket that was usually used to clean the gun was pressed into service for the boiling process. It was the same one that Sergeant "Pat" Lynch had used previously to boil out some clothes and that George Nycamp earlier in the day had washed his sore foot in. The chocolate—for it was chocolate fudge—was that which had been issued to the battery for the purpose of making hot chocolate for the men instead of coffee but under the conditions it was impossible to use it for that so the cooks gave it to the boys to use as they wished. When the fudge was

finished and cooled it would have been hard to tell it from the creation of the best of the fudge making "co-eds."

The officers and special details had very comfortable dug-outs, if dug-outs may be called that, for they were both spacious and dry. Above the detail cellar there was a little shack resembling a summer house in which the men spent their time when not on duty. In any other part of the world this little settlement would have been termed beautiful.

The fourth section position was marked by the observation post in the big tree that stood directly in front of the dug-out door. Here many a weary hour was spent by the men on watch for signal rockets from the infantry. Their underground home was also spacious, in fact it was the largest in the battery.

The second section was quartered in a small dug-out that allowed some of the overhead moisture to ooze through but in spite of this the men followed the example of the third section and procured sugar and chocolate and



made fudge in their home on the German stove that they had policed up in the woods.

The French batteries had brought up plenty of ammunition to last for a week and it was all nicely piled up beside each gun. There were plenty of fuses of all descriptions, too, and all the B Battery men had to do was invoice it and wait for the orders to use it. The boom of the exploding German shells made the fellows impatient to send some sort of receipt back for the scrap iron that was falling in their vicinity and the officers and details were working incessantly on the data that would place the 75s where they were most useful.

On the morning of the 29th, the first shots were fired on this sector when the first section fired about six rounds of shrapnel to adjust the gun for direction. Then after the other guns were placed in position B Battery was ready to resume hostilities. The following day the other guns joined the first section and they were all adjusted on the village of Joinville with shrapnel. The most surprising thing about the firing from these positions up to that time had been the lack of reciprocation on the part of Heinie. None of the incoming shells had been close enough to cause any particular fright, whereas the battery men had figured that since the Boche had so recently been in these same woods, he would be able to place a shell just where he wanted it from the maps they must have drawn of the vicinity.

It was on this day that most of the men witnessed their first air battle. Almost overhead, a Boche and a Frenchman met and fought. It was indeed an inspiring sight to see those "aces" dive and dip trying to assume an advantageous position to fire on his enemy. When the "Spad" was finally forced to land, it was very gracefully done in spite of the rain of machine-gun bullets that poured around him. Later in the day another thriller was performed in plain view of the battery when another German manouvered over a French "sausage" until at last, having the required position, he opened fire on the

gas bag and headed his machine directly for it. The lone occupant of the O. P. was seen to leave his basket in his parachute just as the big bag burst into flames and the German "Ace" turned his "Fokker" homeward and disappeared behind the clouds.

On the night of October 30th B Battery men experienced one of their worst scares and also another lucky escape. Heinie finding that his artillery had failed to locate the American Batteries in the woods, sent a bombing plane over about midnight, carrying a load of G. I. cans and proved that he knew something of the geography of that sector by dropping four of the things one-hundred meters from the first section position. Some of the men were in the dug-out and some above ground when the explosions occurred but everyone in the battery felt them.

Four such concussions as are felt only from the explosion of an air bomb literally rocked the little shacks. Coming as it did in the dense woods, the concussion multiplied in volume. The windows and doors of the shacks were either blown in or entirely off their hinges. In the kitchen shack there was a mad rush for the safety of a gun-pit on the part of the cooks. The memory of Sidney and Mason chasing each other from tree to tree that night will be long remembered by all who heard of it that night.

In the first section shack the windows and doors were blown in and the light from the two flickering candles pierced the darkness, giving wonderful evidence of occupation to anyone having time to observe. The thing uppermost in the minds of the men sprawling on the floor was to get these apertures closed as quickly as possible, before they revealed the position. Although the scare had been successful, it was no more than a scare for after the four bombs came, a monotonous silence, broken only occasionally by the put-put of a machine-gun somewhere in the distance and the more distant rumble of heavies to the north.

The next morning the boys found the holes made by



Rue Chaussée-Vignettes - the B

the large ten-ton bombs and the customary report was made of the affair. In Akron today are some pieces of those bombs whose arrival gave B Battery its second big scare and close shave. Close shaves, by the way, to use the slang term, are only considered the escapes from exploding shells, for if one considered duds—B Battery's lack of casualties was miraculous. Duds frequently arrived in very close proximity to the positions and Heinie, finding that his shells placed in that vicinity did not quiet the Americans, shifted to another where his 210s landed harmlessly in an unoccupied position. Little did the Boche know how many non-explosive shells he sent over.

Through the woods a little narrow gage railroad that had been used to haul ammunition to the big Boche guns, that had lately been stationed in the rear of B Battery's present positions, but which was broken in some places, was repaired by Chief Mechanic Hageman, with the aid of some of the men, and the kitchen and rations were hauled up nearer to the guns. The second day after the guns were placed, the kitchen was in operation in the center of the woods within easy walking distance of all the gun-pits, and Cooks Sedberry and Mason were on the job.

Although there was some firing every morning at some little target such as a machine-gun nest, it was not until the morning of November 2nd that a real barrage was thrown over. The returns were frequent on this occasion but the excitement was enough to keep the mind busy. The show started at four A. M. and lasted about an hour and a half. It consisted of throwing a smoke screen ahead of the advancing infantry who that morning captured a line of trenches running along the northeast side of the "Etang de la Frande Parrois," one of the lakes in the Lachaussee group, and taking over sixty prisoners from the machine-gun nests there. During this firing the returns had denoted that Heinie was somewhat surprised and at a loss to know just where to locate the American guns for the shells fell in all parts of the woods, showing that he was just feeling around.

Early the next morning the second, third and fourth gun crews were ordered to move their guns into new temporary positions for the firing of a new barrage and at three thirty the cannoneers were busily engaged in hauling the guns along the road to the new positions on the left flank of the first section gun. By four A. M. the guns were set and orders to fire were anxiously awaited.

Orders came almost immediately—to fire ten rounds a minute for ten minutes and then five rounds a minute for five minutes, repeating the dose until further orders. This only lasted about twenty minutes, then came the order to increase the range one hundred meters. The doughboys were on their way and up went the range while the firing went steadily on. At six o'clock the job was done and the business of cleaning and cooling the gun was rushed through, so the cannoneers could get a little of the sleep they had been robbed of in the past two days. In the afternoon they were called upon to adjust on a new target—this time a part of the Bois de Dom-martin. Only five rounds of shrapnel were necessary to register on this and the day's work was done. It was only necessary to keep out of sight thereafter.

That night the infantry of the 33rd Division, that had been occupying the forward trenches, was relieved and the 28th Division moved into its place. From ten o'clock until early morning, the long column of infantrymen and machine-gunners moved up to the crossroads in broken formation—about fifty men in a group with about one hundred meters between groups; caterpillar tractors, mule teams, ammunition trucks and baby tanks wound up the procession and the batterymen who had been watching, retired quite assured that something was going to happen, and happen soon, in their immediate vicinity. The 109th regiment was placed in the trenches directly ahead of B Battery's positions and the Illinois men (33rd Division) went back to rest.

On the morning of November 4th, B Battery fired its largest barrage—1724 rounds. Although a heavy barrage was expected soon, the call at three thirty that morning was rather sudden. The ammunition, brought up the



Battery Kitchen and some of the quarters -

previous night by the Ammunition Train, had been dumped near the crossroads, and the cannoneers were kept busy all morning carrying it to the guns, two shells at a time.

Firing started at four A. M., the barrage being a so-called "creeping" barrage, to move ahead of the advancing infantry. At eight forty-five A. M. the order "Cease Firing" was heard over the phone and after four hours and thirty minutes of continuous firing, the men just dropped in their tracks. All the guns had been operated with three men while the others carried ammunition. Breakfast had been served by the energetic cooks who brought a pail of coffee and a pan of bacon and hard tack to each gun, and such good tasting food had seldom been eaten by the men. Orders were received to stand by ready for any firing orders that might be necessary for the result of the advance was not known. Until one P. M. the gun crews sat by the guns, then a shift was given and firing almost at a right angle to the previous target, the battery opened up on some retreating Hun infantry on the road.

Here the first accident occurred and one that might have been very serious, too. After firing six rounds, the first section cannoneers jammed a shell in the breech which refused to go either entirely in or come back out. With all the contrivances ever invented for the purpose, they endeavored to dislodge the thing but after wedging a block in the tube of the gun, the attempt was given up and the battery continued to fire with three guns until the fourth section, too, jammed a bad shell in its gun and was put out of commission. Until the job was completed, only two guns from B Battery were heard.

The ammunition on this problem was of the O. E. A. (Obus Explosiv Allongater) type, a non-resistant projectile, capable of traveling eleven thousand meters whereas the common shell would only make sixty-five hundred at its best. The fuses were the dangerous I. A. L. detonators, whose action was super-instantaneous, and utmost care had to be used in handling them, for a pressure of fourteen pounds would explode them. It was quite a problem then, to force a shell out of the gun without striking the fuse on the end. The fourth section men were successful in their attempt, but that night the drivers were called up to the position to haul the useless first section gun back and to bring up a new one.

For the next few days nothing but the scattered firing in the early morning at machine-gun nests and

suspicious looking vehicles was done. The 28th men were getting settled up ahead, but were merely sending out patrols since no advance had been ordered. Orders came up on the 5th, to "dig-in," meaning to make more substantial gun-pits for there was nothing much to the original ones but a trail hole.

As soon as the firing was done, every man took a pick or shovel and started on the same work that he learned so well at Camp Sheridan. Men were sent from the echelon to assist in this work, and the third section started a pit on the left flank of the first section position. The fourth and second section crews had already started their improvements near their original positions.

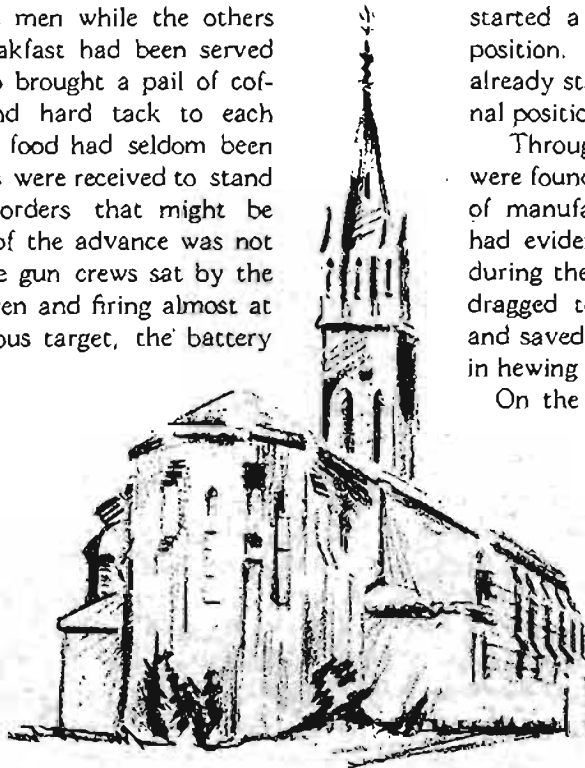
Throughout the woods occupied by the battery were found numerous huge timbers in several stages of manufacture into beams and supports (Heinie had evidently expected to do some more building during the winter) and these were gathered up and dragged to the gun-pits, that were in the making, and saved Chief Hageman and his crew some work in hewing and cutting.

On the morning of November 7th, five hundred twenty rounds were fired at a suspicious looking Bois de Dommartin. Activities had been observed in that section and it was suspected that Heinie was arranging a machine-gun party. After the guns were cleaned, the cannoneers were at ease and it was very satisfying to note the doughboys coming down the road with a gang of Boche machine gunners and guns. This was one of the occasions when B Battery received an infantry citation.

There was little to do during the day but to sleep and remain within call, so occasionally one man was relieved to make a trip back to the echelon for cigarettes or to take a much needed bath, if a suitable place could be found. The work on the gun-pits continued and the third section men who were also digging a new dug-out were almost ready to move.

November 8th marked the receiving of the first authentic peace rumors in B Battery. Of course, peace had been talked of for over a year, but the copy of the newspaper that came into the battery men's hands that day carried a convincing article. Germany was about to send delegates to meet the Allies on the subject of an Armistice. In spite of these convincing rumors, the firing went on and over three hundred rounds were fired that morning at machine-gun nests. Later in the morning hurried orders came to fire at will upon another given target. This used ninety more rounds of H. E. and again the results of the day were seen marching down the road to a prison camp.

Late that night a battalion of heavy artillery started



moving down the Verdun, Pont-a-Mousson road and were stopped by some well placed Boche shells directly in their path. Heinie evidently thought the entire American army was advancing by the amount of scrap iron he heaped over on that road. This happened directly in front of the B Battery positions and naturally was an interesting affair to the battery men who were figuring on the chances of their being called upon to answer the racket.

November 9th was a day of promotions, for on that day announcement was made that Captain Kavenagh's commission as major had been approved, Lieutenant Leahy became Captain Leahy of B Battery; Second Lieutenant Myers became First Lieutenant Myers and there were numerous appointments made in the ranks.

Only one small problem was fired this day. It was on another machine-gun nest and called forth some few returns—a surprising number of which were duds. Rumors seemed to float in from all sides about the war's ending in the next few days and there was much talk pro and con. It was certain that unless something happened soon, an advance would have to be made over very bad roads to keep up with the retreating artillery, as nothing but the forward German machine-gun nests were within easy range. On the other hand, it was the general belief that Heinie was getting off entirely too easy, if all hostilities were to cease then, for in another week the battery men hoped to be in Conflans—firing on Metz.

The morning of the 10th proved the peace rumors to contain at least some truth for orders were issued calling for the suspension of all firing to allow German delegates to cross the Allied lines. Ammunition had been coming up to the positions continually and there was plenty of work to be done in getting it to the guns and storing it in safety. All day the cannoners carried those eighteen pound shells and were ready to fire them on a moment's notice, and no one slept that night, for it was expected that a call would come any time to crawl out and "get going."

Again infantry was seen moving forward along the road. This time it was the second brigade of the 28th Division doughboys. There were no men returning from the trenches and so it was quite evident that the numbers were being increased and that something was due to happen if terms were not made at the peace parley. This brigade was accompanied by two companies of tanks of the small type, manned by Frenchmen, who advanced to their trenches unmolested and assumed the positions of "waiters" too.

After the long wait, when the orders came concerning the signing of the Armistice, strange as it may seem, all feet turned towards the kitchen. Of course, all digging ceased when this order arrived.

The most peculiar incidents of the war occurred on the afternoon of November 11, and all day of the 12th when the men of the Allied and German armies met in open territory and talked of commonplace things without

the aid of bayonet or side arms. None of the battery men were privileged to enjoy this unique experience until the morning of the 12th, when after all the ammunition had been salvaged, they were free to go as they pleased until night. Men headed in all directions leading toward German trenches and many interesting stories are being told today of the adventures of those trips and many souvenirs are being shown as evidence. The fields and trenches were full of German ordnance property but on the first trip over the battery men didn't want to be bothered with anything of that sort. They all figured that in the next few days they would have ample opportunity to revisit this territory and get what they wanted. The Germans, too, were out looking for souvenirs and were willing to trade anything they owned for something distinctly American.

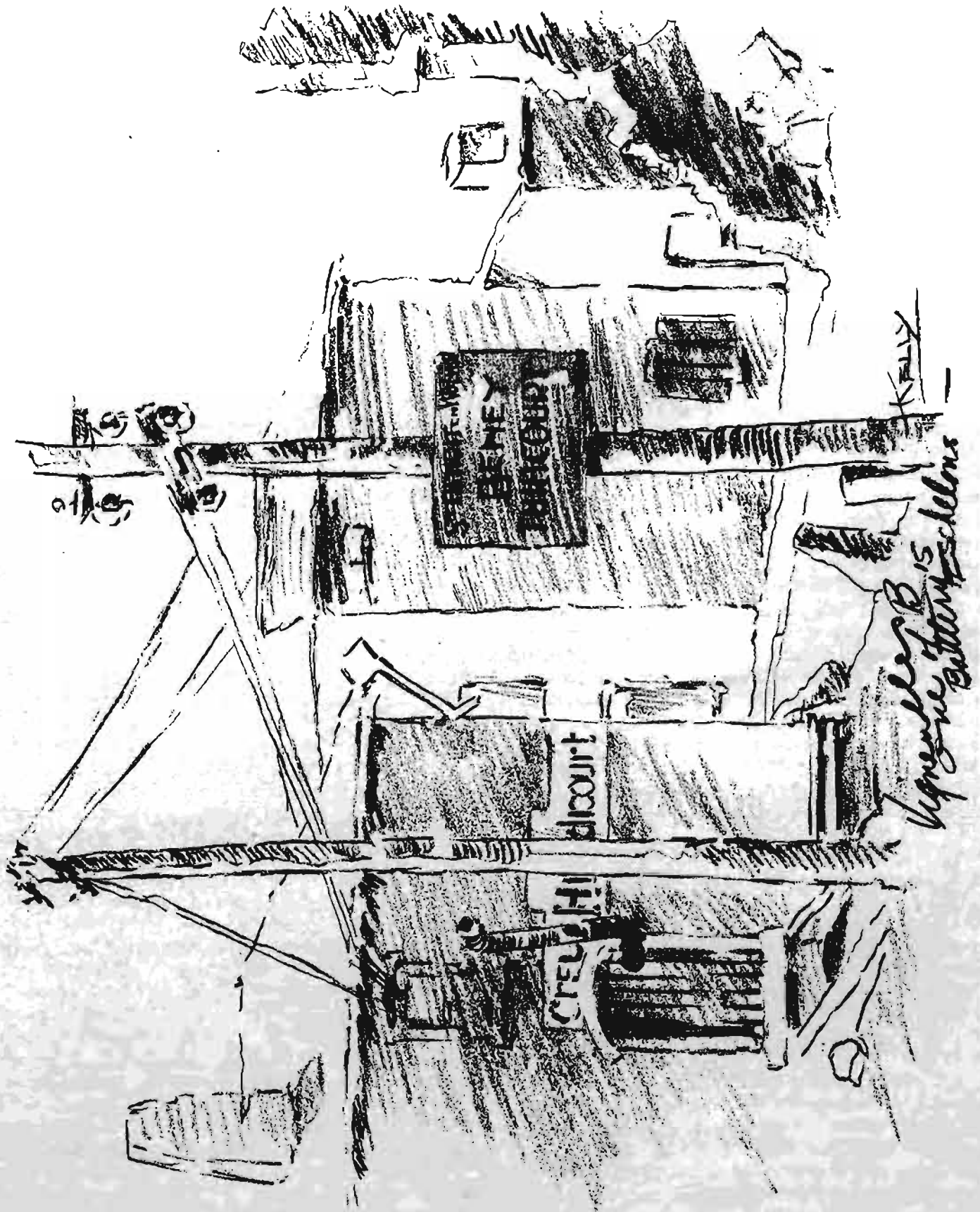
Great was the surprise and disappointment when at twelve thirty on the night of the 12th, orders were received to move back—after only one night of rest. Business of packing up and moving out was started at once, but not until four A. M. were the guns and men ready for the move. It was with great regret that B Battery moved that night, for it meant the last chance gone, of ever seeing Conflans or any of the larger cities that had been targets so recently.

At four A. M. on the morning of the 13th, the tired battery set forth on the first lap of its journey from war to peace and at seven thirty the regimental column was lined up in the one-time street of Vigneulles and the men were getting a breakfast of coffee and bacon.

Here the 83rd Pioneer Infantry passed on its way to the late front to start on its job of policing France and burying Germans. The 28th Division infantrymen had already evacuated their trenches and were on their way to a rest camp and everyone seemed quite happy over the prospect of "going home."

Two non-commissioned officers were assigned to each section's materiel to stay with it on the cross-country hike and the balance of the battery was loaded on trucks and started on their way about two o'clock in the afternoon. Their journey was quite uneventful aside, from the stop in St. Mihiel where some of the men looked the place over, quite contrary to orders, until the trucks arrived at the new camp that night about seven P. M. and then every fellow started looking for a place to sleep.

The guns and materiel moved out of Vigneulles shortly after the trucks but over a different route. Traveling was very slow over the rolling hills that marked this country. With the few remaining horses in B Battery it was doubly hard to move for every horse was pulling a double load and they had to have plenty of rest. It was nightfall before they reached the Meuse and camp was finally pitched along the road by the Lavigneville signboards and stone piles, for that was all that remained of what was once the village of Lavigneville, as not a single wall was standing. French soldiers told the battery men that it had been American shells and not Boche that had



caused all this destruction. It was deemed necessary in driving the Hun out of the sector.

After a night spent beneath the stars and all the available blankets, and after a breakfast of hard tack and coffee, the procession moved away from these ruins toward the new camp about ten A. M.

Travel was even slower than the day before, for the horses became very tired by noon and were given a big rest at Troyon, the southern defense of Verdun. At Ambly, where they crossed the Meuse, the batterymen met the 112th Ammunition Train, who were billeted there, and had with them a "Y" Hut and a K. of C. soup wagon. After a few refreshments there the materiel detail crossed the river to Tilly and moved on into Recourt and thence to the camp about two and a half kilos west on the summit of a hill.

Camp Mariaux was the legend on the arch at the entrance of the little grove in which the billets were situated, but it belied its name grossly for it was far from domesticated. The billets were at the summit of a very steep hill and it was impossible for the horses to pull the heavy materiel to the top so they were unhitched, and taken to the stables, leaving the carriages where they were at the foot of the hill.

The billets were crowded to suffocation and many of the fellows preferred to sleep outside near a warm fire rather than in the cold, crowded interior.

The first morning in this camp was spent by B Batterymen in trying to clean up both themselves and their clothing. Many of the boys walked as far as Ambly to get a shower bath. Efforts were being made by the authorities to find a more accommodating camp for the men so no drill schedule was issued that day. Some of the fellows in searching through the woods had found a little village about two kilos from camp where some lost Y. M. C. A. man had put up a tent and waited for them. Benoitevaux was the name of the village and it contained,

besides the "Y" tent, a perilineage visited by French people from all parts of the country. For about a week the "Y" was at the Battery's disposal but then the man and two ladies found their way to the division they were supposed to be serving and they left suddenly.

After an uneventful four days in Camp Mariaux the regiment was divided into battalions and moved to another hill, about two kilos away; the first battallion was assigned

to the memorable hill above Rambluzin, and the second to billets on the hill directly opposite Camp Mariaux. B Battery had the billets farthest west in the regiment and therefore was nearest to Rambluzin.



Each battery's billets were about a half kilo from the other and the organization was together very little during the entire stay in Camp du Chanois, which was the name the French had given the place.

The view from this hill was picturesquely beautiful and not many, who looked over the hazy landscape the first morning, did so without feeling a thrill. During the ensuing days and weeks and months the works of nature became quite forgotten in the anxiety to get home but to others it was a thing of beauty and therefore a joy forever.

Troyon - Barle-Duc -
at the RR station
- Feb - 22 - 19



November 20th marked the beginning of the famous "apre le guerre" drill schedule. Reveille, Drill and Retreat, in fact everything just as it had been in the training camps. After the Armistice had been signed the Battery was furnished with an elaborate lighting system for the guns after having used cigarette butts and flickering candles all through the war. Two hours gun drill was stipulated in the schedule but it was as much disliked by the officers as by the men so it soon dwindled down to about a half hour per day until the guns were taken charge of by the Ordnance Department.

That day also marked the real beginning of the "Red Guidon," for on that morning Tommy Thompson started his big story (11-11-11) and in fact the entire staff got to work in earnest. John Funk completed the head for the "Going Over" story that day, too, using blue ink and wrapping paper for the job. Owing to the lack of materiel, work was rather slow but after a trip to Bar le Duc things "began to move" around the "Red Guidon editorial shack."

Thanksgiving Day, the home coming day of the nation, was approaching and its approach was met with many homesick looks and conversations in the billets. For some it was the first Thanksgiving away from home so far that they couldn't get a pass and it gave the boys something new to "crab" about. Rumors had been flying around the camp for some time as to the probable departure for home by Christmas, and some in the regiment had thought so much of these rumors that they had seen fit to celebrate in a very boisterous manner in Rambluzin, which caused a guard to be placed over the town and B Battery, being nearest the village, furnished the detail.

Thanksgiving Day passed uneventfully save for the wonderful dinner in which doughnuts made their overseas appearance in B Battery mess. It was really a wonderful dinner considering the difficulty experienced in getting rations to this forgotten hill in France but Sergeant Curry

and his crew served a meal that caused more than one disappointed scowl to turn into a smile.

Then followed days of diligent policing of roads around the camp, and every article that could possibly be used was piled up in salvage piles along the road and tin cans and paper were piled in other heaps which were afterwards removed and disposed of either in a salvage depot or a fire. Every day some organization had been moving along these roads on their way to a rest camp and had left a trail of gas-masks, helmets, tin cans and every sort of heavy article that they could get along without. Thousands of rounds of ammunition were found, too, and these had to be packed off to the ordnance department. Some of the stables had been left in bad condition by the outfit that had preceded the 134th and these too were made sanitary by the batterymen.

Hikes were made every morning, sometimes along the picturesque roads and sometimes cross country, through woods and fields. One of the places visited during a hike was Hill 341, above Hieppes about five kilos from du Chanois, which marked the right wing of the German advance in September, 1914. A huge cross, which could be seen for miles around, was erected here, commemorating the little Frenchmen's decisive repulse of the vicious Hun, at the loss of twenty-two hundred men to themselves and a like number to the Crown Prince's horde. The hastily constructed trenches had been used as graves for the four thousand dead of the two days' battle.

Canteen Joe (Schintzler) got on the job early in the stay at this camp and about December 5th B Battery had its most appreciated canteen.

Stock for the establishment was rather hard to get most of the time but by diligent effort Joe had a fair supply of tobacco and cigarettes for the boys.

About this time the Gas Hospital at the foot of the hill was abandoned and the shower baths, which were the one thing needed to make life endurable on the hill, were at the disposal of the regiment. By sending a detail to the bath billet every day to keep up the fire, the Battery was able to have a nice warm shower any time they were not busy drilling.

Passes were issued to Bar le Duc every Saturday but transportation was not furnished. It was a comparatively easy matter to get a Bar le Duc bound truck on the famous "via sacre," the road from Bar le Duc to Verdun, over which all reinforcements rushed to the defense of the latter city when it was threatened by the Boche. It was due to the good condition of this road that Verdun was saved on several occasions.

Rumors of the home going of the 134th Regiment were numerous and a new batch came to life every day. The Red Guidon Staff established a rumor service early in December and every morning published on the bulletin board the most authentic rumors for the day. Of course none of them ever came true but then rumors aren't supposed to do that—they cease to be rumors when they become facts.

Rambluzin, the little village at the foot of B Battery hill, enjoyed prosperity during these days—the like of which it may never enjoy again. Anything that was put on the shelves in the quaint little shops sold at once. Some of the fellows became real friendly with the villagers and were guests at dinners in their homes. The French fried potatoes and salads made by these peasants was unsurpassed in any American home.

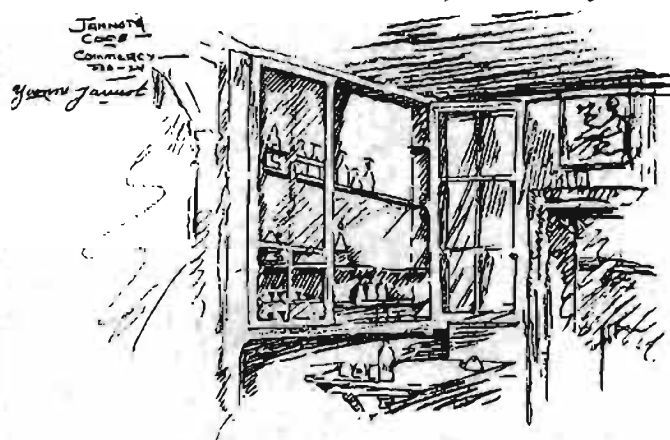
Souilly, the headquarters of the First Army was another village frequented by many of the boys. It was about eight kilos west of the camp on the "route nationale." A Y. M. C. A. base attracted them there for a while but it was moved to Verdun and the salvage dump and branch commissary were then the attraction. Many of the men were able to pass a Saturday inspection only after a

visit to the Souilly salvage dump.

Perhaps the prettiest and most picturesque village in that vicinity was the little settlement of Benoitte Vaux. There are very few batterymen who returned without some sort of remembrance from this little village. It was only four kilos from the camp and was well patronized not only by B Batterymen but by the entire regiment. Many of the men attended mass in the historical church there, the abbey of which had been converted into a French hospital for contagious diseases.

December 16th announcement was made that passes were to be issued for eight men to go on a seven day leave to Aix les Bains. The men were chosen and were all ready to go that night when an order came down postponing it. It was a great disappointment to the waiting men who thought that their chance was gone but the following evening they were called to headquarters and started on their way. In the party were Sergeants Newman, Lynch and Poling, Corporal Northrup, Privates Couchy, Trekal, Bittinger and Bennett. These men were privileged to spend Christmas day amid the gaiety of a large city.

With the approach of the holiday season came the demand for something special in the way of amusement and mess. Sergeant Curry was capable of taking care of the latter demand but after a meeting of some of the most interested a novel idea was worked out for the amusement



The story of the big show on Christmas Day is told elsewhere in this book so it needs but little mention here. It was only after very tedious hours and days of work that this show was possible and it was indeed something for

B Battery to be proud of. Everyone in the organization was personally interested in the project, in fact they would have taken an interest in anything that would tend to save them from a gloomy Christmas Day.

"Noel" has been vividly pictured in another story under this cover so it can be passed over lightly here. It is only fitting to say that it surpassed all expectations, though, and is bound to be remembered as the best holiday B Battery ever spent.



That B Battery show surely started things, for two days after its premiere, the regimental stage manager, Lieutenant Thomas, decided that a regimental show was obtainable and asked several B Batterymen to report for rehearsals. The now famous Buckeye entertainers, who played to so many packed houses throughout eastern France, was formed in this manner.

After the success of the big party Christmas Day it was immediately decided to arrange for some sort of entertainment for the next holiday, New Year's Day. Through the agency of George White all the boxers and wrestlers in the Battery were lined up and started training in preparation for a big athletic show.

Most of the Battery spent New Year's morning in bed, for after properly assisting in the birth of the baby year, 1919, there were few who felt equal to the task of getting up for breakfast.

Dinner was served at two P. M. and it was almost a replica of the big feed of Christmas Day; plenty of good substantial eats and a surprising side line of trimmings; chocolate, cigarettes and tobacco all donated by the "Y," the Red Cross, and the K. of C.

It was an enthusiastic crowd indeed that filed down the hill to the Theatre Comique in a light rain New Year's Eve to enjoy the offerings of the B Battery "pugs," and it was a very well satisfied bunch that scrambled back up to their bunks in the "wee sma" hours of the morning. It was quite an innovation for the batterymen to be allowed freedom until one and two A. M. but not a man was seen to go to sleep during the performance.

1919 was a new year but it brought no new questions or rumors to the Battery. The same old questions were being asked and the same old rumors, with some little additions possibly, were being spread about. "When are we going home?" was answered in several different ways,

each man taking his pick of the rumors and spreading them in real literary style throughout the Battery. Some might say that it was an understood fact at headquarters that the regiment was to sail January 15th, and, before the rumor died its eventual natural death, every officer in the brigade would be quoted as saying the same thing. Some placed the date so far ahead as March 15th but they naturally did not have many listeners when they began to expound on the advantages of crossing the ocean at that time of the year.

The rumors of an early departure died suddenly, when on the 12th of January, the second group of leave men started for Vals les Bains. They were A. V. Ritter, J. M. Jackson, E. G. Hirleman, M. M. Shere, W. D. Vaughn, Tom Michael, Harry Slater, "Duke" York, "Pat" Lynch, Orland Outland, George Nycamp and Guy W. Price. It was three weeks later when they returned, some with pleasant memories of an eventful trip and some who declared that the trip in the dirty, cold cars that they traveled in was more than worth the rest they had, but it was better than staying on the hill all the time and that was about all the majority of the boys said about their trip, except that they were sort of disappointed as they did not get to see the famous Aix les Bains or Nice.

The day after the bunch left on their furloughs the corps inspector, whose coming had been anticipated for several days, as he had been inspecting the 135th and 136th regiments, just previously, paid the outfit a visit. Some wild stories had been circulated concerning the severity of his inspections, and for two weeks previous to his visit the Battery was in the throes of cleaning materiel, harness and what not. The guns and carriages were cleaned and greased, the harness was oiled after a thorough application of saddle soap until every bit of equipment was in the finest condition it had ever been during the time it had been in possession of the Battery. Day after day the cleaning continued so that by the time the inspector did arrive every buckle and strap was shining, and the most exacting inspector in the A. E. F. must have been pleased with the result.

When he came—he casually glanced around and walked away—and the inspection was over. The hard work of days was for naught, but that is the way of inspections, and was but a part of the old army game. The higher the rank of the inspector the greater the preparations for his coming and the less exacting the inspection. Had it been a shavetail assigned to the inspecting there is no doubt that some considerable fuss would have been created.

January 22nd and 23rd were big days in the history of the Battery in France. They presaged going home, for on those days the heavier pieces of the materiel and





much of the harness was turned back to a salvage depot. It was a sad yet joyful parting; sad—because of the fact that the old 75s which the cannoneers had almost learned to love, were leaving; joyful—because of the promise of home that it brought. "Peace Terms," "Calamity Jane," "Buckeye Girl" and "Buzzard" were leaving those who had so carefully watched and groomed them during the months in France.

It is stated in the previous paragraph that the heavier parts of the materiel were turned in, and this is actually true, for the lighter parts such as bubbles, quadrants and firing pins were stored away in ditty bags to be carried home as souvenirs.

Three days before the end of January, the Battery had a scare thrown into it. Meningitis, that dread disease, was supposed to be abroad. It started down in Rambluzin and immediately a quarantine was put on, although it is still a question whether or not there was meningitis in the village. Suffice to say that all men who had been in a certain house down there were forced to go to Verdun for tests and about thirty men were placed in quarantine in a building some distance from the Battery. Everyone had to have his throat and nose sprayed twice daily. Two days after the quarantine went on, the men who had gone on furloughs returned after spending seven days at a resort and eleven days in cold box cars—traveling.

Old Dame Rumor was again on the job, with one to the effect that the quarantine was to last two weeks, so imagine the surprise then, when on February 3rd moving orders arrived for the next morning. No pen can portray the joy that prevailed that night. At last, after four long weary months on the "hill that God forgot," and which many men believed the G. H. Q. never knew about, the Battery was ready to leave. Home—that greatest and dearest of all things in the world—was drawing nearer.

The Battery was up at five on the morning of the 4th, packs were made, the billets cleaned and trucks loaded with kitchen and Q. M. stuff. At nine o'clock, packs were shouldered and they were heavy packs too, from being weighted down with souvenirs, and the Battery started down the hill and away on a nineteen kilometer hike. The Colonel was smiling as he reviewed the regiment as it passed, the band playing "Home Sweet Home."

The route lay through Recourt, Tilly and Bouquemont, and at two thirty in the afternoon the outfit lagged into Bannancourt, where they entrained. Everyone was mighty tired and hungry and that meal of boiled beans, served three hours later, tasted extremely good.

The railroad on which the journey was started, was a little spur that ran from St. Mihiel to Verdun. It had been a German prize for four years and was only opened for traffic shortly before the Armistice was signed. It had suffered somewhat at Bannancourt from the American shelling but was in condition to run an occasional train on after the German P. G.'s. had filled up all the shell holes on the right-of-way.

Owing to the lack of speed shown by the other regiments in getting away from this entraining point, the 134th was held up here until five P. M. While waiting for orders to move some of the boys made a tour of the wrecked village. The ruins of the church in this place was one of the freaks of war, for its steeple, after being struck by a big shell, had hurtled to the ground and pierced it like an arrow head.

After the 135th and 136th regiments had entrained and left, the business of loading and starting the 134th on their way began. Issuing rations and fuel and of loading the regiment, thirty men to a car, was started at four P. M., and at five P. M. the train was on its way, while the other regiments had been laboring since morning to get away by four P. M. Colonel Bush was highly complimented on the speed of his organization.

The first leg of the journey home started out very slowly, and under any other conditions there would have been a lot of fault found with the operation of the railroad, as the only real speed shown on the entire journey was that displayed by the men in loading, for at

midnight, when most of the men went to their corner to try to get a little sleep, the train had only run as far as St. Mihiel, a distance of about twelve kilos.

With twenty-eight or thirty men in each car there was not very much room for recreation and especially after room had been reserved for the stove and fuel. In these 29' x 7' cars it was impossible for all to rest at once so the sleeping was done like guard duty, by reliefs. After remaining tied in a knot for an hour or two it was indeed a relief to get up and readjust the misplaced vertebrae and awaken the pedal extremities which persisted in sleeping on and on. The fires were kept going all the time for there was plenty of coal, and coal was a fuel that the Battery men had not had the privilege to burn since coming to France.

About noon of the second day the train stopped at Neufchateau for some time and inasmuch as the town contained a large Red Cross canteen and a Y. M. C. A. base, the fellows left the train going in all directions for chocolate and cakes. After a delay of about two hours the train finally pulled out of the town very quietly; so



quietly in fact that two-thirds of B Battery's buglers, Stagg, Fouts and Dave Berson did not hear it going and so were left behind, eating cookies at the Red Cross canteen. The little toy train crept slowly, very slowly, on its way and by nightfall it had only reached Troyes, a distance that even an Erie train would have covered in two hours.

The third day's journey did not carry the Battery over any greater distance than the preceding ones either. At every junction there was always a delay of an hour or two and by seven P. M. they were only as far as Bourges. The "Battle of Bourges" will live long in the memories of many of the Batterymen but hardly needs mention as a historical event. The long loaves of bread that the boys bought in the "Gare" and the cheese and sardines that went with it created a lot of merriment in the cars for it was almost impossible to get one of these loaves of bread into the little cars without breaking it. There were no prisoners taken in this "battle" but Major Schlegel was making a violent effort to take some when the train pulled out. It would have been all right, he said, if the fellows had not left the empty case on the platform and broken the bottles on the track.

The last day's trip was through a very beautiful part of the country and the slow traveling of the train was not noticed so much. After going through the outskirts of Tours, a very picturesque city, the road wound around the side of a hill of vari-colored sandstone in the valley of the Loire. Along this route, especially in the vicinity of Langeais, the houses and storerooms were built in the face of sheer cliffs somewhat on the order of the ancient cliff-dwellers homes in America, only much more modern.

At two P. M. the train stopped in the station at Angers and one look at that city caused many batterymen to wish for just one day in the place. It was thought that the destination was somewhere near this beautiful city, but as the train started out in a northeasterly direction, there was some doubt in the minds of the fellows as to whether the French crew knew just where they were going or not. At Segre the train was put on a siding and the men told to prepare to spend the night there, as the railroad that ran to Le Lion de Angers, the destination of the 134th, was very lightly built and the officials would not allow the large American engine that had been pulling the train, to run on these tracks, so a French engine had to be sent from Angers and it was not to arrive until morning.

After a night spent trying to pass the guards and get into the town to get something to eat, the men were

in bad humor the next morning, when the French engine failed to arrive until noon. Once started on the short trip to the little village of Le Lion de Angers it took very few hours to arrive and at two o'clock the regiment unloaded at the station of what was to be their home for the next month.

News of their coming had evidently preceded the 134th to this town for it was bedecked in its holiday garb in honor of the first American soldiers to locate there. There was a hike ahead for B Battery which was rumored to be from four to fourteen kilometers long but it was somewhat of a surprise to the Batterymen when after a walk of about three kilometers, they were given "Column Right" into the grounds of a beautiful chateau.

Chateau du Mas owned by the Baron Chalet was the final halt on the five-day journey from Rambouillet and the barn on the estate was the billets for the Battery.

Although the new home was a barren, cold-looking affair when the boys arrived, the ability to make a home out of nothing, that B Battery had displayed throughout its career, was evidenced in the next few days when stoves were set up and the bunks arranged in good order around the walls.

The huge barn of the chateau was not large enough to accommodate the entire Battery so some of the men were assigned to the "sheep barn," which was indeed a chilly looking domicile. But, as the others had done in the big barn, these men of the fifth section did to this home of the sheep. Two days after the arrival of the Batterymen at the chateau, the Baron did



not know his own barns. The sheep barn, a structure about thirty-five feet high was renovated and turned into a gymnasium at one end and a first class hotel at the other. Baron Chalet placed his little lake at the disposal of the Batterymen but since he had told them that there were nothing but "la grande carpe" in the pool there was no time wasted in fishing, and as it was too cold to enjoy a swim, the offer was not accepted. The genial host of B Battery seemed very much interested in the doings of the outfit and expressed real regret when the time came for them to leave.

There were no restrictions on going in to the village of Le Lion and while the Battery was at the chateau at least sixty per cent of the men were there every night.

Some were able to get passes to the city of Angers, making the trip on the little railroad that ran through the village. This was an education to the lucky ones for there they were given a wonderful contrast between the devastated district which they had just recently left and the beautiful western city which had suffered nothing—physically. The regimental minstrel show was re-

organized and taken to Angers for a week and this allowed the B Battery minstrels to enjoy an exceptional privilege.

Hikes were made to the surrounding towns, where American soldiers were a curiosity, and through such beautiful country that the Batterymen were quite unmindful of the distance covered, save on one occasion. That was shortly after the return of Lieutenant Wise, when he marched the Battery at attention for about six kilos and then made his now famous "Labor Battalion" speech.

The last week at the chateau was an eventful one for the Battery for it was then that the real preparation for going home started. Inspectors from every part of the district looked over the equipment and men were all subjected to the delousing process. The Baron had open house for all the officers of the regiment and served some of his fine cider to the entire Battery one evening as a sort of farewell. The 134th Band played on this occasion and the Baron and Baroness were delighted.

At five-thirty on the morning of the 7th of March, the Battery was lined up with all their belongings for another hike which was a long one indeed. Trucks were furnished to carry the packs and so the Batterymen did not anticipate such a hard journey. The start from the village was made at eight A. M. with the villagers all out waving good-bye to the first Americans they had ever been acquainted with.

The trip to Chateau Gontier was one of twenty-four kilos over a fine hard road and with everyone in fine spirits it was one of the most enjoyable in the history of the Battery and when the men lined up beside the cars and were served hot chocolate by the Y. M. C. A. ladies they pronounced it an enjoyable trip indeed.

The train that was to carry the Battery on this, the last overland trip in France, was what was known as a "shuttle train"—a train of American box cars pulled by an American engine, that worked like a shuttle between Brest and the concentration camps in that district. With these large cars to ride in the Batterymen anticipated a much more comfortable trip than the previous ones, but they were doomed to disappointment, for fifty-six men were assigned to a car and it made them just as much crowded as the twenty-eight men in the little French cars.

The Battery mess-fund had been spent for chocolate and cigarettes and just before the train pulled out of the yards the "ever-ready" cooks issued these luxuries to the men, so when they started on the way at three-thirty that afternoon everyone was in the best of spirits. The cars were equipped with stoves and plenty of fuel and there was no danger of the men getting cold on this short journey.

The arrival at Brest the following morning in a drizzling rain brought that place up to the expectations of the boys for they had heard many tales of the inclement weather there. The breakfast at the embarkation camp

also lived up to the standard anticipated by the Batterymen but they soon found that their first mess in that camp was not an example of the standard. The hike up the long winding hill to the Pontanezen barracks far surpassed expectations for it was a thing not counted on before. Six miles almost entirely up hill was enough to dampen the spirits of anyone especially when carrying packs of the size that most of the men had on their backs.

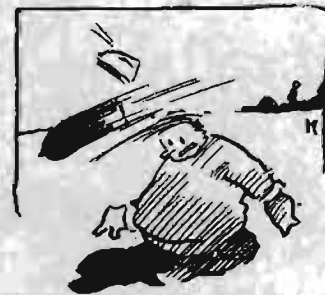
Upon entering the large camp on the hill the fellows were treated to their first surprise. Contrary to the reports they had received, the streets were not mud holes but were covered by board-walks, usually called "duck-walks." In the tents to which they were assigned they found another contradiction to reports inasmuch as they did not have to sleep in the mud. Only six men were placed in one tent and cots were provided for all which was more than the Batterymen had enjoyed anywhere in France. Of course there was plenty of mud in the camp but in the usual line of duty it could be avoided. In a district where it rains three hundred days in a year it must be expected that there will be some mud.

With the arrival of the Battery in this camp more rumors of home-going were in circulation and for once they were proven true for in spite of the fact that the entire 37th Division was encamped in that camp awaiting orders to embark, it was the 134th Field Artillery that was the first to get started.

The Batteries of the regiment were divided into detachments which were to be assigned to the demobilization camp nearest their home in America. B Battery's largest detachment was, of course, to Camp Sherman since most of the men were from Akron or the vicinity. Then there were detachments for Camp Upton and Camp Dix that were to muster out the men from the east, near their homes. The Camp Green and Camp Taylor detachments took care of the men from the south and west.

The first ship to sail was the New Hampshire U. S. N., and could only accommodate twelve hundred men so the detachments bound for Camp Sherman (the Headquarters Company, Supply Company and A and B Batteries), were called out on the morning of March 12th to load on this battle ship. There were one hundred twenty-four men and three officers in B Battery's Ohio detachment thus taking about seventy percent of the entire strength of the organization on the first ship. The other men were supposed to follow on the next ship that left but such was not their fate.

These detachments moved out of camp about ten A. M. after making a false attempt about two hours





The Hill
Rambluzin



earlier and started on the down-hill hike to the docks where the farewell to France was to be said. The trip to the city was not over the same course as the one from that place, but over a very rough and muddy road that took the men about a mile farther around, but since it was to be the last hike in France no one objected in the least.

A wait of about an hour for the lighters to make ready for their human cargo and then the Battery moved in single file to the docks. Walking down the piers the boys were handed a pair of home-made socks full of candy, cigarettes and tobacco, by the Red Cross ladies there. These were slung around the neck and the line moved on until the entire contingency was loaded on the little lighter and the trip out into the harbor was started.

The U. S. S. New Hampshire was far above the expectations of the men who had heard so many disagreeable things about the navy and its methods. The crew was a very congenial bunch of fellows and before the ship left the harbor, friendships were formed and the soldiers on board felt very much at home.

Aside from a few sea sick men who seemed unable to overcome the tendency to rush for the rail or lie around on deck the twelve days spent on board the New Hampshire were the first twelve days of America. Everything was so decidedly American, from the meals to the moving picture shows on deck, and much interest was taken in the chart on each deck that marked the course of the ship and gave the day's run every noon. The canteen, at which the men were able to buy real apples and good American candy, was very well patronized, too. The "movies" were a great treat to the fellows and were well attended every afternoon and evening.

The smokers that were held twice, while the Battery was on board, were affairs that made the ship seem more like a little city than ever before. Several Batterymen participated in these bouts and the entertainments were always well received. The Chief Petty Officer's farewell party to which some of the Batterymen were invited was the crowning success of the trip and proved beyond doubt that the crew was a great bunch from the captain down.

At noon on the eleventh day, when the bulletin announced that the distance to America was only two-hundred fifty miles and that that distance could be covered before noon the following day, there was great rejoicing among the soldiers on board. The prospect of again seeing the shores of God's country appealed to them, in fact it appealed to some so much that they stayed on deck all night so they could see the lights in the early morning, for the sailors had said this would be possible.

When the men all got on deck before breakfast next morning March 24th, the horizon was literally lined with flashing lights from the lighthouses at Cape May, Cape Henry and other perilous projections along the coast. All morning the rails were lined with eager faces looking

landward each trying to get the first glimpse of "terra firma." By eleven A. M. the shore could be plainly seen and shortly after noon the anchor was cast in the harbor of Newport News, Va. Mess was called and served with most of the men standing on deck gazing fondly at the shore or at the tugs full of home folks, who had come out into the harbor to meet the ship, ignoring the urgent calls to "come and get it."



About two P. M. the ship slid into the dock and the business of saying good-bye to their friends on board kept the Batterymen busy until the orders were given to make ready to unload. Getting off the ship was the easiest thing those fellows ever did in their army career for in ten minutes after the order had been given, the New Hampshire was free of soldiers.

The hike to the camp, four miles away was a mere pleasure jaunt to the men as they walked through the streets lined with welcoming residents of Newport News. At home! In an American city with American people all around and American streets to walk on! What more could be wished? Had it been in the Everglades of Florida that the ship had landed at it would have been America to the Batterymen who walked on air in their exuberance of joy in being almost home.

Camp Stuart was a camp of the same type as Camp Upton where B Battery spent their last days before leaving for France. The billets to which the Battery was assigned were of the same structure but the accommodations were much better. Roads through the camp were well kept and the Y. M. C. A., K. of C. and Red Cross huts more plentiful. The Liberty theatre was the same sort of large building that was seen at Upton and held the same sort of good shows.

As usual there was the inspection of clothing and equipment to be gone through with and another trip to the "delouser," but this was easy for it promised to be the last in the army. Necessary clothing was issued and the Battery was all dressed up to parade. Life those days was very easy and at last B Battery had found a real rest camp although they had come back to the United States to find it. There was no drill and nothing but inspections and moving orders were

left to worry about, so naturally the men worried about them. A very timely pay-day came March 31st and when the orders came to entrain the next day, everyone was in fair financial condition.

At ten A. M. April 1st the train, carrying the home-ward bound B Battery men, pulled out of Camp Stuart and was on its way up the Chesapeake Bay to Washington, D. C. The Red Cross canteens along the way served the hungry men just the things that they had wanted so long and did all in their power to make the journey pleasant. After the trips made throughout France in those little box cars, the pullmans that carried them on this, their last trip in the army, were like rolling palaces and every one took advantage of the opportunity to sleep enroute.

In Pittsburgh the next morning a long wait was made on the outskirts of the city to allow the second section of the train to catch up. During the night the train had covered a distance that would have taken a French train two days. When the lost section caught up the two were united and the journey continued through the little Pennsylvania towns and at last into Ohio. Youngstown, Alliance, Ravenna and Akron Junction where a few of the towns that had been notified that the train was on the way and residents of these places were down to greet the boys. To George Harris goes the honor of greeting the first Akron folks for as soon as the train entered the yards, George was hailed by one of his old friends on a passing switch engine and as the train pulled past the station he saw his two sisters frantically waving a fruit cake at him. There was no stop made in Akron nor at any station until the train pulled into the B. & O station in Cleveland quite unexpectedly. The blowing of whistles and ringing of bells soon announced the arrival to the city and by the time the train stopped there were several thousand people scanning the faces in the car windows looking for a familiar one.

Since the parade in Cleveland was not to be until the following day the Battery men were allowed their freedom until eleven P. M. unless they had relatives or friends in Cleveland in which case they were allowed until seven A. M. the next morning. Some under pretense of having relatives in the Sixth City took a flyer to Akron that afternoon while others just looked around and thoroughly enjoyed themselves in getting acquainted with American habits again.

The day for the parade threatened to be a bad one in the early morning and indeed the threat was carried out to the best of the ability of one J. Pluvius. In spite of the rain the crowds along the line were enormous and very enthusiastic. As the column filed into the court house and threw down their packs they were informed that the next thing on the program was a big feed given by the Red Cross ladies in the Armory across the street. There was a wait of about an hour before the feast was ready but after filling up on the chicken, and many other

things that were prepared for them, the Battery men declared it well worth the wait.

From the Armory the men were again dismissed until eleven P. M. in Cleveland or until seven A. M. in Akron in case anybody wanted to take an early train to the City of Opportunity and meet the Battery train in the morning when it came down. A great many took advantage of this chance to spend an evening with the folks at home and the trains and trolleys were all loaded with B Battery men that afternoon.

When the Battery lined up the following morning to parade the streets of Akron every man tried to look his best and as they started down Main street they were a proud looking bunch.

After the short parade through the streets of the "Rubber" city, the Battery men were again marched to an armory, this time to the O. N. G. Armory on High street, and set down to another grand feast, such as only mothers know how to prepare, and how those fellows did eat! From the fruit cocktail to the nuts they were busy and when there was nothing left on their plates the one-time-hungry enjoyed the rare privilege of refusing seconds.

In the balcony above the auditorium, where the meal was served, were the mothers, sisters, wives and "certain parties" whose eager and admiring faces peered down on the happy artillerymen so busily engaged in the massacre of the dinner before them. Colonel Bush made a short announcement to the effect that the train would leave Akron that evening at ten P. M. and every man must report at that time, but their time was their own until then. After that wonderful ice-cream and cake the men left the Armory going in all directions with their friends or relatives to spend their first few hours in Akron with them.

Those Battery men whose homes were not in the city, and who were comparative strangers in the place, were taken care of by the congenial Akronites who picked them up along the way and motored them all over the city and in many cases keeping them for an evening dinner at their homes. Akron, will long be remembered by all the soldiers who were present on the day of the 134th Field Artillery parade.

Although the train was scheduled to leave Akron at eleven P. M. that evening it was not until almost midnight that it finally pulled out. Everyone was very tired for it had been a very strenuous day and the berths were nearly all occupied when Barberton, Orrville, and other little cities went flying by the car windows. Some time during the early morning the train pulled into the Columbus yards and the cars were set just below the Wilson avenue bridge. When the boys awoke that morning it was to the tune of Mike's whistle, calling them out to form for the parade.

The line was formed and the Battery moved up street to take their place in the parade with the many other organizations, both military and civilian, who were to

pass in review. It was without doubt the largest parade that B Battery had ever taken part in, but it was to be the last one so they started out with heads up and a smile on every face. It was not a tiresome hike by any means, and although they column-marched and counter-marched over the same streets, the enthusiastic populace who lined the curbs and filled the air with their applause served to relieve any tired feeling the men might have felt. Not until the large reviewing stand was reached did the men show any sign of fatigue and then it was fatigue caused by the inaction of listening to the speaking that was barely intelligible at the distance they were from the speaker.

Speeches were made by Governor Cox, Mayor Kolb, General Glenn of the 83rd Division and General Farnsworth of the 37th Division. They were all highly complimentary in their references to the artillerymen but little of their speeches could be heard by B Battery which was some distance from the stand. Gradually the ranks began to thin out and before the speaking was all done most of the B Battery men were on their way to the cars to relieve themselves of their packs and to enjoy the balance of the day in their own way. Those who stayed were again treated to a fine lunch given by the Columbus Red Cross ladies, this time right out in the open air along Broad Street.

Theatres, dances and private parties attracted the men from the cars for the balance of the day and the streets of Columbus were crowded with pleasure-bent returning artillerymen. The Chamber of Commerce gave a dance in the Memorial Hall that evening to which all the men were invited. Plenty of girls were guaranteed, for the different girls' auxiliaries had promised to turn out for the affair in a body—and they did. For once in a long time the soldiers attended a dance where the ladies outnumbered the men. Colonel Bush, who was present, even had to remind the men that there were girls there who were not dancing. "Here, you artillerymen, come over here and dance with these girls" said the Colonel much to the discomfiture of the ladies in question. It was after midnight when the men finally began to file down High street to the waiting cars but they were unanimous in declaring their day in Columbus a grand success.

The departure from Columbus was made just as the entry had been—unknown to most of the occupants of the train. It was just getting light when the men were awakened on a siding in Camp Sherman and told to pack everything and get ready to leave the cars for good in fifteen minutes. The first look at Camp Sherman assured the Battery men that it was not going to be such a bad place to spend their last days in the army. A speedy discharge had been promised the boys, but then there had been other promises in the army, too, and few of them had ever been fulfilled, so it was of little moment whether the discharges came in the promised five days or if it took them two weeks to arrive. It was the last

promise that the army would ever have an opportunity to break, and, since the camp looked so comfortable, the stay there promised to be a very pleasant one.

After the preliminary examination, at the entrance of the camp, the Battery men were marched almost across the camp and assigned to very comfortable billets, Camp Sherman was another real rest camp for there were very few details called for, the voluntary ones in helping in the writing of the discharges and other paper work, being mainly predominant. Two men were detailed to the kitchen every day, but it was not the usual sort of dirty kitchen work that they were called upon to do, for there was running water in the place and plenty of help to clean up. For the most of the time there was nothing to do but stay near the barracks and sign papers in connection with the demobilization work.

The Liberty theatres, the Y. M. C. A. huts, the Red Cross, the K. of C. recreation rooms and the Community House were very attractive to the men who found so much to do right in camp that they never thought of going to town, as they had done in all the other camps they were ever in. There was everything and more, right in Camp Sherman, than could be found any nearer than Columbus, sixty miles away.

The meals were above reproach and since there were no formations or calls it was a life of ease in this camp.

Work on the demobilization papers started Sunday, April 6th, as soon as the billets were assigned and Corporal Youngs could get his typewriter out of its case, and it was an eager bunch who worked all that day and most of the night and started in the next morning, where they left off, and when they sat back Monday night and looked satisfactorily at their work, which was finished far ahead of time, they had every reason to be proud of their handiwork.

There seemed to be nothing to do but wait now for the "powers that be" to say the word that would mean the last trip to the paymaster. Clothing had been turned in as well as all equipment, but there remained the mess-kits and blankets. Wednesday the looked for order came, and the Battery was ordered to report at the paymaster's building early the following morning, so the remaining government property was turned in at once, and the last night in the army was made one to be remembered by the fact that it was spent—as many men spent their first one—either on the floor or on bare cots.

"Thursday, April 10, 1919"—there is but one date that can ever retain a place beside it in the memories of B Battery men and that is, probably, the date of their enlistment, whatever it may have been. When the fellows lined up for the last time that morning there were many half-hearted jibes and jests thrown about the pleasure the last day was giving them, but, if the truth were known, there were very few who lined up for the last time without regrets. For over two years these

men had all lined up for formations together, had eaten mess together, and slept in the same barracks or dug-outs together, and, now—they were there for the last time with Sergeant "Mike" Greene's whistle dangling uselessly from his shoulder, for he had blown it for the last time in B Battery.

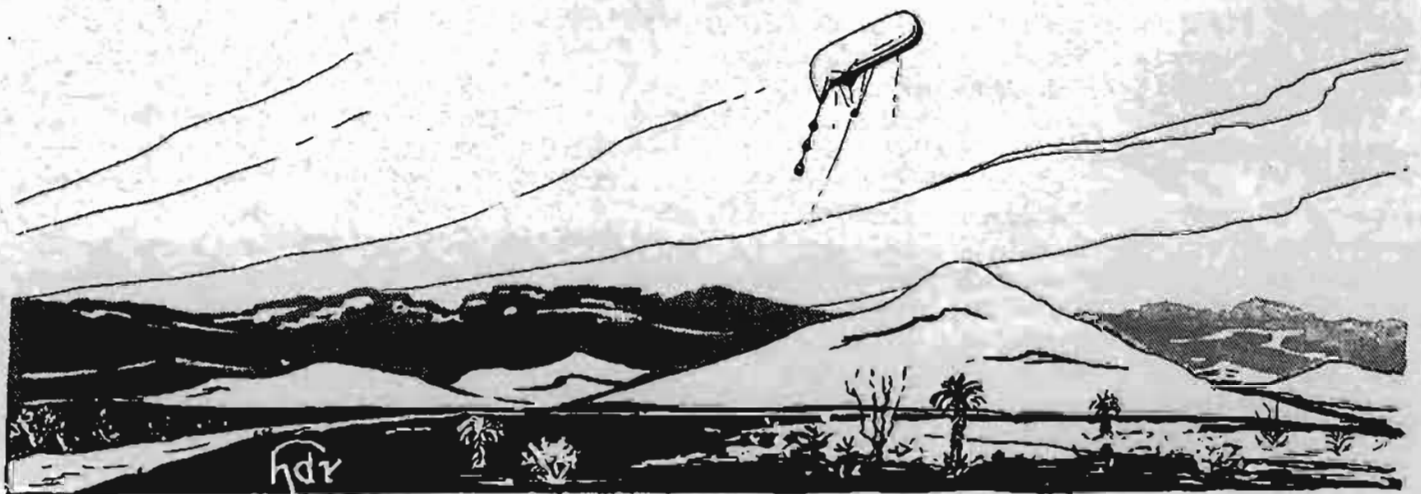
The line moved across the camp to the office of the paymaster and—the story is almost ended. There was a wait of about an hour before the officials were ready to receive them, so the Batterymen spent this time in talking over their prospects for the future with their friends. In a nearby barracks the cooks had prepared hot coffee and sandwiches for the waiting men, and those not too much excited, took advantage of this opportunity to get one last bit at the expense of Uncle Sam.

B Battery was called and the business of becoming civilians started about eleven A. M. that morning and

by eleven-thirty every man was out of the building and on his way with his discharge, bonus, and transportation money, together with the pay for the ten days in April during which the hardest work they had done was break away from home to get to Camp Sherman.

Thus ended the career of the one-time B Battery of the First Ohio Field Artillery and the later B Battery of the 134th U. S. Field Artillery just three years, four months and twenty-five days after the day of its organization. During its days in service it had an enviable record and an enviable personnel to uphold that record at all times. Friendships were formed in the Battery that will live long after most people have forgotten that such an organization ever existed. Even today the boys are getting together and having little dinners and meetings of the organization that may some day have a charter with the same title that the Akron outfit started out with, B Battery Association.

FINIS



The 37th Division

WHAT combination of fates and general orders kept apart during the war, the Akron Infantrymen and the Akron Battery? It has always been agreed among the soldiers of the Thirty-seventh Division, that the history of the two branches of the Division should have been one. But it was not. The men of Captain Sam Cole of Company B as well as the boys of the other Akron organizations, Company F, Machine Gun, and others will tell you they'd have given much in the Argonne drive for a sight of the Ohio Field Artillery. Likewise the men of the Akron Battery would have given their last package of hard bread for the chance to get behind the Akron Doughboys in their great offensives in the Argonne and in Belgium.

Today, "after the great war," the history of both the Battery and the Infantry Companies is known equally well to the friends of all the Akron soldiers.

Companies B and F and the Akron Machine Gun Company with the 146th Infantry Hospital unit and the 146th Band composed mostly of Akron boys, reached France on June 23rd, 1918, about two weeks ahead of Battery B. Almost immediately they were hurried to the eastern part of France in the Baccarat area for a few weeks' training in trench warfare. In the Baccarat sector the boys saw their first high explosive, first air bombs, carried back their first wounded and buried their first dead. From a position in the lower end of the sector, where they first made camp, the Akron men gradually moved into the battle zone, then later into the reserve trenches and finally into the front lines. They spent many dreary weeks of the summer of 1918 holding the lines in the Vosges and when orders to move toward the Argonne forest came, the boys were glad to go. The Akron Infantry Companies together with the rest of the 37th, began their movement toward the scene of the greatest American offensive on September 16th. They drew up on a line above Avocourt, which was to be their jumping off point, a week or so later, and on September 26th were assembled for the start into the Germans' great stronghold in the Argonne woods.

The 37th was given seven days in which to reach Cierges, a town several kilometers behind the Germans'

works at Montfaucon. The doughboys, without the aid of artillery except on one or two occasions during the drive, reached Cierges and were camping around the hills of their objective on September 29th, four days after the start. They were relieved immediately and complimented.

After the Argonne the Infantrymen were sent to one of the so-called quiet sectors or rest camps where they held the lines in the St. Mihiel sector. The sector was not so quiet as the officers and men of the Division had been told. During the short time the boys were in the St. Mihiel sector, they engaged Jerry on a number of occasions. There were many casualties.

The boys were not destined to enjoy any rest. From the St. Mihiel salient, they were hurried on foot, and over the narrow gauge across France toward the coast where they were to take part in the English and Belgium effort to cut the German army in Belgium.

The Akron boys' part in this offensive was an important one it developed. The 37th's objective was the Schelt river in Belgium. Their task was to cut the Germans in two and cross the river. The men were tired and badly in need of rest as they began their march through swamps and over the shell swept roads of Flanders. They met some resistance at some places, at other points they were unable to keep up with the fast retreating German army. On the Schelt river the Jerrys made a stand but only until the Ohio boys caught up to them. Once within rifle range of the Germans again, the doughboys delivered the punch that sent the Dutch across the river and piled them up on the east bank. The Division reached its objective early in November and there was nothing to do but rest up a few days while the Germans were preparing to sign the armistice.

After the armistice, the Division withdrew from Belgium and established itself in Flanders to await further developments and to wonder when sailing orders would come.

The boys were destined to wait from November 11th until the middle of the following March for the ship that was to carry them home. The Akron Infantrymen reached Akron on April 5th, 1919, after nearly two years in the field. Their record in France was a glorious one.



B Battery Spirit

MUCH has been said and written about morale, of "esprit de corps" yet it is doubtful whether this quality displayed the same characteristics in any two organizations. It is difficult therefore to convey to the reader any definite idea of the true significance of the spirit of comradeship which comes to exist among fellows at arms. It is indefinable in the truest sense and no book of reference yet published is capable of giving the reader more than a vague idea of the true meaning of this element so essential to successful soldiery. Yet, in every military organization it must and does exist to a greater or less degree.

In B Battery it passed beyond the stage of morale in its ordinary conception and became in reality a "Battery spirit" which made for pride in the organization and confidence in one another, and it is no exaggeration to say that wherever the Battery may have been lax, it never failed to respond to the call of the spirit which dominated each member, new or old.

Why this spirit existed to such a degree is difficult to determine, for there were not many things which may have contributed to its existence. It was there, however, a close open friendship among all, full confidence and abiding faith—the unselfish trust that one man learns to place in another when they are thrown together intimately under similar circumstances and for a common purpose.

where each man is his neighbors equal. Perhaps here we have come as near the real cause as it is possible to do.

While it is not true that B Battery was unique in this respect, it is undoubtedly a fact that there existed among the men who comprised this organization, a spirit, a morale which in its everyday application came very near being the ideal expression of the mutual friendship and trust one finds between men.

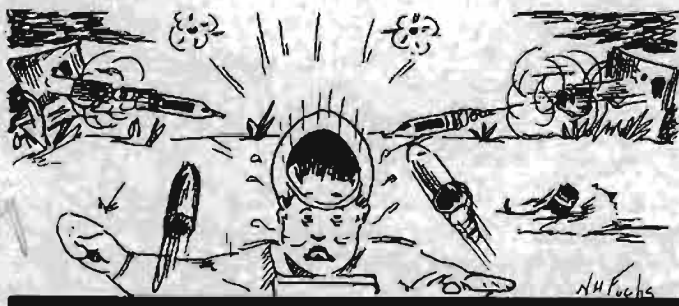
Here then is to be found the one great benefit that was derived from the time spent in the service—the friendships formed therein—strong viril associations that comprise the happiest memories of a military career. And it is not lost with the discharge of the Battery for in every one of those who were in the Battery either on the border, in the camps in America or who saw service abroad, there abides the memory of pleasant friendships and an urgent desire to see the "old bunch" together once again.

That is as it should be and it is to be hoped that in the years yet before us, none of this spirit will be lost, but that as time goes on it shall become stronger and that out of B Battery the military organization, there shall arise B Battery the social organization that shall permit the continuing and the strengthening of the best friendships a man ever enjoyed.

Tub Lamiell

TUB Lamiell on the front above Vigneulles one day was out in front of the 2nd section piece picking up brush for camouflage.

All at once the second piece opened up and the first shell sped over Tub's head about three feet up. Tub



figured in his confusion the Germans had got his range and were about to drop one around his neck. He made a bee-line for the cover of the 2nd section piece in time to

meet "round two" coming toward him with a loud howl. "Round two" was so close that Tub could have caught it with a catcher's mitt.

At this time Tub was not certain about anything. He didn't know whether the Germans or the Batterymen were firing at him. Not until he reached the cover of the 2nd piece was he able to figure out his mistake.

NEARLY half the Batterymen boarded cooties in France sometime or another. Bill Brewer took on a batch of cooties in a barracks that had been occupied before B Battery came by both German and French soldiers. "And one night the German cooties went over the top on my back to get the French cooties and the battle became so hot they had to stop and it was a case of dig in on American soil," said Bill.

They're off to the Races

A STREET car clangs around the corner of San Antonio Street, El Paso, Texas, and stops in front of the Paso-del-Norte hotel. It bears a sign "Race-Track" and the motorman "steps on it," and pretty soon it's on its way through the slum district of El Paso, across the famous International bridge and into Jaurez, Mexico and through its streets swarming with Mexicans, little brown children playing in the gutters, "sans" clothes, "sans" everything spitoggy policemen, and "Abbarotte e Carne" signs. The outskirts of the town, a short stretch of mesa and the car stops in front of a low-lying white building sprawling in the sun, decorated with the flags of the United States and Mexico, the grand stand of the Jaurez race track.

Another picture, Thanksgiving Day, and the opening of the one-hundred days' racing season at Jaurez. The grandstand a riot of color; the band brilliant in scarlet uniforms, has just finished blaring out "Mammy's Li'l Coal Black Rose" and over in the paddock blanketed horses are being exercised. On the other side of the track is the judges' stand; and all eyes are glued at a far corner of the track where five specks are sweeping nearer, rising and falling. As they come nearer, there are shouts of:

"Come on, you General Pickett! Come on!"

"Watch that li'l hawse come up. Oh, you baby!"

"That bird riding Othello must think he's riding at a funeral. Make it snappy Doc!"

"Look at Oldsmobile! Look at him come! Bring home the bacon, honey!"

They slid under the wire and the first race of the season was over. A moment later, at the judges' stand, three big white numbers clicked into place, 3-4-1. "Oldsmobile," won, "General Pickett" came in for a place and "Smiling Maggie" showed.

By the Pari-Mutual betting system, a two dollar ticket on Oldsmobile paid that day, four dollars and forty cents; and Dan Boone and Henry York of the Battery cashed in. Oscar Hollenbeck was over there that day and Lieutenant Lunn the battalion veterinarian was in the paddock picking them out.

Those were the happy days. Days when the Battery plungers had visions of betting on a dark horse that would pay a couple of thousand dollars for one. The only time that happened, by the way, was the morning the cigarette salesman from Liggett and Myers went out to the Battery canteen and gave the boys a tip.

"If you're going over to the races this afternoon, fellows, drop a couple of shekels in the box on San Sam to win."

They laughed him down, Lieutenant Frank Lunn laughing the hardest. "San Sam" was a selling-plater; he couldn't win if the rest of the field all broke a leg. But

when the El Paso Morning times came out next morning there was weeping and wailing, for "San Sam" had romped home and had paid the biggest returns of the whole season, two hundred and twenty dollars for one, and a five dollar ticket brought home eleven hundred dollars. Dan Boone had hysterics that morning and "Doc" Lunn closed up the canteen and hung a crepe on the door.

Few of those one-hundred days racing passed without having one or two of the Battery boys leaning over the rail, clutching a little red ticket and pleading with the horses. Dan Boone, the noblest "Roman of them all," Hollenbeck, "Duke" York, Lieutenant Lunn and Lieutenant Johnston, Jensen McEntee, Lyle McCormick, "Spick" Woodward, Otis Shryock, Howard Treat and Freddie Clark. Clark—there was the boy that looked the part! Freddie always wore a checkered cap that would have done credit to the most persistent race track follower in the world.

Who remembers the day that Duke York bought a two-dollar straight ticket on General Pickett. The same flashed under the wire and sent "Duke" back to the lobby of the Del Norte hotel with fifty-seven dollars and fifty cents.

There were some good horses there that season, some of the best in the business. Such as "Hocnir," "Utelas," "Meal-Ticket," "Borgo," "Smiling Maggie," and "Bigtodo." Charlie Garner was the best of all the jockeys—he rode seventy percent of all the winners.

Talking about "Bigtodo," there was the day that Dan Boone stood by the cigar stand in the betting ring. There was a thin partition that separated the cigar stand from the wash-room and on the other side Dan heard a negro voice raised in an improvised melody:

"Oh, 'Bigtodo' am goin' to win today."

Yes he am, yes he am, and I'se gwine to cop mahself some dough."

That was enough for "plunger" Boone. He walked over to the blackboard and looked at it. Sure enough, there was "Bigtodo" in the fourth race with Jockey Carroll up. He wasn't a favorite, but Dan had a hunch and that was enough for him. He shoved five dollars under the wickett at one of the machines:

"Bigtodo" to win," he told the book-maker.

The bell clanged and the book-maker shoved Dan a white ticket; and when the fourth race was over, Dan handed that ticket back and received seventy dollars. He had played a hunch and "Bigtodo" came through and paid fourteen to one.

A good bit of the money the Batterymen won at the Jaurez race-track never got back to the United States. Which brings us to the reason thereof—the wicked, wicked, "Fiesta" in Jaurez proper. Here the little ball

clicked as it whirled around the roulette table; cards were breathlessly turned over in "no limit" stud; the dice rolled out on the crap table, and the Keno paddles were passed around. Tables crowded with players, Americans, Mexicans, Chinese; and two soldiers stumbling out the doorway.

"I told you we should have gone right home, York!"

"Yea, I thought it was time for you to come across

with this I-told-you-so stuff. Why didn't you stay away from that roulette wheel?"

A sheepish grin from Boone, then—"I won thirty-five at the races, how much did you win?"

"Twenty—how much have you got left?"

"H—! I haven't even got car-fare!"

"I haven't either—let's walk!"

Canteens

THE Battery's first canteen was opened at Camp Willis, Ohio, about two weeks after the Battery's arrival there in 1916 by Lieutenant F. R. Lunn, better known as "Doc." Thirty-five dollars sufficed to buy a crate of lemons and a few packages of Uneeda biscuits. Sugar was furnished by the kitchen, and in a short time the canteen, furnishing the boys lemonade and cakes, was in full swing. Harry Blackwood was Lieutenant Lunn's assistant refreshment dispenser. Two weeks after the canteen started it was necessary to move into larger quarters. Harry Blackwood left the Battery and Bill Martin and Roscoe McPherson became Doc Lunn's assistants.

One day Joe Schnitzler was called up before Major Bush expecting to be court-martialed for some unknown offense (he was only a recruit then). Instead he was given charge of the book-keeping end of the canteen.

To the original stock of lemonade and cakes there was added cigars, cigarettes, and various other supplies. A piano was placed in the canteen and everything was soon in shape. When the Battery left for the border the canteen carried a stock valued at five thousand dollars. Five hours after the arrival on the border the canteen was doing business. A canteen building was erected and Bill Kelly was added to its working force. Don Northrup also aided in dishing out candy, cigars, cigarettes and El Paso near beer.

When the Battery left the border the "Two Bills," Foltz and Kelly ran a small one at Fort Sheridan, which conformed strictly to the principles of business and efficiency.

Camp Perry saw Doc Lunn, the Canteen Officer, resume activities. During the flood at Perry the Canteen was washed away, but afterwards came back bigger and better than ever.



Fort Ben Harrison and Camp Sheridan found the canteen catering to the wants of the first battalion, and later to the entire 134th Regiment. Lieutenant Lunn and Joe Schnitzler were its chief operators and they were assisted at one time or another by William H. Pearson, Farabaugh, Albert R. Baldwin, Eugene Barkle, Gilbert Schwalbach and Samuel L. Whistler.

A Divisional order at Sheridan prohibited the sale of ice cream, pie, and soft drinks. Despite this the canteen did a great business until the departure of the 37th Division for France. Lieutenant Lunn left the regiment and Schnitzler assumed charge of the Battery canteen. Joe opened on a small scale at Cestas, France, and again while the Battery was in billets near Rambuzin, after the war. The canteen at the last named place was one of the best in the Battery's history, and one of the most appreciated. Had it not been for the canteen the Battery would have been S. O. L. for cigarettes, candy and everything else, for the nearest Y. M. C. A. was five miles away.



The Top Sergeant's Dream

IT was Sunday morning and Top Sergeant Mike Greene walked down the Battery street and blew his whistle. "Ten men for a detail," he yelled.

Then there was a mad scramble, everybody was trying to see who could get there first. If he picked the first ten, it was a case of hurry up and get there. "Tub" Lamiell was way down by the stables, but as soon as he heard the sergeant's voice, he started racing madly for the Battery street. Men began dropping out of upper bunks; there was such a rush at the doors of some of the tents that several fellows climbed under the canvas. Art Faulkner had been shaving and he came out so fast that the lather was still on his face. In one minute and a half the whole Battery was in the street fighting for a place at the head of the line, as the "Top" had a habit of picking his men from there.

"Don't scramble, men," Greene said good naturedly. "If you don't get a chance this time, there will be another detail pretty soon."

"That's what you said last Sunday," complained Tay Haller, "and I haven't been on a detail for three months."

"Me either," said Harold Mook, "and you promised me three weeks ago you'd put me on the very next detail."

Complaints started pouring in from all sides, until finally Mike said, "Cut out the argument. I guess I'll have to start a regular roster. Now for this detail, I want four men to peel spuds and wash pots and pans in the kitchen all day, and the other six to sweep out the

gun-park. Faulkner, you were getting ready to go to town—you don't want to go on detail, do you?"

"I should say I do, Sergeant," Art protested, "I'd love to, I was only going to town because there was nothing else to do!"

"All right, you can go to the kitchen—now."

"There's that damn Faulkner," Art Possehl muttered to Ralph Reddington, "he always gets the grapes!"

Then there was a new burst of excitement. Cries of, "Take me Sarge," "Aw, let me go," and "I wanna sweep the gun-park," filled the air. And there were excuses like:

"Sergeant, if you don't take me, I'll die. I've only got one book to read and three letters to write this whole day, and here it is only nine o'clock!"

"I ought to get on that kitchen detail, Curry promised me the next time he had to have any help on pots and pans he'd get me in on it."

"Please Sergeant, can't I sweep the gun-park? Sergeant Lavery got some new brooms and I'm just aching to try one!" (This from Bill Brewer.)

Sergeant Greene smiled as he looked at their happy eager faces. Good old B Battery! Always wanting to work no matter how hard it was; the tougher the job the better. Then he opened his eyes and looked at his watch.

"Twelve o'clock—Blame it," he exclaimed as he turned over. "I knew I shouldn't have eaten that cheese before I went to bed."

Bill Kelly's Roger

BILL Kelly gave the last customer a pack of Camels and a piece of candy and lit a cigarette. The canteen in El Paso wasn't very busy that morning. The Battery was drilling in a cloud of dust on the distant drillfield. A Mexican came around the corner of the canteen building and upon seeing Bill standing at the counter said:

"Buenos dias, Senior."

"Hello Joe! What can I sell you?"

Ignoring this display of good business on Bill's part, the "Mex" reached under his coat and pulled out a tiny shivering dog and laid it on the counter.

"You like to buy Mex' hairless dog, perhaps?"

Bill's eyes glistened. He had been looking for a hairless dog for a month. He picked it up—it was hairless alright. The poor little thing was so naked that it was positively indelicate.

"How much do you want Joe?"

"Four pesos, Senior. He is fine Mex' hairless, mucha Bueno, what you call, the very best."

After a little argument (more business on Bill's part) Bill parted with four of his hard earned dollars and the dog was his. This should be the end of the story. As it happened, the end came some ten days later when Russ Baer picked up the pup and remarked:

"Hey Bill, Roger's starting to grow whiskers."

An examination proved that Russ was right. Inside a month Roger had a fine growth of black hair—the Mexican hairless had only been shaved.

Fish Eddie Younis when he went snipe hunting at Camp Sheridan.

THE GOLDBRICKS

GOLDBRICK: noun—one who goldbricks.
Goldbrick: verb—to escape work; practice of an army science.

As Noah Webster might have put it in his dictionary. If Webster had said this he would have been right. It was a science in B Battery. And there were men in Battery B who could have perfected the science; men who studied the proposition as a science. Boys like Eddie Sauter, Bill Martin, Lloyd Fetch, Bill Leahy, Bill Foltz, Joe Kelly, Art Faulkner, Russell Lothamer, Taylor Haller, Jimmy Bennett, Alvin Borden, George "Speed" Cunningham, Donald Miller, Bill Schmok, Atlee Wise, Jimmie Jameson and Harold Mook. Their names are legion.

It had better be said here that this story does not apply to the army careers of these boys. No! No! Did anybody ever work harder for instance than Howard Miller at Fort Ben Harrison, or Joe Kelly, on camouflage on the western front, or Russ Lothamer when he was ammunition corporal at the front?

No! Everybody worked when there was big work on.

But at times in their army lives, all of the batterymen with few exceptions suffered from that strange malady, "goldbricketis." Tay Haller at Camp Sheridan was king premier. He was the complete master of the science. Tay studied the subject. He studied it in his bunk at

night while the rest of the fourth section snored. Result, he forgot more than most of the Batterymen ever knew about goldbricking and he could have written a book on "How To Avoid Work."

Tay Haller and Howard Miller teamed at Camp Sheridan. They worked and figured together. Those boys had three-hun-

dred-ten good and separate reasons why they should not be put on this or that detail. They always met the first sergeant half-way and usually stopped him. They had ninety-seven catalogued alibis why they should not be put on kitchen police.



Tommy Thompson, Lee Breese, Al Borden, Stanley Bullard, Hal Jay, Howard Bowman, Dan Boone, and Clarence Foust were among the pioneer goldbricks on the border. They were finished craftsmen long before the rest of the men of the old battery ever knew there were ways of getting out of work.

Harold Mook and Bill Leniham, Bill Murphy and Hal Crossman could be named for blue ribbons if there were to be any prizes hung up for good work—dodging tactics.



Larry Fetch and Harold Mook used a system in avoiding details that was all their own. Their method differed from Miller's and Haller's in that it was more subtle and there was more "finesse" attached. Talk about smooth workers—that duet could be away from the Battery for three days and when they'd get back you'd look at them and wish that it was in

you to work as hard as they did.

I. C. and C. A.

TWO of the old timers of B Battery who used to provide a lot of good laughs for the boys were the Jump brothers, Ira C. and Claude A. Neither Claude nor Ira ever took the army seriously enough to properly prepare for inspections or other battery ceremonials. Claude and Ira were in Homer Davis' squad on the border and Homer had to check up on the boys like a father. Claude never stood an inspection without receiving a bawling out for a lost button or a soiled pair of puttees. And Davie would always alibi for him. Corporal Davis and the Jump boys were good friends and whenever there was a disagreeable job the other men in the tent would crab about, Davie could feel safe in asking Claude or Ira to perform the duty.

The Jump brothers were mustered out of the Battery under dependency at Fort Sheridan, Ill.

Fish The German People—No reason needed.

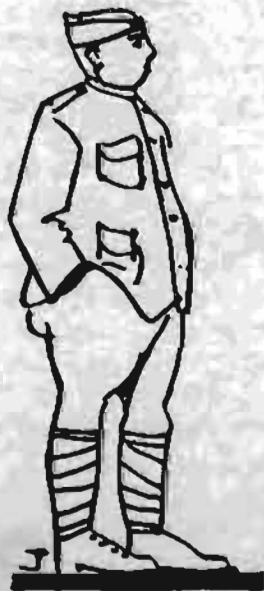
Some Grew Fat And Some Grew Thin ON B Battery Mess

"SERGEANT Curry—when di-w-e-e eat?" This from Morgan Bright, otherwise known as "Senorita." Since coming into the Battery at Camp Perry, Morgan had taken on just about thirty more pounds of weight than he ever dreamed of getting in civilian life. This was true of just about eighty per cent of the B Battery fellows. There was Tom Micheals for instance. When Tom first hit the shores of Lake Erie on that memorable May day, in 1917, his vest hung loose and his coat flapped in the breeze like a sail. After coming to "mess-kit alert" for months that old suit of Tom's would fit today like a pair of tights.

John Downey or "Coffee John" used to say the reason he transferred from the 136th Field Artillery was because he was gradually getting thinner and for fear his mother wouldn't recognize him when he returned. He came to B Battery to retain his normal proportions (which were anything but small) and anyone who remembers "Coffee John" in action at the "Battle of the Mess" will feel assured that John's mother had no trouble in recognizing him.

And then there was "Ike" Spicer, Oda Reynolds, Joe Schnitzler, "Casey" Guy Price, Verne Ritter, George White, Bob Wiener, Carl Truby and others without number who took on from ten to forty pounds in the army. Living out-of-doors, eating regularly, plenty of exercise, called "work" put many a man in B Battery on his feet.

Again, there were men who, in spite of the mess sergeant and the devil refused to take on avoirdupois. There was Ross Kalaher, president of the Jungle Buzzards' Union, familiarly known as "Shanty" who remained as thin as the proverbial fence rail. "Husky and Hungry" was Ross' motto.

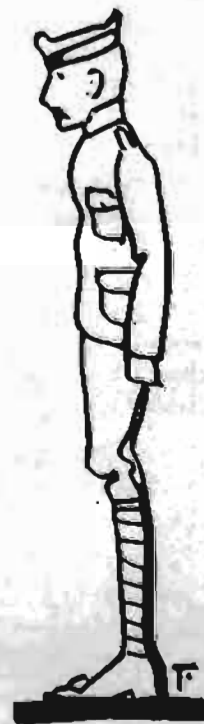


"Tub" Lamiell, when he first stepped up to Supply Sergeant Poling to draw his outfit, unblushingly called out "Pants—38." But when "Tub" answered "here" to the last Battery formation, his belt encircled a pair of "34" breeches. "Tub" was never known to miss a meal but instead of gaining more avoirdupois, he got leaner and more hardened.

And Archie Murphy was never a follower of the fatted calves. Mess Sergeant Curry gave Archie more eating privileges than most of the fellows enjoyed, and although invariably heading the "second's" line, Archie never seemed to gain a pound.

But king of them all was William Gulick alias "Galloping Gulick." First man in the mess-line, first man through eating and, first in the "second's" line. His middle name was "eat" and eat he surely did. Over in France, William proudly sported a medal, presented him by the boys, on which was stamped, "The Jungle-Buzzard King." But he never, at any time, loosened his belt. Eating was his specialty, but he never gained an ounce. William was won't to remark, "The more I eat, the more I want and the more I want the thinner I get."

However it was just the difference in their makeup. Some of the boys got heavier, some of them got thinner, but the physical stamina in B Battery was equal to that in any other outfit in the A. E. F.



Fish Bill Murphy when he used asbestos paper at Rambluzin to try to start a fire with.

Fish Jimmie Bennett, the recruit, when he stood Faulkner's guard.



THE TOP

THE most cussed and discussed man in the Army. Personally, he was a regular fellow, but to the buck private in the rear rank he was a combination

of the Kaiser, the Czar, Nero and the Devil. He was First Sergeant Frederick H. Greene, of Battery B.

In the ways of war he was a wizard. In all things military he ranked with the captain. He was a stickler for discipline and as hard to convince as the "Carribou." He was a past master at "passing the buck" and did it in such a manner that even the most cocky sergeant listened.

His word was as absolute as his frown was suggestive. Those who had experience say one frown meant ten days—a second look at least fifteen—and to be called to the office—Oh Lord!

He'd been known to visit Bordeaux on various occasions and could talk intelligently on the vintage of France.

He was a woman hater and disclaimed all knowledge of them. However, he had been known to receive mail addressed in a feminine hand that was not his mothers.

He prized highly his "Owen County Mullen Leaf" and many a grouch and "Five days extra duty for you" can be traced to its scarcity in the old hip pocket.

But after all, he was an all-round chap, and he was a soldier, every inch of him;—soldiering not for the hope of advancement or personal betterment, but for the mere joy of being with the boys—of sticking; which only adds emphasis to the conclusion that he was the best top sergeant, in the best battery.

First Sergeant Greene joined Battery B in Akron while the battery under Captain Hurl Albrecht was preparing to leave for the Mexican border in June, 1916. He soldiered as a private in Texas, playing No. 1 on the first section piece with Gunner Gilbert Lane opposite him. Mike Greene was the boy who used to fire the piece at target practice, and then reach back and catch the empty shell case as it left the breech of the gun.

Mike was made a corporal at Camp Perry, O., but lasted only a few days as a corporal. He was made sergeant soon after, and later at Ft. Benjamin Harrison, Ind., he moved into the first sergeant's office, succeeding Charley Lange, as top.

McKeever

IN civil life and from time immemorial, mother's cooking has always set the standard—likewise a doughnut always received its rating in the culinary world by the nearness of its approach to "the kind that mother used to make." But the old-timers of B Battery, those who were in the outfit before the days of Camp Perry, would offer a slight modification of this phrase, and as applied to the army it became, "Oh, for one of the pies that McKeever used to make!"

Where is he now, and who is he cooking for? For he is cooking and we will gamble on that—he knew one trade, and one trade only, but at that trade it wouldn't be far amiss to say that he was one of the best in the business. William R. McKeever, eccentric character and cook extraordinary of Battery B, could make up a pot of army slum and a "cafe parfait" with equal adaptability and make both of them the best you ever tasted. His biscuits were a blessing—and one of his chocolate cakes a thing of beauty and joy forever.

The story of his life sounds like fiction—romance—

anything you choose to call it. Wanderer and nomad, he cooked his way across the world. His record includes three or four hitches in the army; he blessed the Fifth Cavalry with peach pie at The Presidio, California, and while the Fifth was acting as range guard in Yellowstone National Park; with the 22nd Infantry, he made prune-whip in Canton, China, and doughnuts in Eagle City, Alaska; the 6th Cavalry called him blessed at Ft. D. A. Russell in Wyoming; and he kept the 8th Cavalry in fighting trim in Fort Ringgold, Fort Apache and Fort Burr, New Mexico, and at Fort McKinley in the Philippine Islands.



His career was not confined to the army; on the contrary, his versatility knew no bounds and

his knowledge of cookery had no limitations. Contrariwise, he cooked flapjacks for the crew of a dredge on the Columbia River, Washington, and roasted Philadelphia capon for fastidious diners at the Marlborough-Blenheim Hotel in Atlantic City. From the snow sheds and lumber camps of California he went to those wonderful restaurants, the Harvey houses on the Santa Fe railroad; the Cleveland Athletic Club knew him for one short week, and many a Pullman diner, clicking over the rails between Chicago and New York, bore a prosperous business man who praised the salad, and if he could have gone into the kitchen end, he would have found Old Man McKeever busily engaged in mixing the mayonnaise!

Then came the day at Camp Willis when B Battery saw a strange face underneath the white cap that showed in the kitchen. But, as their prior experience had been "cooks may come and cooks may go, but slum goes on forever," they didn't pay much attention to him until that night at mess and then—they tasted the biscuits; they tried the french-fried potatoes; they sampled the gravy; and they ate the chocolate pudding; and one hundred and fifty voices were raised in an awe-stricken whisper—

"Good Lord! Who's the cook?"

And McKeever had arrived!

Like all other great "artists" he was temperamental, and Caruso's wildest storms were zephyrs beside the

havoc created when the "Major" got peeved. Those were the times when kitchen police peeled spuds in fear and trembling, and the Mess Sergeant stayed far, far away from the mess hall. McKeever got into scrapes innumerable—and got out of them because the captain wanted pie. At Christmas time he lucklessly fell into the hands of the law and was in the guard-house when Christmas came, but they let him out—partly because they didn't want anybody there on Christmas—mostly because the battery had to have Christmas dinner! And Colonel Bush was right when he told him, after one of his numerous escapades—

"McKeever, about the only thing I can say to fit the case is that you are a most necessary evil!"

He left the outfit when he got his discharge, on account of dependency, at Fort Sheridan, Ill. The battery saw him just once after that; they had been at Ft. Benjamin Harrison about a month when he walked into the kitchen with enough stripes on his arm to outfit twenty corporals. He was Sergeant McKeever, cook instructor in the U. S. Army. He stayed just long enough to bake the boys a batch of biscuits to show that he still had his old-time form, go over a few border experiences, and then he was gone again.

Here's to you, Major, wherever you may be! You may have cussed us at times—but Good Lord, how you could cook!

Mess Halls

UNDOUBTEDLY the most luxurious mess hall that ever harbored B Battery during the meal hour was the one at Camp Sheridan, Ala. It was more like home than any other "dining room" that the Battery ever used. Spacious, well ventilated and always clean, it was the pride of the Battery cooks.

Of course the two first named qualities could be found in another hardly so popular Battery dining room, namely, "the great out-doors" wherein B Battery ate many meals both here and "over there."

At Fort Ben Harrison, as at Camp Willis the well ventilated and spacious out-doors was the mess hall.

Fort Sheridan, Ill., offered a fair mess hall but it lacked one quality—space. It was impossible for the entire Battery to eat there at one time.

Then in France. At Camp de Souge the mess hall was a weird affair inasmuch as it was kept in total darkness

at all times to avoid having the flies purloin the meals before the Battery arrived. After leaving Camp de Souge, the mess was served from the rolling kitchens to be eaten in nature's mess hall.

The Battery didn't enjoy the luxury of a mess hall again until they reached the Pontenazen barracks at Brest. Here they saw the busiest mess hall in the world. This kitchen fed ten thousand men every hour, everything moving like clock-work.

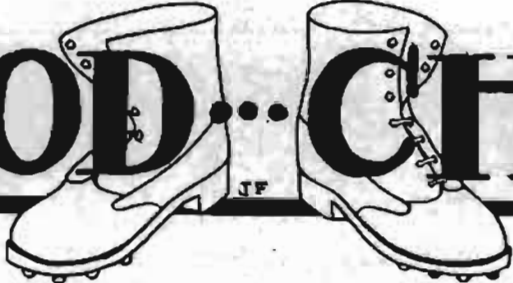
Back again in the U. S. A., the Battery returned to mess halls much the same as the old one at Camp Sheridan, tables, benches n'everything.

With all the luxury of stoves, tables and chairs, notwithstanding, nature's mess hall was, without doubt, the one that will be the fondest memory as the most appreciated dining room B Battery ever emptied mess kits in.

Fish Tay Haller and Joe Kelly when they paid fifty cents to see New York from the top of the Woolworth Building.

Fish Mutt Bausman when he threw nine one dollar bills in the fire and put candy wrapper in his pocket as Sheridan.

PERIOD...CHECK!



Editor's Note. Historians tell us that when Roscoe Poling was a mere babe and had just reached the crawling age, his mother missed things around the house. Odd mittens, rubber boots, bottles of ink, candles, cups, frying pans, and several articles of china-ware, disappeared miraculously. After two weeks of this, just when she was beginning to believe in spiritualism, she started house-cleaning, and in the nursery, behind little Roscoe's bed, she found all the missing articles stacked up according to size. At such an early age then, Roscoe showed his adaptability to the job of Quartermaster.

Down on the Mexican border, where the sand-storms shrieked down the battery street, Roscoe A. Poling was a good wheel-driver and he admitted it himself; when he got his corporal's stripes he was fourth section gunner for a while and he was nearly always on the aiming-point; as a caisson-corporal, his "Double section, left oblique!" and other commands rang out so firmly that there was no mistaking them. But his real rise to the heights of fame did not come until he started holding down the job of B Battery Supply Sergeant; and two days after he moved into the quartermaster's tent at Camp Sheridan and started dealing out the castile-soap, they started to flock into the battery street from all over camp to see the perfect quartermaster.

If any man was ever fitted for a job, Roscoe certainly found his proper niche when he sat down among the piles of "blouses, woolen, O. D." and "Pistol belts—web." There was a quartermaster on your life! C. T. Sharpe used to say that if B Battery ever landed near the front in France, and lost everything it had, it was no cause for worry; Poling could start out in the morning with a "fourgon" wagon or a two-wheeled cart, and get back at night with "equipment C" for every man, and a traveling kitchen thrown in for good measure. Rough, gruff regimental supply sergeants with hearts of stone, and worldwide reputations for stinginess, have been known to listen to Poling for a half-hour, then throw their arms around his neck, weep real tears, and pile his cart high with Uncle Sam's best with the promise of two more loads as soon as the stuff came in. At times when there apparently had been no candles throughout the length and breadth of France, the sergeant has started out on a sleuthing expedition, and returned with two dozen candles—and a carbide lighting system! What it took to

collect junk he was full of; he could start out with nothing and have the battery fully equipped in ten days with enough left over to make three trips to the salvage dump.

In dealing with the men he was "tres bien." His middle name was "diplomacy," and "We treat you right" his watchword. He could argue you into believing that you were fat, thin, tall, short, knock-kneed or bow-legged; that you needed a pair of shoes or that you didn't. Or that a new overseas cap was just the thing for you, or that it was much better for the hair to go bare-headed.



It is well worth the price of admission to see him in action—a long line of waiting men, those who needed clothes and those who thought they did—a window opens with a bang, the line straightens up and moves forward and Supply Sergeant Roscoe A. Poling is ready for business.—"Period, check, next man!"

The first batter-up is "Nick" Carson; he needs a pair of pants badly—in fact his are starting to wear through in several places.

"A pair of pants, Sarge, size 32 around the waist."

"Thirty-six is all I've got. Try 'em on, they'll fit you."

"Gosh! 36 would swamp me, wouldn't it?"

"No, I should say not. This is a small 36—besides they'll shrink. Go ahead, take 'em. May not have any more in for a couple of months. What's your number? Number 125. Period, check, next man!"

The next bird is Clyde Lamiell. He's here for pants too, only his waist dimensions differ largely from Nick Carsons.

"Sergeant, I'd like to get a pair of pants about the size of 40, if you've got them. I have—"

"Thirty-six is all I've got. Try 'em on, they'll fit you."

"G'wan, where do you get that stuff?" (Getting hard-boiled). "It's all I can do to squeeze into a 40 and that's the truth, too!"

"That's all right, this is a large 36, besides it will stretch. Go ahead, take 'em. May not have any more for a couple of months. What's your number? Number 78. Period, check, next man!"

Oh, he's a smooth little worker!

Bob Wiener is the next prospective customer. He is one of the greatest little clothes collectors in the army.

If he has only seven shirts, and three pairs of sox, he thinks he will have to go in rags.

"Well, well! How's the old Quartermaster Sergeant?" (The old army game calculated to put Roscoe in a good humor. Swell chance!) "Sarge, I want a blouse, and a pair of shoes, and a belt, and if I don't get a new pair of puttees, I'll have to start wrapping surcingles around my legs—and I want a suit of underwear, and a pair of shoe laces. That's about all, I guess."

"Haven't got any of that stuff. Gave out the last blouse ten minutes ago. No hobs, no underwear."

"Oh, for Heaven's sake!" (A plaintive wail.) "This makes the fourth time I've stood in line and haven't gotten a darn thing. I'm getting tired—"

"Wait a minute! I've got something else you can have. Something pretty nice, too. Try that overseas cap, it's a new style."

The cap goes on the old bean. Then—

"How does it look?"

"Swell! Go ahead, take it! If you ever get back to Akron with that on, you'll be the hit of the battery!" says Roscoe.

Poor Bob! Better men than he have fallen before Roscoe's subtle flattery. Bob takes the hat, forgetting all about the blouse, hobs, etc., that he didn't get, and goes away thinking Poling is a pretty good fellow. And Poling! He grins, leans over the book and writes down:—"One overseas cap. Number 198."

"Period, check, next man!"

The Small Boys

IN 1981 A. D. or thereabouts, after all the old members of Battery B of Akron are either lost or forgotten, or too old to hobble around to tell the school children war stories on Decoration Day, Robert Wiener and Winfield McCracken should still be able to get around on their canes and preach the gospel of old Battery B.

Bob Wiener and "Red" McCracken were the champion juveniles of the Battery down in Alabama and in France. As the Battery was preparing to leave France the two boys celebrated their seventeenth birthdays. Wiener

was a trifle over fifteen years old when he enlisted in B Battery in Akron. McCracken was two months or so younger.

Bob had hardly discarded his high school knee pants when he put on his first O. D. knickerbockers, same with "Red."

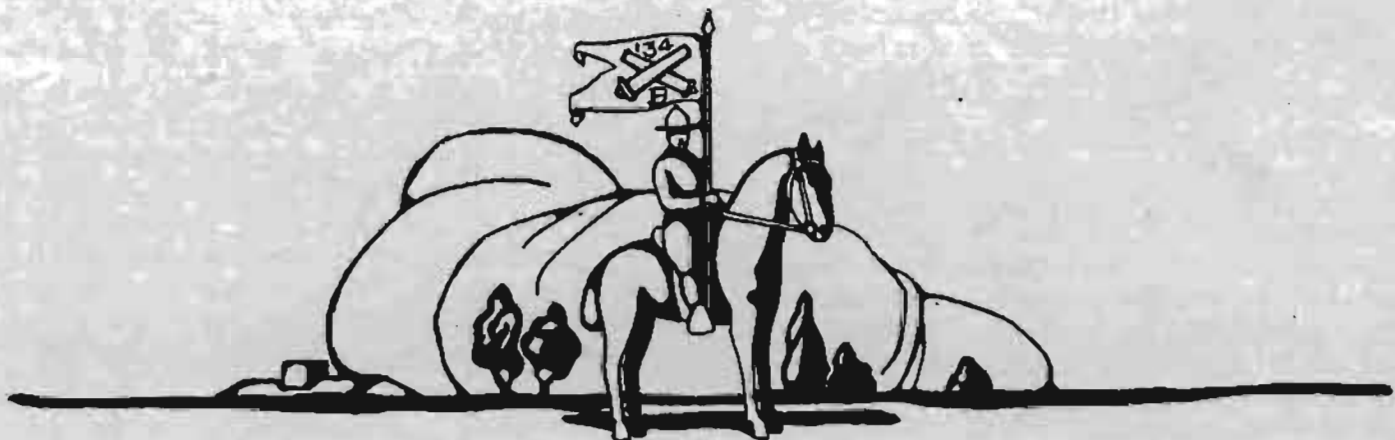
Their ages however never was a serious handicap in their determination to soldier and both boys went through the training periods in the States and "over there" without a hitch.

Fish Ritter, Fetch and Schnake when they took a taxi at Montgomery to get away from the M.P.

Do you remember the automatic piano at the Hotel de l' Gare?

Fish J. B. Michaels when he paid an English barber fifty cents for a haircut on the good ship "Nestor."

Do you remember Soupy Sam and Jim on the U. S. S. New Hampshire?



The Four Sergeants

Capt. Leahy gives the credit to his staff

DURING a conversation in France one day Captain Leahy remarked that "the Battery commander of B Battery had things pretty soft."

When asked why, he mentioned four men, and said that with these four men on the job, the battery commander could take life pretty easy. The four mentioned were, First Sergeant Frederick H. Greene, Supply Sergeant Roscoe A. Poling, Mess Sergeant George C. Curry, and Stable Sergeant Richard Lavery.

It was a quartette that couldn't be beat and in their respective departments they were wonders.

Frederick H. (Mike) Greene, as first sergeant of B Battery was without doubt the best "top kick" with the U. S. Army, and the fellows all admitted it. Mike was at one and the same time a soldier and a man being. A combination that is seldom found. Mike joined the Battery as a private at Akron, Ohio, and through those eventful border days he did his duty as a private. Perhaps Mike did his share of gold-bricking and extra duty, but show us a good private who hasn't. Corporal's stripes came to him at Camp Perry. Sergeant stripes followed quickly and at Ft. Benjamin Harrison he became the battery's First Sergeant. From then until the word "dismissed" sounded for the last time, Mike was the battery's "top soak." As a soldier he toed the mark and expected every other man in the battery to do the same. He had been a private long enough to know the ways and wiles of a private. A man's foot might slip once or twice in the line of duty and the "top" would overlook it, but woe to the man whose foot kept continually slipping. Mike would quietly sand his path with some extra duty and the slipping would come to a sudden stop. First Sergeant Greene was the captain's right hand man. He knew what was to be done and he did it.

The battery was always out on time for formations, details were picked and sent their ways and Mike kept the battery running smoothly and quietly like a well oiled machine. An order given to him was an order obeyed and carried out. No wonder Sergeant Frederick H. Greene was one of Captain Leahy's main stays.

Supply Sergeant Roscoe A. Poling was the second of the battery's famous quartette, as "Poling, R. A., Sergeant Supply" he was there. Yep! he sure was. No chance of the men freezing for lack of clothes as long as Roscoe presided over the Q. M. Dept. He knew to a shoe-string or a pair of socks just how much clothes every man in the battery had, and just when the above mentioned shoe string or pair of socks should wear out. He didn't wait until the men were thread-bare, or for orders to get the supplies. Not Roscoe; he went out and got the stuff

and saw that it was properly issued. In training camps in the States and in training camps "over there" the "Sergeant Supply" was on the job and when the battery struck the front Roscoe was on the job with a vengeance. "Beau-coup" pairs of socks and gloves were sent to the men in the firing battery with occasional supplies of breeches and shirts. "Believe you me!" Those socks did come in handy! A pair of socks was soaking wet after a morning's work in the gun-pit. Thanks to Poling there was always a pair of dry ones handy. After the armistice, while in muddy billets above Rambluzin, Roscoe showed his true worth. Here, there and everywhere, over the length and breadth of France he went policing and salvaging with his "Liberty wagon," and when at inspection on Saturday morning the men's clothing showed clean and neat, it is no wonder that a certain captain grinned and remarked—"Gee! I'm a lucky guy to have such a Supply Sergeant."

Number three in the famous list stands Ralph C. Curry, Mess Sergeant. As dietitian of the battery he delivered the goods. If any of America's famous restaurants or hotels are looking for a manager, here's a recommendation for Ralph C. "George" assumed the job of feeding the two hundred "buzzards" in the battery at Camp Perry, and boy, howdy, but he did succeed. He certainly served some sumptuous repasts at Fort Ben and Sheridan. Difficult though his job was, he usually managed to appease the appetites of the boys. Shortly before the battery left for France, "George" left his duties in the kitchen (?) and it was with great rejoicing that the gang saw him return to them about two months after the battery arrived in France. Everyone had a good word for Curry, and Curry had a good word for everybody. He was all broken out with pep and applied most of it to his job. After a long tiresome hike, when everyone was tired and hungry, "George" would start the kitchen going and in a short time there would be plenty of "chow" with which to line ones ribs. It took lots of pep and ambition to get hold of food in France, that is, something besides corned beef, and what it took, Curry had. He was all over France, "parlez-vousing" with the natives, and trying to get hold of something out of the ordinary run of army chow. The Christmas dinner, he handed out in France, was a climax to his career as Mess Sergeant. Under the existing condition it was a master-piece and that the boys all enjoyed it and appreciated their Mess Sergeant was attested that night by the rousing cheers they bestowed on Sergeant Ralph C. Curry.

Last, but not least, of the famous four was Richard "Dick" Lavery, the battery Stable Sergeant. Lavery, in

point of army service, was the youngest sergeant in the battery, being in the army but six months when he assumed his duties and three stripes. What he didn't know about horses, wasn't worth knowing. No man in the battery took a keener or more intelligent interest in his work than Dick did in his work around the stables. He could take a horse worth thirty cents and in a month have him looking like a million dollars. It was not necessary for the inspecting officer to look the horses over as long as Lavery was in charge of them, and the battery commander placed perfect confidence in his judgment. He knew what was best for the horses both

in health and sickness, and he took pains to see that each horse got just what was coming to him.

In France horses were rather a scarce article, yet the ones the battery had were always in good condition and at all times fit for service. In rain and mud and cold, they were properly cared for and sheltered, and there were many times when to do this meant a difficult job for the Stable Sergeant. But, nevertheless, the job was always done and done well. Dick ran the stables in great shape and with the least friction possible. No wonder the battery commander silently congratulated himself and remarked how soft his job was with the four efficient aides he had at his command.

Schmok and Williams

BILL Schmok was the tallest man that ever soldiered in Battery B, according to all observers. Bill used to be able to see the first sergeant coming after a detail long before the rest of the soldiers in his tent. He was six feet four inches tall.

In one of those old campaign hats he used to look like a big Texas ranger. He walked with a slight slouch, his toes pointed in and his spurs out.

Bill and Harry "Happy" Williams used to look funny going together down the battery street. In the battery front it was Bill and Harry and a few more like them that used to give the battery such an irregular skyline.

"Happy" was just short enough, he used to say, to be able to get down on a checker board and beat Al Borden two out of three games. Williams it will be recalled, won the battery checker title from Al Borden at Camp Sheridan.



Neither of these boys were with the battery when it reached France. Happy went over ahead of the outfit as a special mechanic and Bill, just before the battery pulled away from Sheridan, was called to 134th regimental headquarters.

Fish Fred Clark when he gave Shaw ten dollars to trade horses at Sheridan.

Do you remember "the zero hour?"

Do you remember General Greble on "Buck" Weaver's lead horse?

Fish Buck Hoffman when he went for the out-post.

Dave Takes 12

THE most important day in Dave Berson's Battery career was the day he took twelve prisoners while the Battery was on the front. The capture would have been an important one had the war not been over when Dave caught them.

The prisoners Dave brought in were Russians and had been German prisoners before Dave got them. They had been left behind by the retreating German army a few days after the armistice.

And Dave on a scout around the deserted front lines found the prisoners and took them into camp and everywhere from the kitchen to the "Caribou." Dave spoke their language and found that they were hungry. He fed them and offered them words of cheer. Before he released them he told them and the rest of the Battery men helped him to tell them that the war was over and that they could go back to Russia.

The General

WHO was the greatest military leader of all times—Alexander, Marshal Foch, General Pershing, or General Dunn? Mutt Bausman, Earnest Fulmer, Clyde Lamiell, Dick Lavery, Bob Ryden, Mark Dresse, and others who served in the armies of General Wilbur V. Dunn will tell you that Wilbur was the greatest of them all.

Dunn had three armies in the field at one time or another at Ft. Benjamin Harrison, Ind. In his first army were Jimmy Bennett, Mark Dresse, Straud Jackson and Louis Youngs. Wilbur's second army was composed of Tom Kelly. His third and greatest army was made up of fellows like Tub Lamiell, Dick Thomas, "Skeets" Werner, Dick Lavery and others, about thirty or more. Dunn's armies will be remembered by B Battery as long as the great war itself.

Down on the border Wilbur was a pole prop manipulator in the Fifth Section. He was in Corporal Homer Davis' squad of caisson mounters. When the old men of the battery began at Camp Perry to step out of the ranks and into non-com and commissioned jobs, Wilbur didn't make much effort to get over the hump. He remained a private until there was no more available old men for the work of drilling recruits.

Then one day at Ft. Benjamin Harrison Captain Joe Johnston grabbed Wilbur and told him to teach the rudiments of the army game to Jimmy Bennett, Dresse, Jackson, and Youngs.

From the day Wilbur took charge of this little first army he was a different boy. From a slow moving, tired, indifferent soldier, the old general changed overnight into one of the strictest disciplinarians ever uncovered in Uncle Sam's army.

Wilbur established himself in an officer's tent at the left of the battery camp and the military formalities he inaugurated over there in his section of the camp would have shamed General Pershing himself. The boys had to get permission to see the general, stand bareheaded at attention while they talked to him and do an about face when the general dismissed them from his presence.

Wilbur used to haul out his first army, Bennett, Dresse, Jackson and Youngs, and march them around the country in close order formation. The boys marched so close that Jackson, marching behind Dresse, could not avoid butting Dresse in the back with his knees. Bennett behind Jackson would butt Jackson's back and tickle him. The first two days of this were too much for Recruit Youngs of the first army and he went A.W.O.L. back home to Akron and stayed there. The old boys chided Wilbur about this, reminding him that one-fourth of his entire army had gone A.W.O.L.

Then for a while Wilbur had only one man in his army. He was recruit Tom Kelly. Wilbur used to yell for Tom. "Detail fall in," he'd say. Then he'd march Kelly all over the lot giving him "squads right," "right front into line," and other battery movements. Tom



Kelly was taught moves and turns that no other soldier ever heard about. Dunn gave Tom "Squads right about! Column left!" one afternoon and Kelly turned around, three times, became dizzy, and stepped on the general's foot. Wilbur gave him three days' extra duty sweeping out the first sergeant's tent after drill hours.

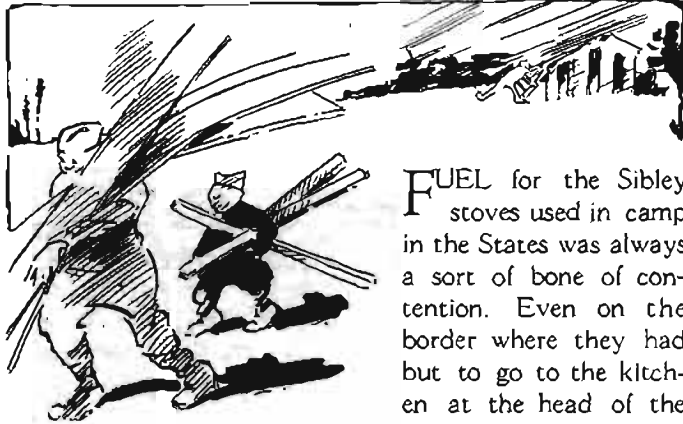
The old timers who had soldiered with Wilbur on the border would gather daily in the gun park to watch the general march Tom Kelly up from the field of maneuver and begin giving orders. "Detail halt! Right face! Fall out! Fall in again at one o'clock." Wilbur would shout.

By the time Dunn took charge of his third army the general was riding them high and handsome. He seemed to have the word from the war department to go the limit—to whip his army into shape in the least possible time at all costs. So when Lester Deselms, Bob Miller, "Happy" Williams, Al Mueller, Bill Lenihan, Erritt Sanders, Fred Cunningham, Percy Harris, Holton Ford, George Capron, and the rest of the recruits went out for drill under Dunn there was much crabbing and many threats. And every time the boys showed signs of dissatisfaction or hinted at mutiny, the general pinned on some more discipline and smiled out of the side of his mouth.

To the recruits the situation was serious. To the rest of the battery Dunn's army troubles were both interesting and amusing. Wilbur trained his third army and then got into one of the sections of the battery where he corporaled around until he was made a sergeant.

The general's methods were opposed to all battery precedent, but Wilbur always stuck to them in spite of this, and he usually commanded a section of good soldiers.

Fuel



FUEL for the Sibley stoves used in camp in the States was always a sort of bone of contention. Even on the border where they had but to go to the kitchen at the head of the street to get it the bat-

tery men would always argue about whose turn it was to carry wood.

In Alabama where the next cold weather caught them in tents, B Battery had the unique experience of hunting their own wood. Back of the camp was a big woods, part of which was in a swamp. There were at least a dozen kinds of wood in this little forest, eleven of which were good for fuel.

Although it was quite a distance to carry the stuff the Battery men overcame much of the difficulty by bringing in a whole tree at a time. With a pair of big wheel horses the boys would go down the hill to the woods, cut their tree down and by fastening a chain around it and attaching the chain to the harness, the matter of getting the log to camp was made easy.

In camp, of course, the matter of getting the log cut into desirable pieces for the stove was always another subject of much discussion. After having their tent cold for a night or two the boys would get busy and fill the place with ten inch sticks.

It was very aggravating to "snake" a big log into camp and then find that it couldn't be cut. Such was the predicament that many of the battery men found themselves in during the first weeks in Camp Sheridan.

After an all afternoon hunt one Saturday, Bill Summers, Percy and "Huntz" Jackson, Bill Pearson and some other first section fellows came into camp with a huge log which looked perfect. After sawing it into the proper lengths, the work of splitting it into the desired widths commenced. It was never completed though for the ax bounced off the block as it would from a block of iron.

The Battery forester S. B. Jackson informed the boys that they had brought in some gum-wood which would defy anything but dynamite. It was the only wood in the swamp that defied an ax and the first section boys

were not the only ones to be fooled. The fellows soon learned that the best bet was pine and when they left Camp Sheridan, there wasn't a pine tree nearer than two miles of B Battery's camp.

When the next cold weather came and found the boys in France, there were many times they wished for just one old Camp Sheridan log. Fuel of any sort was very scarce "over there."

The first real need of a fire came while the Battery was living in the dug-outs and cellars of Laimont. Stoves could not be found anywhere and after fires were started right in the middle of the dug-out floors it was a mighty struggle to find enough wood to keep them going. Everything burnable that the vigilant town-major didn't catch the boys taking went into the fires.

At the front, of course, there were few fires, although it was cold at times. Dry wood could be burned with the least chance of detection so, in the positions on the Pannes sector, the old German billets served as fuel for the German stoves.

On that memorable hill above Rambluzin is where the greatest shortage was felt. After two days of vain efforts to cut down one of the many trees there, the Battery men started burning their bunks. In every woods, the French government had a watchman or forester, whose duty it was to protect the trees from axes, especially those of American soldiers. The standard price of a tree seemed to be twenty francs, for, regardless of size or kind, the bill presented for a tree chopped down, was always the same.

All wood for burning had to be purchased from the French Government. They acquired their fuel wood by trimming rather than felling the trees.

On one occasion John Michaels and "Old Joe" Stonebarger came up to camp with several sacks of charcoal. A few days later Regimental Headquarters was informed that they would have to buy all the remaining charcoal in the building from which these sacks were stolen. For the remainder of the stay on the hill the boys kept pretty warm for charcoal throws a lot of heat and the salvaged German stoves proved to be much nicer to have around than anything else of Teuton origin.

On the train bound for the coast the Battery men had their first opportunity to use French coal and they used plenty of it, too. In Brest they again found tents equipped with Sibleys and it was the first thing that they had seen that looked like home.

After those cold nights and colder mornings in France, surely no B Battery man will recall "snaking" logs at Sheridan without remarking, "We didn't know how lucky we were."

ARMY HOPES

HOPE as defined by Webster or his contemporaries is: "a desire of good, accompanied with a belief that it is attainable," or, in another sense, "one in whom trust or confidence is placed."

How and why does this concern you? In what way should a discussion of "Hope" interest you?

"Hope" is a beacon on the shoals of discouragement forever pointing us on to the harbor of success. Only "hope" bolsters up our failing courage in the face of apparent failure and we find in "hope" the inspiration to continue toward our goal, despite the difficulties besetting our path. Obstacles are overcome because they seem less imposing when hope, the searchlight is played upon them and we eventually ride over them and on to attainment, and success because we have desired good in the belief that we may succeed.

On the other hand, hope denied, means despair, discouragement and defeat and we are plunged into a life of purposeless activity, wandering aimlessly from place to place because since there is no hope, of success, of advancement, there is no incentive to genius, to loyalty, to endeavor.

But who lacks hope. No one of us, to be sure, for its absence is nothing more nor less than death—for hope is life.

That is the psychology of it, the theory, what is the practice?

In B Battery, hope first became significant in Ft. Ben Harrison days as a name applied to student officers the "hopes" and little did the Battery realize the true meaning of the term, "one in whom trust or confidence is placed."

In the thinking machinery of the soldier, hope takes on a new aspect, it loses a certain amount of the seriousness because it becomes such a part of his life, so inseparably connected with his everyday affairs.

Hope governs the soldier's every act or its motive:
His Rising— That there will be a fire (in winter); that the band will or will not play, (determined by his opinion of their efforts or his facility at dressing); that, if late, the sergeant will not report him, or if he does, that the sentence will be light.

At Mess Call— That there will be a good breakfast; that the K. P. are benevolent; for hot mess kit water; seconds for (buzzards).

At Drill Call— To escape disagreeable details; for bunk fatigue, (if raining); for early recall, (if not).

At Stables— For a clean horse, and a short grooming period.

At Noon— For mail; for "beaucoup" mess and generous portions.

At Drill Call— To escape disagreeable details; for bunk fatigue, if raining; for early recall, if not.

At Recall— To escape guard duty; if on guard, for desirable post and relief.

At Retreat— Nothing—but—

Later— (If going to town), for speedy transportation, (thinking of Montgomery).

In Town— If a flapper, for a flappee; and later, to be on time for check, (some of them).

On Saturday— For no inspection; or to escape detection of a dirty cup, if inspected; for the half holiday without details; to escape K. P. the following week.

On Sunday— For no work.

Everyday— To escape extra duty.

In France— To go home "tout de suite."

And of all of these the last was not the least.

So life goes, with our hopes intermingled with our joys and sorrows, ever fulfilling the words of some unknown.

"Nothing hoped for nothing gained."

THESE French don't seem to understand their own language," said Chaplain Atkinson to Major Kavanaugh.

"You're right Chaplain," replied the Major, "I've noticed that myself."

"Why," continued Holy Joe, "I went into a restaurant the other day and when the waitress came around I told her I wanted three eggies, straightie uppie, and she shrugged her shoulders and said, 'No compre.' I couldn't see what was wrong, I said it just as plain."

- INTERNATIONAL EDITION -

VOL. CXXII

POLICED GAZETTE

AND B BATTERY

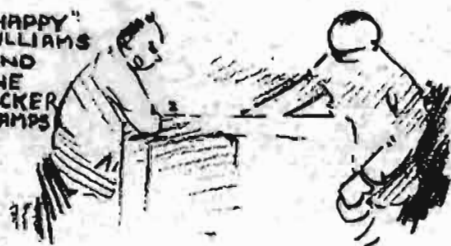
ATHLETIC RECORD

STORIES AND PICTURES POLICED BY GEORGE WHITE

GEORGE WHITE AND THE BOXERS



"HAPPY" WILLIAMS AND THE CHECKER CHAMPS



AND THE MAT MEN



WILLIAM DEARSON AND THE PINOCCHLE DEATHS



BASEBALL



THE CRAB SHOOTERS



"ASPERIN"



FLAPPING



FOOTBALL



IN THIS NUMBER ---

STORIES AND PICTURES ABOUT --	GEORGE BRUNER,
DICK THOMAS	BOB WEINER
BILL VAUGHN	MILES RUBRIGHT
MOBENSACK	HAL CROSSMAN
HANS JACKSON	AND SOME
FISH MOORE	OTHERS....

KELLY

Athletic Meet at Camp Willis

THE first time that B Batterymen ever tried their athletic prowess against another organization was at Camp Willis on the occasion of the Field Meet held there for the 1st Ohio Battalion of Field Artillery.

On Saturday, August 12, 1916, then, the best of the battalion's athletes were out to win every event on the program, from the harness race to the ball-game. Apropos of this it might be said that B Battery suffered the fewest disappointments.

The first event, that of harnessing, hitching and driving a team one hundred yards, was won by the C Battery crew, with B Battery a close second, but from then on there wasn't much that didn't go to the Akron outfit.

The tug-of-war and both the one hundred and the two hundred and twenty yard dashes were won with ease by George Wright, who negotiated the one hundred yards in ten and three-fourth seconds. Then the saddle

race, in which one saddled his horse and rode one hundred yards, was won by Lyle McCormick with Joe Kelly as his runner up. A pretty spurt at the finish by Alphonse Falardeau won the relay race for B Battery, while Charlie Weeks won the standing broad jump by inches.

In none of the events did the Akron boys finish lower than second. In the high jump, Hamilton lost first place by a small fraction of an inch and Carleton Sperry in the ball-throwing contest was so close to first that there is still a question in the minds of some as to who did really win.

The baseball game that wound up the afternoon's contests was a loosely played affair which was won by the C Battery team, composed mostly of Columbus boys.

Although this meet had not been very extensively advertised, there was an enthusiastic crowd of Columbus people out to witness the events of the afternoon.

The Royal Sport of Pinochle

SECOND only to cribbage was pinochle in its popularity with the B Batterymen who were all more or less card sharps inasmuch as they could play nearly any card game mentioned. In the absence of the necessary board to mark a game of cribbage, the next choice was invariably, pinochle. Like cribbage this game had its cranks and one could always hear an argument when McCollum, Pearson, At. Wise and Friel got around a bunk with a pinochle deck in front of them.

To Ted Powers goes the prize for melding, on the border. In a game with Spike Sperry one night Ted piled out a meld of 350 and took all the tricks. There seemed to be a scarcity of cribbage boards in Texas so the predominating game there most of the time was the short deck game. It being a game rather hard to teach and learn, its players were limited and it was often hard to find four men in camp who could play.

Among the best overseas players were Carl Shrank

and Edwards. The championship games played at the Chateau du Mas did not conclusively decide the championship, but when the smoke cleared away there were but a few left. McCollum, Lee, Friel and Wise were still in the running and there seemed to be no chance for a decision.

The pinochle fests on the ship, coming home, were exciting affairs and probably helped to keep up the Battery health record. Fellows forgot that they were seasick in the excitement of the game. In almost every corner of the ship one could find a quartette of sharps passing the tickets around and occasionally making notes on a piece of paper.

In the last game played in the Battery, Jimmy Bennett claimed there was more reckless bidding that he had ever heard of in his life. "Everybody's so glad that they are going to be civilians so soon that they bid 400 on nothing," said Jim.



Mountain Climbing

IT'S a safe bet that mountain climbing will never appeal to an old B Batteryman as a pleasure.

A large percentage of the boys who were in Texas got their first experience in this sport (?) by climbing Mt. Franklin. After one trip to the top though, the old hill lost its attraction for the boys. Upon reaching the top they had to hunt a new way to get down for they couldn't descend the same path they used in coming up.

Mt. Franklin lay behind Camp Pershing, the B Battery camp, and its majestic white peak looked to be only about ten or fifteen minutes walk from the Battery street.

The Battery landed in Camp Pershing the last of the week and by Sunday every man not on the sick report was packing a lunch for a trip to the summit of the mountain. Of course a great many more started than ever reached the top and after traveling five thousand of the seven thousand feet to the summit, many turned around. They found that what looked to be a ten minute walk was in reality an eight mile hike.

The first B Battery party to reach the top was: Don Northrup, Bill Foltz, Claire Ault, Clarence Foust, Roscoe Poling, Russ Trombley, Tommy Thompson and Otis Shryock. This party on its return effected a rescue of two men from the Eighth Ohio Infantry.

The infantrymen had attempted to make the summit by a short route and were caught on a ledge where they could neither get up or down. They said they had been there three hours. By tying web belts together and fastening their canteen straps on the end, the B Battery-men pulled the stranded doughboys to safety.

In camp once more this party found another already returned. They were Sperry, Freeland, Shrank, Snapp, McCollum and Hobensack. Later on Cunningham, Cooper and Grimm came dragging themselves in and they all swore that it was their last offense.

Thereafter the Battery-men only went as far up Mt. Franklin as they could on horseback.

Surely those who climbed the hills—young mountains they were, of Europe will never adopt mountain climbing as a pastime either.

From the day they landed at Liverpool and climbed that steep Moun Hill till the day they left Brest by climbing and descending the hills around the Pontenazen Barracks, B Battery's days were full of climbing hills.

Camp du Chanois above Rambluzin was only accessible after a climb of a half mile and before leaving that place every Batteryman had sworn to stay on level ground unless the hills could be descended by street cars.

Baseball at Camp Perry

OWING to the condition of the Lake Erie Camp during B Battery's stay there it was out of the question to think of baseball although the recruits coming in at that time could have furnished a fine team. There was one game played after Lake Erie condescended to retire to its natural proportions, but boxing was the most interesting sport.

Although not participated in by many of B Battery-men, boxing held the interest of all and proved that as

soon as the first rookie days were over the old men were going to learn something about gloves.

The entire battalion used to turn out to watch the bouts between Eddie Jones and Chet Springer of C Battery and some of the older boys.

Aside from Freddie Clark's hard luck (?) game against the Engineer's baseball team, B Battery didn't enter into sports much at Camp Perry.

Baseball at Fort Benjamin Harrison

TOO much Battery work and too much Indianapolis are given as reasons for the lack of interest shown in baseball while the B Battery-men were at Ft. Benjamin Harrison, Ind.

There is no question about the hard work there for it was continuous drill and detail work all the time. When not out helping train the cadet officers in the methods of artillery, the Battery-men were cleaning horses or materiel. An occasional trip to the city then, was necessary for the purpose of relaxation. To spend the spare time practicing or playing baseball in camp was not to be thought of unless one was broke.

George Bruner, Glenn Spade and Don Cochran spent many an evening in trying to get the boys out for some practice, but met with little success. On one occasion they found enough to justify them in accepting the challenge of A Battery for a game. The result of that game should have encouraged the fellows to continue, but it didn't. Warren Scott pitched the B Battery-men to a one-sided victory. On the next occasion they lost to C Battery and thereafter the baseball was confined to warming-up.

The Polo Pastimers

POLO as played on the Meadowbrook field by professionals and on the mesa in Texas by B Battery men differs somewhat, not due however to lack of enthusiasm displayed by the latter. Just who was responsible for introducing the sport to B Battery is not definitely known



but several among whom were Don Scott and Lyle McCormick looked guilty.

Someone brought a polo stick into camp, flaunted it in the faces of the boys and as a result there was a run of polo equipment. It must be admitted that two dollars and a half for a polo stick is a mere pittance if one hoped to see his picture in Vanity Fair with the other celebrities. Bob Newman as well as Oscar Holtenbeck and Horace Shaw at once

discovered that they had the original polo ponies, while Tommy Thompson, Howard Treat and Captain Albrecht admitted that they made the best appearance on the field.

Then those strenuous though painful weeks of practice

with the oh! so elusive ball and the stick never the right length nor weight. But tired though he was, any man would argue over this or that point. It was in the after-game argument that the boys learned the fine points.

In the very midst of it came the order that government horses were not to be used for polo, but, of course, there were those to whom such an order meant nothing. Bob Newman played his lead horse a few weeks longer and it took a month before "Hollie" and his "Baldy" could be pacified. The old fire department horses had met their rivals in these ponies.

The horses suffered greatly for the polo stick was continually tripping them and having no particular grudge against the ball they usually ran away from it. Captain Albrecht went out to play one day and at the first shot he lost the ball, but, of course, it was the pony's fault.

It is hinted that in the homes of some of the Battery-men there are hidden away these polo sticks, perhaps, "their skeleton in the closet."

There was a revival of the game in Camp Sheridan, but most of the players were Majors or better, so B Battery didn't become enthused again.

The Cribbage Evil

"THE greatest little two handed game in the world." That is the definition given by Johnny Walker and Al Borden for the game of cribbage. A definition that will probably be acknowledged by many of the sharps of B Battery who used to sit around their tents and "fifteen—two, fifteen—four" until the lights were put out.

"Major" McKeever always claimed that he invented the game and couldn't be beaten but nevertheless on many occasions he left the table forming alibis and claiming that he forgot to "peg 'em all."

Many were the card games that came and went in their popularity with the Battery men. They played them all from bridge-whist to penny-ante, but the only one to survive the four years without having at any time been forgotten, was cribbage. With such fellows as Johnny Walker, Roland Herbert, Bill Pearson and Clyde Creveling to stand sponsor for it, cribbage couldn't be forgotten.

At Camp Sheridan there seemed to be a noticeable shortage in players of this favorite pastime, but nothing daunted Bill Pearson and "Mutt" Bausman each with a

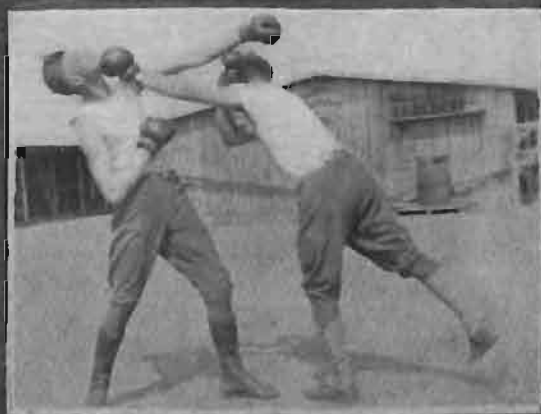
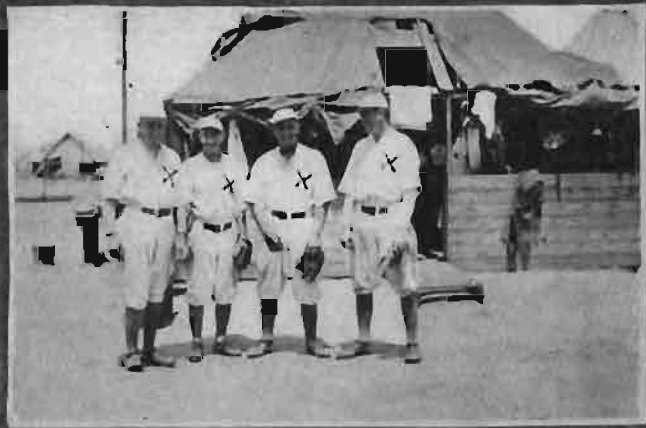
string of proteges soon had the game back on the old footing. In fact there was always a cribbage game where there was a cribbage board to be found.

Although there never was any gambling on a game of cribbage, there was an attachment felt by all the players for the game that often pulled them out of a winning crap game to play a few rounds of "fifteen—two." Some of the most heated arguments that ever took place in camp, started over some point in a cribbage game. There were, times that Cliff Schnake didn't speak to a man in his tent, just on account of some misunderstanding over a cribbage game. On one occasion Cliff was almost forced to sleep outside, after Bill Pearson had thrown his bunk out of the tent.

The championship in this game, although never actually decided by a series of games, was claimed by at least six men in the Battery. Bill Pearson had probably the best claim on it, but he was always hotly contested by Tub Lamiell, Harold Mook and several other peggers in the Battery.

Do you remember Fred Exner's "Over the Top" story?

Do you remember the crabbing Swede, Bill Bass?



Basketball at Camp Sheridan

DURING B Battery's sojourn in Camp Sheridan the athletes of that organization took part in all camp athletics and made an enviable record in every branch.

After the strenuous season of football it was rather hard to arouse any interest in basketball immediately and the season had about half fled when the boys did finally get together. When they did organize though, they were so far ahead of the other camp teams that it was decided they could beat the crack northern teams. No official games were played, but the Batterymen would go to the gym at the Coliseum and challenge any five men on the floor. A schedule was arranged for three games and the boys were on their way for Ohio March 1st.

Owing to a misunderstanding the team was not all present for the first game which was with the sturdy U. B's. of Canton. The Jackson brothers and Cliff Schnake being the only Batterymen on the floor that night, a team was made up of substitutes from Canton. It was a fast game, but owing to the boys unfamiliarity with each other, the B Battery trio were on the short end of a 28 to 20 score.

The following evening the B Battery quintette were on the floor early and in fine shape. The opponents for this game were none other than the much heralded Mt. Union varsity team, at that time making a strong bid for the Ohio conference title. This was the big game of the trip and the boys were all ready for it. The K. of C. had

furnished the uniforms, and very appropriate ones for a team of soldiers too. They were red, white and blue.

The Y. M. C. A. gymnasium was used to play the game in and it couldn't accommodate half of the enthusiastic crowd of fans who turned out to watch the game. In the practice preceding the game, Craig Starn and Huntz Jackson held the crowd spellbound with their trick basket shooting while Cliff Schnake and Ike Spicer surprised them in the ability to shoot fouls from the center.

The game was one of the fastest that Canton people had been privileged to see that year. The first half of the game was almost even, but the sturdy ruggedness of the artillerymen showed in the last half. These fellows were all over the floor and seemed to never tire.

The final score was 44 to 26 with B Battery on top. Thurman Staudt replaced Percy Jackson in the second half and continued playing the same snappy game Percy had played. The baskets were scored as follows: Staudt, F—3; Schnake, F—3; P. Jackson, F—1; Spicer, C—7; Starn, G—3; J. Jackson, G—6. The five fouls were shot by J. Jackson and Spicer.

The game scheduled in Akron was cancelled for some unknown reason and the B Batterymen returned to Alabama very proud of having beaten one of the strongest teams in Ohio and only sorry that their furloughs were not long enough to allow them to play some more.

Basketball at Chateau du Mas

AFTER the arrival at the Chateau du Mas near Le Lion de Angers the Batterymen became quite restless waiting for moving orders. There were no amusements, no entertainments or no sports so naturally there was a feeling of discontent throughout B Battery.

In the rear of the chateau the baron had a large sheep barn. Somebody got the idea that this barn would make an ideal gymnasium and so Baron Chalet, the owner, was approached on the subject of turning it over to the Battery. It no doubt appealed to the baron's sense of humor for he unhesitatingly gave his permission to use the place as a gym and penned his sheep up in one end of the barn.

At the Y. M. C. A. in Le Lion the Batterymen acquired an indoor baseball a pair of boxing gloves and a basketball. With these and two barrel hoops the gymnasium was equipped and B Battery athletes were again in training. The barn made such an ideal basketball hall

that in a short time all the other articles were forgotten and the basketball was the only thing in evidence in the B Battery gym.

A basketball team was formed in each of the sections and a series of games started between them. It soon developed that most of the talent was in the third and fourth sections and the other fellows gradually lost interest. With such men as Spicer, Miller, Moledor and Bennett shooting baskets for the third section team and Edwards, McCollum, Scott and Hogue dropping them in for the fourth section quintette, there were but a few real snappy players left for the other teams.

During the stay at the chateau there were many exciting games played and just before the moving orders came, Lieutenant Hatch arranged for a series of games in the city of Angers, with some of the strong teams there. Coming when it did, the orders to move to Brest were hardly welcomed by the tossers of B Battery.

Baseball at Camp Sheridan

ON the regimental baseball team that was formed at Camp Sheridan there were five B Batterymen thus upholding the organization's enviable record in athletics. These men were Scott and Crossman, pitchers; Thomas, first base; Sayre, right field and Newkirk, left field. Out of ten games played this team won eight.

Errors were the cause of the defeat at the hands of the 135th Field Artillery team with Adams of the Mud-Hens pitching for the Toledo boys. Crossman's bad arm and the lack of a substitute for him was the cause of the other escaped victory.

During the season there were enough thrills handed out in the games to satisfy the most seasoned fan. In a game against the 136th Field Artillery team the score stood 8 to 6 in favor of the 136th in the eighth inning. The 134th men filled the bases and Dick Thomas knocked one into Montgomery, scoring everybody and everything. In their half of the ninth the visitors filled the bases on Crossman and things looked bad until he struck out Shannon a former protege of Connie Mack and forced

Johnny Dell the Senator outfielder to pop up, retiring the side.

Another thriller was furnished in the game with the 112th Sanitary Train team. The game went nine innings with the score standing 2 to 2. Warren Scott was doing the hurling for the artillerymen and was going fine. In the last of the ninth with two men gone, Long of the 134th landed a homer putting his team in the lead. A pinch-hitter for the 112th put one over Lieutenant Watt's head in center field duplicating Long's feat and tying the score. In the tenth Crossman, batting for Scott, got behind one and put a home-run tag on it thus giving the game to the 134th for Hal held the opponents nicely in their half of the tenth.

So the season was full of thrills and every game had a big turn out of enthusiastic rooters. The move to Camp Upton cut the season short, but it was getting almost too hot to play and the boys didn't regret the cut.

The 134th team batting average for the season was .416. Truly they were all sluggers.

Pistol Practice

CONSIDERED as part of the training of an artilleryman by the army officials, pistol practice was a sport that the Batterymen enjoyed in every camp that it was possible to build a range on. The only objection to target practice with pistols is that it encourages prevarication and alibi hunting.

The range in Texas was an ideal one, being at the foot of one of the hills. The targets were placed against the hill and the firing line was always back just far enough to make the black and white circles stand out plainly before the dark background. The days were bright, fair ones and the ammunition was plentiful. Apparently there was no excuse for not hitting the bull's eye every time but there were always plenty of alibis. Either the wind was in the wrong direction, the sand was blowing too strong or the hair-spring was stiff. There was an alibi for each man. Only one man in B Battery was awarded the "expert pistol" medal at this range. He was Elbert Cox. Their shooting of a rattlesnake on the range one day proved that Captain Albrecht and

Lieutenant Babbitt were able to hit things when it was necessary.

The range at Camp Sheridan was the result of weeks of hard pick and shovel work. Trenches twelve feet deep were dug and the dirt thrown up in the form of a parapet which was used as a background for the targets. During the entire time of building and using this range, it was miserably hot. The majority of the alibis were founded upon this fact when no one qualified as "expert."

The original alibi came from Jimmy Bennett though. "Every time that I sight that parapet, where I worked so darned hard, through my sights," said Jimmy, "I get mad and fire up in the air."

In France there was no official range, but that didn't keep the Batterymen from firing their guns after the armistice was signed. They used the entire Republic of France for a range. They could find ammunition on any salvage dump and targets were plentiful. There was some wonderful scores made there where there was no official score keeper.

THE Battery one day reached Cestas, a beautiful little village far down in Southern France away from the "awful" Western Front. The place was like a paradise compared to some of the other A. E. F. billeting towns.

"You gotta hand it to this guy Newton Baker," said Sidney Sedberry, "he certainly sends this Battery on some nice excursions."

Boxing at Ft. Benjamin Harrison

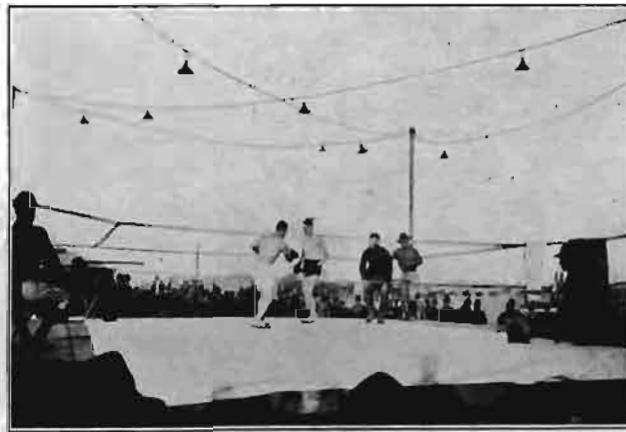
RECALL the boxers and runners of Ft. Ben Harrison.

Let's see, there was some kind of an order or memorandum from battalion headquarters to the effect all men would be required to take athletic training. A program of afternoon boxing, wrestling and running was put out and Lieutenant William Watt, Lieutenant O. D. Hollenbeck and others were put in charge.

Batterymen put on boxing gloves that never had seen a boxing bout before. And Bill Vaughn, in charge of the wrestling for the Battery went to the mat with boys who didn't know a toe hold from the Masonic grip.

The memorandum said athletes were to be made for the courier service in the war in France. Runners were to be trained and the boxing and wrestling was to help make B Battery a track team in O. D. How the boys, Bob Spade, Earl Youngs and Mike Slates used to race around the picketlines those hot afternoons! They figured they would be the fastest sprinters on the West Front when the big trial came. And they did develop; their wind became good and their appetites surprised the boys themselves.

The men used to gather around the boxing ring over in the field where Lieutenant Hollenbeck, George White and Jakey Sheibman arranged and staged the bouts.



Some of those bouts were whirlwinds. There was no science to speak of, but the haymakers that Ed. Jacobs, Dick Wagoner and Oda Reynolds used to untie and send over would have been knockouts had any of them ever landed on anybody.

The officers used to go down and watch the sport, and not a few of the boys boosted their stock with the "powers that be" by their gameness in those battles.

"Shorty" Thompson and Howard Miller put on a furious bout one day. Over in the battery street the boys used to box an hour or two every night. George Bruner boxed with Bill Murphy one night and the gang saw a good bout. M. L. Clark and his younger brother Llewellyn used to put on the gloves and try to even up old arguments.

Bob Wiener and Radcliff Hess were the featherweight boxers and their shows were fast. One of them would beat the other one night and the next night it would be the other way.

One day in a well advertised bout George White and Miles Rubright went over to the athletic field to box. The seconds were there and the stage was set for a big show, but George stopped "Rube" after dodging a couple of haymakers.

By the time the Battery got ready to leave for Alabama most of the men were hard as nails.

Boxing on H. M. S. "Nestor"

FOR entertainment on board the Nestor, July 4th, en-route for France, the officials arranged some boxing bouts and knowing B Battery's record in athletics they approached some of the boys. As a result there were four B Batterymen on the program that was presented on deck that afternoon.

Inasmuch as nearly all the boys had been suffering from seasickness but recently it was hardly expected that there would be that many in condition. The boys said they were, so the bouts were arranged. There was a mistake about the condition business though for Freddy Exner proved to be very much without stamina.

Bob Wiener and Llewellyn Clark put on a classy little three round draw that created quite an impression on the ship's doctor who was an old "pug" himself.

Freddy Exner started a three round affair with Kid Viegn from some other outfit on board, but was forced to quit in the second round when he found that he wasn't in such good condition as he thought.

There were several good bouts by fellows outside the Battery and they all received their share of applause. The show was wound up by a bout between Sergeant McQuade of C Battery and George White, B Battery's star. It was a regular whirlwind of gloved hands. It was very close but the ship's doctor who refereed all the bouts, gave White a shade on his aggressiveness.

In an elimination contest held later, to decide the champion in each class on board, Bob Wiener split the 130 pounders purse with a feather from some other outfit. George White did not enter this contest.

The Section Race at Ft. Benjamin Harrison

PART of the 4th of July celebration at Ft. Ben was a section race between sections from each of the three organizations in camp there. A section race being a race against time is somewhat different from any other race that was ever run. It was a contest to determine in which battery the fastest drivers and cannoneers were. The idea was to hitch and harness the horses, drive 200 yards and fire a shot. The winners got, aside from all the honor attached to it, an extra piece of peach cobbler for supper.

The race was held on a stretch of ground between the officers' row and the battery kitchens, and was witnessed by a very enthusiastic crowd of civilians. Parents and friends of the Batterymen had come to spend the holiday and were deeply interested to see them at their work.

At one carriage Bob Newman, Alphonse Falardeau and Ed. McCollum stood ready to throw on their harness as soon as the shot was fired. At the other Stanley Bullard, Fred Clark and Fred Robinson im-

patiently twirled their bridles waiting for the chance to show the other batteries up.

A shot—and down the field they went. A Battery had done the stunt in six minutes and three seconds and they were out to beat that. As the B Battery carriages went down the field one could see Sergeant John Woodward and Mike Green all ready for the leap to the ground. On the axle seats, Al Borden and Miles Rubright were removing all the covers from the gun as the drivers spurred their horses onward at a dead gallop. On the caisson Ralph Moose and Bill Bowen had everything in readiness to fire.

As the gun and caisson were dropped and the limbers pulled on down the field the Batterymen literally flew around the gun until, just five minutes and seventeen seconds after the start 200 yards away, the shot was fired. That record was not beaten and stands till this day in the 134th regiment if not in the entire United States.

Field Day and Athletic Meet at Camp Sheridan

UNDER the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. and the Army, the largest Field Day and Athletic Meet of the year was staged at Camp Sheridan October 24, 1917. In this, as in most athletic shows, B Battery covered itself with glory.

The program for the day consisted of wrestling, boxing, running and jumping, and it being a regimental affair, there were a good many entries for each event.

Walter Vaughn, B Battery's only entry to the wrestling event, easily stretched his man out in six and a half minutes.

There were several entries in the boxing events from the Rubber City. The Clark brothers put on a lightning three round bout in which there could be no decision. George White shaded Sergeant Longstruth of D Battery and Chet Springer of C Battery furnished one of the prettiest performances of the afternoon by stopping Lunning of Headquarters Company in two rounds.

The mounted wrestling furnished lots of thrills until Sergeant Clyde Miller's accident caused the crowd to gasp at what they thought a tragedy. While not engaged

with his opponent, Homer Lionsen, and while traveling at a trot, Sergeant Miller, while endeavoring to straighten his blanket, fell directly under his horse injuring his right arm. Only the coolness and instinct of "Duke," Sergeant Miller's favorite mount, saved him from further injuries. The beast stepped over his master while going at a trot and never touched him. Art Possehl, wrestling with an A Battery man easily dismounted his opponent in quick time.

The B Battery runners under the direction of Sergeant Falardeau, showed well in all the events they entered. Homer Eckert was forced to drop after the first mile of the two mile race when he turned his ankle, but Mike Slates finished third, Earl Youngs fifth and Paul Vignos sixth in this event among a field of twenty-five stars.

In the one hundred yard dash, B Battery's only entry, Jesse Sayre, finished second receiving a loving cup as a prize.

In the other events B Battery had no entries, inasmuch as they had only been in camp a month and had found no time to train for them.

Fish Ed. Jacobs when he bet two dollars there would be a dance on a Red Cross ship, July 4th, on the way across the ocean.

Fish Capt. Albrecht, Sergt. Hollenbeck, Buck Weaver, Lieut. Babbitt, Fred Exner and Jack Sperry when they bought "race horses" at Jaurez.

Football in Texas

ONE of the best football teams that played around the Texas sand piles during the American "occupation" of El Paso, in 1916, was the 11th Provisional, eleven of B Battery stars.

That team was probably the best grid outfit the Battery ever sent into the field. It was not a Battery B team in the sense that later elevens were but the make-up of it was so much like Akron that it smelled of rubber. That at least is what some of the boys who tried for berths on the team used to say.

The 11th Provisional team was composed of B Battery men with a sprinkling of Michigan University stars from the Michigan Field Artillery and they should have been champions on the border. In three out of the five championship games they played in the El Paso conference they shut out their

opponents. The team lost a kind of a freak game with the hefty Fourth Ohio Infantry outfit and a hard fought contest to the 32nd Michigan eleven.

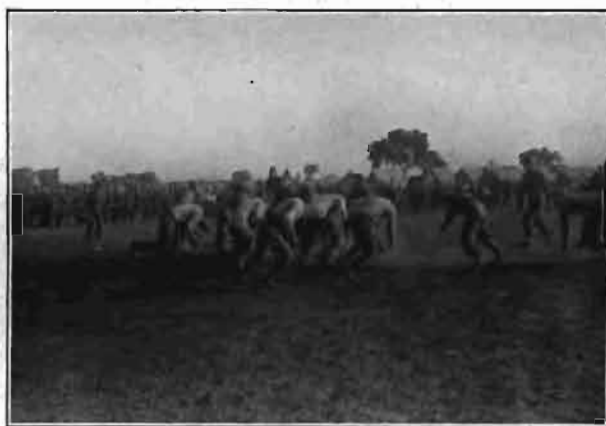
That first lose would not have eliminated them from the race for honors had not the team been forced to meet the 32nd Michigan outfit later with a wagon-load of cripples. The game the boys lost to the Michigan team would have been an easy one had the Battery outfit not been on crutches, or sick in bed. As it was with Oscar

Hollenbeck and Charley Weeks on the sick report with lame legs and broken ribs, Rex Hitchcock in bed with the measles and Lieutenant Chattock out with injuries the team went in and held the Michigan men to a 13 to 7 score.

That contest was a warm one and the officials were nearly mobbed by the Artillery rooters. The crowd overran the field and it was nothing short of respect for their rank that saved the referee and umpire from a mauling. It was agreed on all sides their work was punk.

The 11th Provisional team won two games from the 33rd Michigan Infantry. The first was copped 3 to 0 and the second 6 to 0. The Artillerymen beat the 20th Infantry by the score of 13 to 0.

There were some real football players on the team that represented the Ohio and Michigan battalions, men like Homer Davis, Hutton, Garrett, Hobensack, Hollenbeck, Hitchcock, Hoag, Strope, McCormick, Bradman and Rubright. Jack Wise, Bill Foltz, Bryant, Sterling, Thompson and Weeks were a few more the 11th Provisional had to rely upon. Hitchcock and Hollenbeck coached the boys and there were no better trained elevens around El Paso.



Football at Camp Sheridan

SECOND only to the B Battery team of the year before was the aggregation that the Akron outfit sent to the gridiron at Camp Sheridan in the season of '17. Such a gang of line plungers is seldom seen outside a big college team. Indeed there were some who claimed that its equal couldn't be found even there.

In the seven games played, B Battery had seven points scored on them against their one hundred and twenty-eight on their opponents. The game in which the seven points were scored was a one sided affair which B Battery won 52 to 7. Not a game was lost by the Rubber City boys and only once were they in any real danger. That was in the game with the strong Battery F team of the 136th Field Artillery, when in the last few

minutes of play Joe Schreiner dropped one over the bar, winning the game 3 to 0.

In the first game of the season, against the tough Headquarters Company team, one of the fastest men was put out. Cliff Schnake, the whirlwind end, received an injury to his knee that threatened to be very serious. Cliff didn't get back into the game until the end of the season.

With such men as Stewart Hobensack, Bill Steinel and Casey Price hitting the line, the opposition seemed to fade away and with men like Ike Spicer, Tub Lamiell and Art Possehl on the line, it needed but the incentive, to go out and win a game.

After the elimination games which were played

between the different Batteries, a regimental team was picked from each regiment and a schedule arranged to decide the championship of the division. In the 134th regiment, twenty men were chosen to represent the organization and SIXTEEN OF THOSE MEN CAME FROM B BATTERY.

This team started out just where the old battery team had left off and won games until it almost ceased to be a question of "will they win?" but rather, "how bad will they beat this team?" It was after the holiday season when the final game was played and naturally interest had begun to lag in the grid-iron sport, in fact, some of the fellows failed to report for the games preferring to get some batting practice for the coming baseball season. It was too much for even the strong 134th team for they played right along never missing a scheduled game, while the other teams rested up and waited on them.

The work of the Jackson brothers on this team was especially notable. Percy at quarter showed rare judgment on all occasions while "Huntz" by his lightning work on end pulled the team out of many a hole. "Hobby" continued his daring line plunging and was the terror of all the opposing linemen. George Bruner with his fine and accurate forward-passing was always to be relied upon, while any one who got through the line while Possehl, Lamiell and Spicer were on defensive usually knew that they had been some place.



After a clean record for the season; after beating such teams as the 135th and 136th Field Artillery and the 112th Sanitary Train, the 134th eleven met defeat in a game with the 112th Ammunition team, composed of former Maroon men from the strong Toledo semi-pro team, by the score of 14 to 7. It was a game played under a handicap inasmuch as the Ammunition Train had not played a game for two weeks and were in perfect

trim while the artillerymen had played three games in that time. Then as some will protest to this day, the game was literally stolen by the referee who seemed to favor the opponents in everything. The game was won in the last period when Nichols the fast halfback for the ammunition men ran around the end for a touchdown. The offensive work of Bill Steinel and Atlee Wise was commendable, Bill scoring the

only touchdown for the 134th.

The fact that the referee wore an officer's uniform is without doubt the only thing that saved him from the wrath of the crowd when he called "Huntz" Jackson back to the center of the field after he had scored the tying touchdown.

Although it was the only game lost by the artillerymen it was excusable by the fact that they were short of men and enthusiasm.



134th Field Artillery Football Team, Camp Sheridan, Alabama, 1917-18

Bush Feels Good

ONE of the stories George Bruner, Miles Rubright and George White used to tell about the officers at Fort Ben Harrison concerned the ambition of Captain Johnston, Lieutenants Kavenagh and Wise and other officers in the battalion to learn to box.

"One of the staff used to see us every day," said Miles Rubright, "and ask about arrangements for boxing lessons and he would promise to come out next day and put on the gloves. But no officers ever came out. I think they were afraid of some of the haymakers that were flying around the ring when the boys worked among themselves. But I guess Captain Johnston could box. He used to box in school at Purdue and maybe it's a

good thing that he didn't come out and show us what he had," continued Rube.

Martin Glasgow and Gerald Gruver were boxing in the Fort Benjamin ring one Sunday morning after everybody else had been marched to church. The two boys and George White were about the only Battery soldiers that had not gone to church.

The boxers were mixing it in when Major Bush came upon them. Referee White stopped the bout and got ready for the bawling out. But on that occasion the commanding officer forgot the boys were skipping Sunday school and told them to continue the show. Major Bush then refereed the bout.

Tommy's Promoter

SHOWING that two heads are better than one especially if one of them is a business head and knows the other.

Tommy Thompson and George White were in a long line of Y. M. C. A. chocolate buyers one day in France when two big husky boys from some other organization essayed to "horn" into the line just ahead of Thompson.

Tommy never called himself a scrapper in the Battery and he wouldn't have tackled the big boy stepping in ahead of him if he had been a scrapper. But he was awful mad. He hesitated a moment, looked up and down at the intruder and then back at George White. George White, the boxing instructor of Battery B, himself.

Tommy turned again toward the big fellow in front of him. Then with his elbow he jarred the stranger in the

the ribs so that the big boy went out of the line with a bang. "You big stiff what do you mean stepping into the line in front of me. For ten centimes I would drag you out of the building and make a casual out of you. You big ham." And Tommy made a move toward the big boy and grunted, and the impolite soldier shuffled off toward the rear of the line, his buddy following him.

As Tommy explained afterward he had not acted rashly. It was his plan to do the talking and then if there was to be any fighting he was going to pull George White out of line and explain that George did the fighting. One head was indispensable to the other as it worked out.

"That's the kind of strategy that won the war," White said.



Sergt. "Dick" Lavery

ONE of the most reticent men that B Battery ever knew, in regard to talking about himself, was Stable Sergeant Richard T. Lavery. It was a rare occasion when he opened up on a little bit of personal history—but when he did "Oh, la la!" as the French would have it; for his tales of former experiences were a combination of Zane Grey, B. M. Bower, and Polly of the Circus, all rolled into one. One afternoon in France (the war was over) there was a rumor that the regiment would parade in Washington on Christmas Day, and he got two letters from his wife; the combination put him in such an unusually good humor that he came through with the story of his life to Mitchell Foshee and Christian "Shorty" Mogensen.

"I don't remember a whole lot of dates," Dick said, as he slapped some saddle-soap on a bridle, "I've been too busy traveling around. Way back in the beginning, before I was born, my mother and father were riders—bareback you know—with the Sanger Circus, an Australian show that showed in pretty nearly all of Europe. They were with the Bostock shows for a while too.

"Then I came along. I was born in Queensland, Australia, while my dad was still riding with Sanger. I guess the first thing I remember was when I was three years old, for that's when I first started to ride. They put me on a big white horse with a mechanic—one of those things they strap around your waist when riders start doing stunts. Every once in awhile the horse walked out from under me and left me kicking my legs and hanging in the air."

"When did you first come to the United States?" Shorty asked him.

"Oh, Lord! I don't remember the date! I know I was sixteen years old. I was with the Bostock show at the time. Where's that d— curb-bit that goes with this bridle?"

Foshee rescued the bit from under Dick's bunk, handed it to him and Lavery went on:

"Then, when I was 19, I went over to Europe again. That time I was with a bareback act in vaudeville. We stayed at the Olympia theater in London for 32 weeks and we played in Paris, Marseilles, Berlin, Cologne, Hamburg, Vienna—oh, we made all the big towns! That act lasted three seasons and then I came back to the States. From then on, it's pretty well mixed up—I did so darn many things. I was with the Seegram people for a while in Canada, breeding horses. Then I drove and trained the blue-ribbon team for the Union Stock Yards—the one that took a blue ribbon at the International Stock Show."

"Ever drive the twenty-mule team for the Borax people, Dick?" Shorty asked.

"Nope, but I did drive chariot for Ringling Bros. Circus. That was the life! There's lots of wise guys that will tell you those circus chariot races are 'fixed', but I know better. There was another bird, a pal of mine; he used to drive four big bays while I was driving four blacks and every time I went into the tent, I went with the idea of making those blacks beat the bays, or bust a leg!

"It was in 1911, I think, when I started with Ringling. I used to travel with the show in summer, and when it went into winter-quarters I rode for the Chicago Stock

Yards; then I was with the "Broncho John" outfit for awhile. You had to know how to ride to get by with that show! That outfit used to advertise that their riders could ride anything on four legs, and tell the farmers to bring in their wild stock. They brought them in, too—anything from a crazy mule to a wild steer. There was one time when every rider in the show was crippled.



"Then I was with the Cohan Livery, a riding school in Chi-

cago, and I went with the H. B. Gentry Dog and Pony Show one season, training ponies for them.

"The last job I had before joining the army was with a man named Marshal at the Chicago Stock Yards. He was a broker selling horses to the British and French governments for war use. And, in 1917, I thought with so many good horses going into the army, it was about time for me to get in. I tried to get in the cavalry, but they were full up and I finally went to Akron and joined B Battery on the eleventh of September. And you know the rest."

"Before you quit, Dick, what was the funniest thing that ever happened to you?" asked Mogensen.

"And the queerest?" chimed in Foshee.

"And the best?" added Shorty.

Lavery thought a couple of minutes, lit a cigaret, and threw the bridle into a corner. Then he grinned:—

"Well, I'll tell you," he said, "Maybe you won't believe it, but they all happened after I came in the Battery. The funniest thing was when I was a recruit

at Ft. Benjamin Harrison. The second day I was there they took us out for monkey-drill and Corporal Wilbur Dunn tried to teach me how to ride a horse!"

"I remember that," Shorty howled, "he told you you didn't sit in the saddle right. Lord, but that was funny!"

"And the queerest thing," Dick went on, "was the time the old battery outlaw '22' threw me off at Camp Sheridan. He bucked me and the saddle off at the same

time and the cinch never came loose—it was the quarter strap that broke."

He got up and threw away his cigaret.

"Well, what was the best thing? You haven't told us that yet."

"The best thing, Old Son, that ever happened for Richard, was the battery's move to Camp Sheridan, because I met my wife in Montgomery. Who's going to mess?"

Curry and Friel—In Milwaukee

THE best was none too good for Charles R. Curry and John R. Friel, when they stepped out, and take it from us, "Bo," Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of them.

While the battery was at Fort Sheridan, Ill., "George" and John took a run over to a certain city made famous by its amber fluid. Late in the evening after having seen the city, inspected the water works, etc., they retired to the Wisconsin Hotel to spend the night. They were shown up to a handsomely appointed room.

"Bath in there, Sir," said the bellhop, pointing to a door. A liberal tip and he was gone. Then Curry and Friel sat down to view their surroundings.

"Some joint, eh, Ralph?"

"Yea, Boy," answered Curry. "Look at the buttons over there, let's call the porter and order some ice water or something."

Jack pushed a button. Brrrr, Bzzzz, Bzzzz, and a half a second later the fans were going full blast. "Friel, it's cold enough without them, turn them off."

"Gee, I forgot which button it was."

"Push any of them, push 'em all."

And Jack did. A second later and there came a rap on the door. Ralph opened the door. "Did you ring for the maid, sir?" asked the demure young woman.

"No!" growled Ralph. A minute later and the manager, house detective, doctor, porter, and bellboy arrived, evidently expecting murder.

"Turn those fans off and bring us a drink," was the boys' greeting.

An hour later things had calmed down and they were ready to go to bed. "Holy mackerel, Ralph, do we have to undress and crawl in between those cold sheets?"

"Guess so, Jack, unless you're going to sleep full pack."

Early the next morning, Ralph was awakened by smothered curses. Glancing out of bed he saw Friel bending over the drinking fountain in the corner.

"What are you doing, Jack," asked Curry.

"Doing? Why I'm getting a wash—Simple—and say, ain't it awful that a swell hotel like this hasn't got hot water?"

Exner Washes the Tables

THE last pan banged into place. The last stick of wood was chopped. The mapleine for the French toast in the morning was set on the table and the K. P. were ready to depart. It was in Camp Pershing, Tex.

"Washed the table yet, Exner?" yelled Cook McKeever. "No!" said Fred Exner, "I'm in a hurry—going to town tonight."

"Well, wipe that table before you go."

"All right," came back the sour reply. "Where's the tub of water?"

"Look for it," said McKeever.

Exner grabbed a rag, set a tub on the table, and went to work. Swish, swash, for about five minutes and

the job was finished. Back into the tub went the rag and Exner was on his way down the battery street.

Early the next morning McKeever was on the job making French toast, smiling as he thought how much the boys would enjoy the toast and syrup. Reveille sounded. The K. P. arrived and soon the battery.

"Mac" set the toast out and went for the mapleine. Glancing at it he spied a foreign body in the tub. Reaching in he pulled out a rag.

"How did that get there?" he howled angrily.

"Why—why, that's the stuff I washed the tables with last night!" replied Exner, and then beat it.

ROSS Kalaher stepped out of the 1st sergeant's office with his pay one night. It had been a bad month for Ross and his small obligations were numerous.

All at once he stepped away from the pay line and shouted to the boys. "Everybody I owe money to step forward,—Battery halt."

"They Won't Kick"

IF Camp Perry had been in any other State than Ohio while B Battery wallowed around in the mud up here in 1917 the boys would have called down the curse of Heaven on the place. There was never, not even in Northern France where it rained all the time, as much mud as the boys lived in for those two months at Camp Perry.

The picketlines where the Battery went every day to groom and exercise the horses were a mess. The recruits used to write home and tell the folks they had joined the wrong branch of the service when they got into the artillery.

Bill Novis, Myron Craver, Tom Michael and some of the other boys who joined the Battery at Perry will remember for all time the way the old border non-coms stood around and told them to forget the mud and commence grooming the horses.

"Go on in, they won't kick you," the non-coms used to say, and the recruits went in and came out with a bang-in the mud. The horses never kicked anybody real hard at Perry for the reason they couldn't clear the mud with any satisfaction.

The Camp Perry recruits without a doubt had the most difficult first experience with Battery horses.

First Firing in South

WHO, in B Battery, will ever forget the first day the Battery fired at Camp Sheridan, Ala. The order "action front" was given, the guns went into position and the limbers were taken to the right rear flank at a fast trot. They lined up as in battle formation, every driver dismounted and "standing by" his team. An air of expectancy was noticeable, both men and horses were rigidly awaiting the first shot.

A puff of smoke from the 1st section—a deafening roar sent echoes rumbling for miles around. The men stood by the guns but the horses didn't, pandemonium broke loose at the limbers. The sections, to a horse, plunged, many wrenched themselves loose from their drivers and started at a dead gallop down the field toward the path of the gun fire.

The 5th section, entirely composed of "blacks" started the circus. "Doc" Doherty, wheel driver, developed a case of cramps in the legs and stood rooted to the ground while his team tore up the southern sod in a straight-

away. The 1st section horses with "Hans" Jackson driving lead, Bill Summers swing and "Vic" Guincher, wheel, followed suit, plunging furiously down past the other sections further frightening the already terrified horses.

The 2nd section, with "picket line" Sheets, "Hal" Crossman and John Michael at "up," hit the trail of the first section. No driver was mounted but all were hanging to stirrups, back straps, bridles or whatever they grabbed first.

The feature of the runaway, was the spectacle of the six black horses of the 5th section, riderless, tearing across the field, with heads high and manes flowing in the wind, lead by "Midnight," Sergeant R. G. Moore's horse.

Chaos was converted into order by the cool-headiness of "Top" Mike Green. The runaways were caught, harness patched up and with the exception of "Mike" Slates who sustained a slight injury in the head, the damage was slight.

"Whoa Boy"

SOME of the men of the Battery that left Akron in 1916 were horsemen and some others had never driven a horse and did not know the first thing about taking care of one. Pearl Wood used to worry more about the nags the Battery owned at Camp Willis than any other soldier.

He was sleeping in his tent one night when John Wise coming through the guard lines into camp at a late hour,

fell over him and knocked him out of his bunk. The jar half awakened Wood and he began grabbing for the strings on his blanket. "Whoa boy, whoa boy, steady," he said. And he began to pat the frightened Wise on the shin. "Woody" had been dreaming and thought he was under his horse and was about to be kicked.

Do you remember Bob Newman's chin-strap?

Do you remember Art Faulkner's furlough uniform?

Psychological Examinations

THE psychological examination held at the Coliseum at Camp Sheridan, Ala., hit B Battery on May 20, 1917. The men had heard it rumored, but when the order came down to fall in to march to the Coliseum to take it, it came as somewhat of a surprise.

This examination was the subject of much humorous comment on the part of the Battery but when the fellows found themselves inside the huge hall with a bunch of papers in one hand, a pencil in the other and an elderly dignified captain on the platform impressing them with the importance of the task, the humor of the thing rather faded away.

The exam. looked simple, as the fellows said afterwards but at the time "psychologically speaking," it was no joke. Four large sheets of paper covered with circles, triangles, lines, rectangles, sentences, correct and incorrect, simple arithmetical problems, similar and dissimilar words, words of like and unlike meaning, composed the test. The whole examination was a test for quick and accurate thinking.

The captain conducting the affair explained the way it was to be done and then proceeded to put B Battery through. "Attention! Pencils up in the air—on the first page, Test No. 1, you will see six circles numbered from one to six respectively. Draw a continuous line, beginning with one over two under three over four through five and under six, get busy, don't cheat, sharpen your pencils—begin. (At the expiration of a few seconds.) Attention. Pencils in the air." B Battery was off in a cloud of dust. "Now on the next page you will see a square, a triangle and a circle, place an x in the square and the circle, a B in the circle and triangle, a C in the square and triangle, a D in the triangle and square—

begin—time up! Now turn to the steenth page where you will find, etc., etc."

Thus did the show go on, the fellows sweating, swearing, scratching their heads, chewing their pencils and damning, under their breath, the captain, the examination, the circles and the whole works.

"Now," continued the captain, "on page four you will find a list of questions. You have three minutes to answer them—begin." Heads ducked and pencils flew across the papers. "How many legs has a zulu?" it read. "One hundred" rapidly wrote Jean Wolcott. "What is it that makes a noise like an engine, yet it is not an engine?" "Art Possehl asleep" hurriedly wrote Walter Vaughn. "What are the makin's of a nation?" continued the quiz. "K. C. cigarettes," Reed Yorkey murmured and wrote with sweat standing on his forehead. "Who was Falstaff?" "President of the Hoster Brewing Company," wrote Willard Swain in all sincerity. "Was Queen Elizabeth married?" "That page was torn out of my history," "Skeets" Werner recorded. "Is Mars close to Jupiter and if so how?" "Don't know, this is the farthest South I've been," scrawled Edward Jacobs.

"Time up—pencils in the air."

Finally after an hour of grim, silent "quick-think" writing the men were dismissed and came pouring out of the Coliseum wiping the sweat from their eyes and vowing to go A. W. O. if they had to go through another. The Battery marched back to camp where the different questions were cursed and discussed one by one. "If I get twenty on the bloomin' thing, I'm lucky," and "If I get fifty I'll fall dead" were common expressions. However when the grades came down it was found that B Battery ranked with the best, Jimmie Jameson leading with a grade of 370 points out of a possible 412.

Joe the Minister

ACCORDING to "Holy Joe" Atkinson chaplain of the 134th Field Artillery, Battery B soldiers were never very steady churchmen in the army.

Louis Isenman and Art Possehl were the only two customers Chaplain Atkinson could rely upon to represent B Battery in the Sunday morning services. The Battery used to from time to time line up in the Battery street at church call and march over to the Y. M. C. A. where services were held. It was a rule in the army that the chaplain could have the men marched over to the building but could not have them marched into the service.

Church service was one thing in the army on which the boys could use their own judgment, and in ninety-eight percent of the cases the judgment of the boys told them to stay in bed Sunday mornings.

"Holy Joe" however could always depend on Isenman and Possehl. He would look over his flock and if he saw the pious faces of the two Batterymen he would start the hymns. Al Borden and Rolland Herbert started to church one morning at Camp Sheridan but on the way over they heard the service lasted a half hour so they decided to go back and get in a half hour's more pinochle.



Alittledear



Roger



Our best friends



Molly - Smoke



Kelly Kelly



B Battery's Pets

IT was always characteristic of B Battery to have a pet. They varied at times from an antelope to a common trench rat, but they answered the definition of pet.

On the trip to Texas the boys found and lost their first pet, a beautiful white dog who was with them three days on the cross-country journey.

After vainly trying to tame lizards, tarantulas and scorpions to be pets, for after awhile their entrance to border life, the Batterymen became discouraged and turned their attention elsewhere to find a mascot.

About this time there was one of the usual street carnivals in the city of El Paso and it received its share of patronage from B Battery. It was at this affair that the boys finally landed a mascot. Don Scott and Howard Treat, returning from El Paso one night, proudly presented the boys with a duck. It is of little importance that the fellows spent several dollars trying to win the bird by ringing a cane. The big thing was—B Battery had a mascot.

The "canvas-back" was christened "Akron" because, Al Borden said, he had a rubber stomach. "Akron" was kept tied to Scotty's tent until the Ysleta (three day) hike, when the boys thought that the pet must go with them to receive the proper attention. Many of the Batterymen can tell the finish of the story. How the ration wagon failed to keep up with the battalion one night and how hungry everyone was. So hungry—— It was said at that time that C Battery had duck for supper.

Probably the most unique pet the Battery ever had, came the time Freddy Seiberling struck a bargain with a "greaser" for a real antelope. This graceful little animal was with the Battery until they reached Ft. Sheridan, where Freddy sent it home.

At Camp Perry, of course, no animal could have lived under the conditions, save possibly poor "Akron" the duck. The boys were still intent on having a mascot however. So intent were they that during the trip from Camp Perry to Ft. Benj. Harrison, Clyde Creveling stole a young pig for that purpose. No one but Creveling will ever tell what became of that animal though, for a certain farmer in northern Ohio would still like to know.

At Ft. Benj. Harrison there was "Bill" the English bull terrier. Where he came from, no one seems to know, but it was rumored that Warren Scott and Martin Glasgow were seen alighting from an Indianapolis taxi one night with something white between them. Thereafter "Bill" was the Battery mascot until the outfit left for Alabama. At that time some one boxed "Bill" up and sent him to Akron, so he is probably killing cats in some Akron neighborhood today.

Every organization in Camp Sheridan had a mascot of some sort and B Battery was there. There was no trouble experienced in finding a pet in this camp for there were animals of all sorts running around looking for homes with the soldiers. Everything from piccaninnies to cats, and the 134th Field Artillery had one of each. B Battery confined their attention to dogs most of the time having on different occasions, probably a dozen different species of canine.

"Furlough" the little puppy that Stambaugh brought into camp, was so called because he never came when wanted. He was a nice little pet until he committed a terrible breach of "tent etiquette" one night. He left the Battery in disgrace and until Thanksgiving day there was no mascot.

With the carloads of boxes that arrived at that time, came a crate containing a large Plymouth Rock rooster for George Harris. The bird was unpacked and tied to the forage shed, where oats and corn abounded. In the midst of plenty the rooster was not contented though and he told the world about it with his crowing. This early morning racket he created earned him the name of "Reveille." Jack Heimel insisted that "Reveille" was lonesome and sympathized with him so much that he procured a mate for him one dark night.

Under the constant attention of Stable Sergeant Joe Kelly, the birds soon became tame and couldn't be forced to leave B Battery's stables. They could always be found somewhere nearby and could be approached by almost anyone in the outfit. Through her habit of laying an egg and publishing the news at five o'clock every evening, the lady bird gained the name of "Retreat." One could often find "Retreat" perched on the back of one of the horses, cackling, while "Reveille" stood guard below. What happened to "Reveille" and "Retreat"? Ask Kelly he knows.

And we hope that "Reveille" was as tough as he looked.

In France there was little time to take care of any pets or mascots although the Batterymen did, from time to time, have a dog or cat around trying to cultivate an English speaking friendship with them. It was rather a disappointment to the boys to find that even the animals were French. One could stand the people's not "comprezing" but when the dogs would ignore one's calls the matter became more serious.

Of course, the best pets the Battery ever had and the ones that they will remember the longest were those fine horses at Camp Sheridan. Dixie—Jimmie—Mollie—Jake—Why, one might name the entire one hundred fifty-eight horses for they were each one somebody's pet. So really the others were only side issues and it was B Battery's horses who were the most favored pets.

Dixie

THE greatest horse that ever fell in for drill in B Battery was "Dixie" the bay mount the Battery drew from the Remount station on the Mexican border. "Dixie" was picked out of the Battery horses by the border stable sergeant Lyle McCormick who tied the horse in another Battery for three days so that none of the Battery officers would see "Dixie" and pick him for their mount.

The horse was always a good looker. McCormick spent more time on "Dixie's" toilet and makeup than he did on the stables themselves.

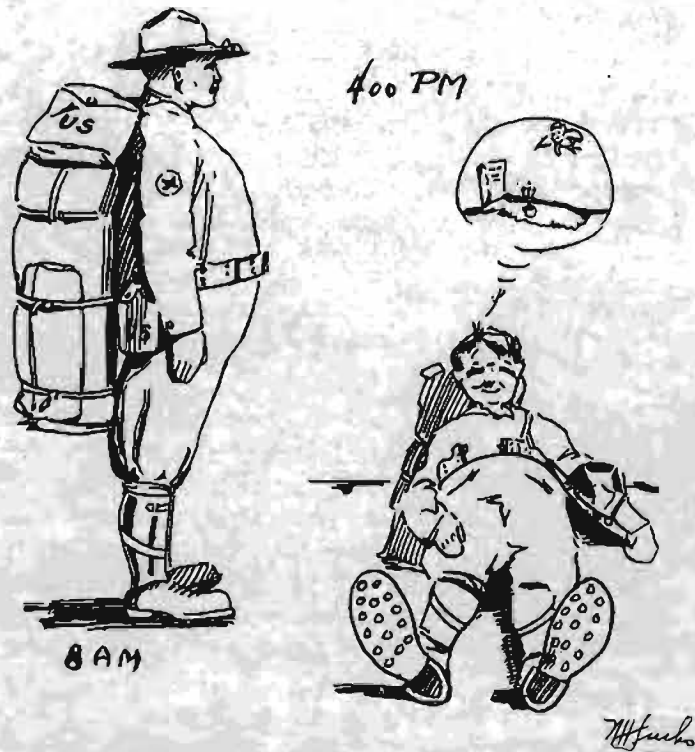
The next man to ride "Dixie" was Abbott Kneff, who succeeded Lyle McCormick on the stable job.

Then when Bill Leahy became a "looie" at Fort Ben Harrison he rode "Dixie." It was at Camp Sheridan, Ala., that "Dixie" reached the height of his glory. There Dick Lavery took hold of him for Lieutenant Leahy and made improvements in the horse's gait, appearance, etc., until "Dixie" was the talk of the brigade. Bill Leahy used to go out on "Dixie" looking and feeling like King Alphonso.

Then one day the animals were taken to the Remount station at Sheridan and B Battery went to France. And that was the last anybody ever heard of "Dixie."

Tub's Pack

CLYDE Lamiell may forget other abuses heaped upon him in the army but he will probably always remember with bitterness the day Colonel Bush used him as a model to demonstrate the new cannoneers' pack that was introduced to B Battery down in Camp Sheridan.



Tub was called up from his quarters one morning and made to strip to the waist. The "object of the game" was to strap one of the packs on his back and see how

long he could carry it without growing fatigued. Another thing, the colonel wanted to see where the straps of the pack cut into the flesh most. That was why the subject was made to strip.

The pack weighed between thirty and forty pounds and Tub carried it all day while the boys from the Battery came up to see it and make inspections. They were all to get one of the new packs and it was the idea of the C. C. to show the men what would happen to them if the pack did not ride properly. Tub was all in early in the afternoon. By four o'clock he was stone dead. He stood like a crumbling statue while the boys tested the straps and snapped them against his ribs.

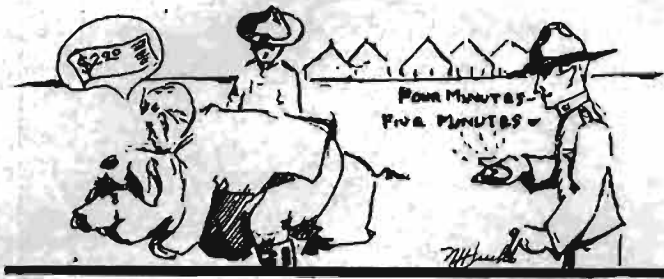
When the show was over Lamiell resolved he would throw away most of his equipment and carry the rest under his arm.

"Hairless H—"

BILL Kelly's Mexican "Hairless" dog "Roger" was the next Battery pet. He was only "Hairless" for a matter of days—then he started to grow black fuzz and Bill found that he had only been shaved for commercial purposes. Nevertheless "Roger" was a cute little devil, and was the prime favorite until one of the horses inadvertently stepped on his face. Exit "Roger," la mort pour la patrie. About this time Louis Isenman came along with "Chiquita" a genuine Chihuahua bit of dogdom weighing about half a pound. "Chiquita" was with the Battery during its entire career and never got too big to go into a blouse pocket.

Do you remember the Ohio camp car for Ft. Ben?

"For Two Dollars"



TAYLOR Haller, Jimmy Bennett and Stewart Hobensack were walking through a field near Camp Sheridan, Ala., one day and Taylor Haller was wishing he had two dollars to take care of expenses in Montgomery that night. "See that pig over there in the field," Hobensack said. "If you catch that pig and hold him down for five minutes I'll lend you two dollars."

Haller took Hobensack up in a minute and after a wild chase dropped on the pig who had become winded. Holding the pork down was easy for the pig and its captor were both too tired to get up. So "Hobby" had to come across.

Now He Buys It

THE battery's tobacco chewing champion in France was old Alfred "Judge" Mason of Tennessee. The judge was Uncle Sam's best plug tobacco customer. A few of the boys who thought they could chew tobacco tried to take the title from Mason, but never succeeded.

The judge used to tell the boys how he learned to chew, when he was a little fellow at home. "My big

brothers used to give me chewing to get me to do favors for them."

Judge Mason's best record for tobacco consumption was made just after the battery left Camp De Souge, in France. He left De Souge with 20 boxes of Piper Heidsieck and six bars of Horseshoe. Two weeks later he was "out" and was bothering the supply sergeant for the cook's tobacco ration.

Hard Guys

ONE of the things that used to surprise the boys of the Battery while the Battery was on the line in France was the indifference of the average soldier to the dangers of war on the front.

The Battery pulled into the line one night above Landremont near the Moselle river. The officers had taken great precautions to get the Battery in without observation. No lights were allowed, the tracks made in the road by the gun carriages had been covered. The positions and dugouts were ordered left exactly as they

had been found and everything was done to impress the boys with the fact that they were on the battle line and within easy gun range of Fritz.

But the men failed to catch the significance of the occasion. The first question Jimmy Bennett asked as day broke that morning was, "Where's the nearest town, and can you get something to eat?" And Edward McCollum added, "Is there anything doing over in that village across the river?"

Christmas at Sheridan

WITH few exceptions the boys who spent the Christmas of 1917 at Camp Sheridan, Ala., remember the day as a rather disappointing one. Disappointing on account of the blowing up of the furlough story. Remember everyone was to be given a furlough that Christmas but they didn't get them.

Among the few exceptions in Battery B were William Bowen, William Hoffman, John Hiemel, Elbert Cox, Fred Exner, Homer Eckert and Ralph Reddington.

That whole gang marched out of the street one afternoon a few days before Christmas and their furloughs read, "..... is hereby granted leave to be married," or something like that.

The boys had been policing themselves up for more than a week before and their departure for Ohio that day was witnessed by more than a hundred homesick Battery soldiers. The intended benedicts were a happy expectant and rather nervous lot as they pulled away that day.

B. Battery's Worst Trip

AT the time it was made, the trip from Camp Sheridan to Camp Upton, in passenger coaches, was considered one of the hardships of the war.

It was, no doubt a hardship, coming as it did, after expectations of a trip in Pullmans as the trip from Fort Ben Harrison to Camp Sheridan was made. But, in view of subsequent trips made "a la cheveaux," in those never to be forgotten "40 Hommes et 8 Cheveaux" cars of France. It was a wonderful pleasure trip.

It wasn't the most comfortable mode of travel to be sure, as "Casey" Price, Archie Murphy and some others, who landed in Camp Upton with stiff necks and "Charley-horses," will attest, but think of France.

During the days (three of them) the trip was a very

pleasant one. The Red Cross ladies at Athens, Ga., Raleigh, N. C., Richmond, Va., and numerous other places, along the line, of which North Philadelphia was not the least, made the trip as pleasant as candy, cigarettes and cakes are possible to do so.

It was one of the most noteworthy trips the Battery ever made and although sleeping was a little difficult, it being so crowded, the anticipation of another day of attention from the people along the line made the nights bearable.

This trip, the first leg of the journey to France was completed at the very objectionable hour of one A. M., at which time the Battery had to unload and rush for billets.

Roger

IN nearly every camp where B Battery soldiered the boys owned pets. Sometimes it was a chicken and again it was a dog. The border Battery fed and mothered a dozen stray dogs during its stay in Texas. One of the border pets that was a big favorite was "Roger," Bill Kelly's "Mexican hairless" dog that wasn't hairless. That dog was one of those cute little puppies that would play with anybody who had something for it to eat.

Back in Akron Louis Isenman brought around a duck which the Battery soldiers adopted as a pet. The duck was a smart bird and got so it could understand the name "Louis."

Don Scott brought home a duck from a carnival

in El Paso one time. That duck waddled around the Battery camp, the pet of the boys until some Battery sniper got him.

George Harris brought a big Plymouth Rock rooster into camp one day at Camp Sheridan and tied the bird to the stables until Fred Exner went out and policed up a little brown hen for him. Then the boys tied up the hen for a few days and the rooster stayed around.

Two old dogs that used to eat mess at B Battery were "Furlough" and "Reveille." The "Furlough" dog was so named because of his habit of going on furlough every two or three days, coming back only when he got hungry.

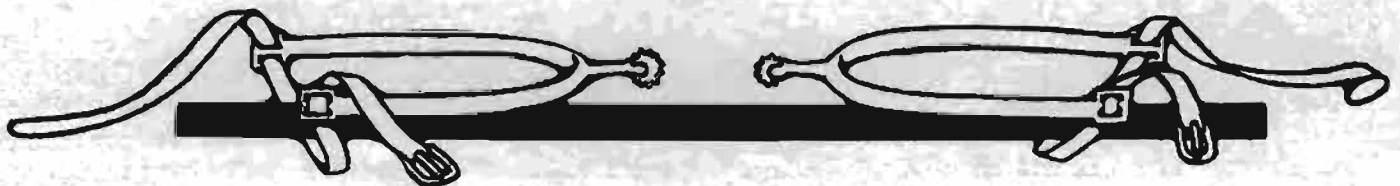
A dog always found a good home in B Battery camps.

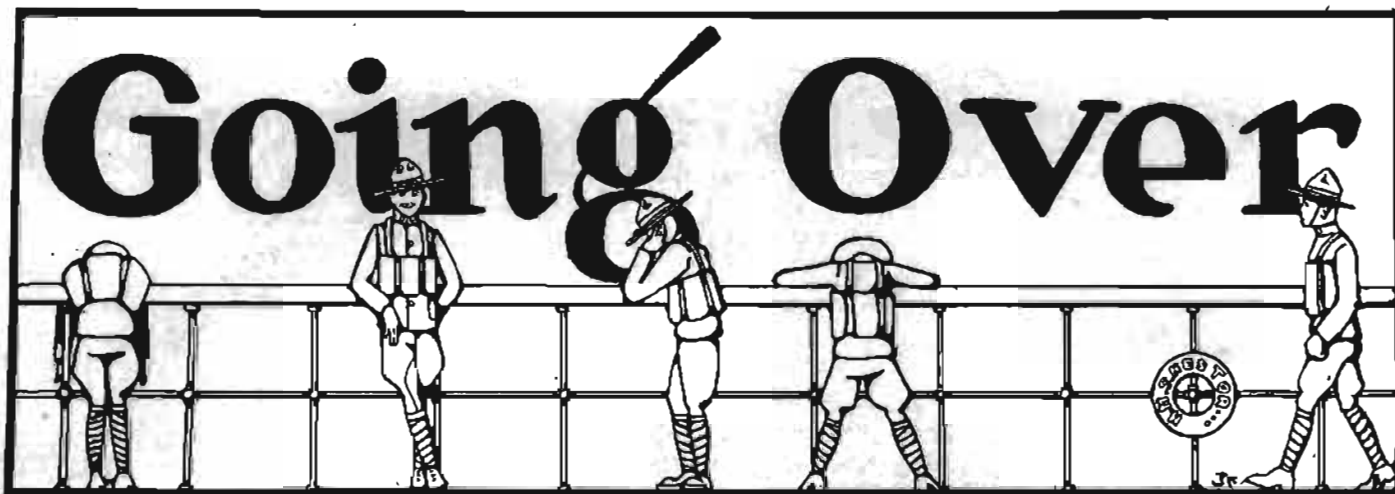
Archie's Joke

ARCHIE Murphy and a half dozen other of the Battery soldiers were shoveling dirt one day in Alabama and the boys were talking about their travels before they joined the army. Archie at the time was reputed to be the Battery's most traveled man. According to Murphy there was not a city in America he had not seen.

But C. T. Sharp was arguing he had seen just as much of the good old U. S. A. as anyone. And he told Archie that he had been in American cities that Archie didn't know existed.

"Boy," said Murphy, after the insult had sunk in, "do you know I've been out on a limb farther than you've been away from home."





Dear Uncle Bob—

Well, I'm on my way to France now at last; that is I think I am. You see we are on a ship, but as I write this we are still in the harbor. I daresn't tell you what harbor it is for they told us this morning that when we got on the ship all our letters would be censored, which means that some doggone officer is going to read all my letters until I get home again. I don't care so much about what I write to you and mother but I'd like to sneak a few private lines to Clara—well I should say so.

There are three thousand men on this old tub we're on. Maybe I should say twenty-eight hundred men and two hundred M. P's. I daresn't even tell the name of the boat and I haven't tried to get any sleep yet and it looks like it's going to be very hard to find any room. We're way down in the bottom of the ship and it's awful hot here. They gave us some hammocks to sleep in, but I don't know how we're going to do it. You remember Schnake, that big tall fellow in our outfit, and big Bill Schmok. Well how are they going to get into one of these things that are only about four and a half feet long?

Everybody is going to bed now and making so much noise that I can't write any more so I guess I'll go too. We can't mail any letters now until we get on the other side so I guess I'll just keep on writing on this same one till we get there and then mail it. I'm writing to mother, too, but she don't understand this soldier business like and old G. A. R. man like you so I don't write so much to her.

June 30—Well Uncle Bob I'm able to write again but for a while I thought that I would never be—well I should say so. This is a rotten old boat and I don't blame anybody for getting sick on it. It goes up and down and all the time you think it's going to turn clean over and you don't care much if it does either.

We left that harbor that I daresn't tell you the name of, about eight o'clock the next morning and the first thing we knew the old Statue of Liberty was out of sight. Mike Slates said that she was waving the torch around her head and nodding to our ship, but I think that he was sick already. Before it was time to eat supper it was pretty rough and after the stuff we had for dinner, I didn't feel like eating anyhow. I felt like I was drunk,

that is, the way I suppose a drunk man must feel if it's like you say it is. You know I wouldn't get drunk, don't you Uncle?—well I should say so.

I went down in the bottom of the ship about eight o'clock to try to go to sleep but after I got in my hammock, I changed my mind. Even if I had felt all O. K. I couldn't have slept there. Sergeant Pat Lynch was making so much noise leaning over a bucket that nobody could sleep at all. They wouldn't let me go up on the deck so I had to stay down there. I got a bucket and joined the crowd 'cause there was only about four men in the whole place that didn't have a bucket in front of them.

Two of our fellows was lucky today. They got put on a gun-crew on the ship, which means that they won't have to live way down here where there ain't no air. The lucky guys was Tub Lamiell and Art Possehl. They sure are lucky guys—well I should say so.

We've got a lot of ships handy now and they remind me of a lot of buzzards. You know how a buzzard hangs around an animal that's dead or wounded? Well, that's just what these ships look like to me. They seem to be just buzzing around waiting for this old tub to sink, and I think that they are going to be satisfied before the trip is over.

No matter how sick a fellow gets on this old scow they make him have a life-boat drill which looks like they didn't have much confidence in the thing either. They make us wear a big cork belt around us too and it don't feel very good either. They say it's so if a sub hits us we can float, but I don't think they are worrying as much about the subs as they are about the bottom falling out of this raft.

I didn't eat a blamed thing since the day we left till tonight for supper. We had some kind of preserves with orange in them and they tasted mighty good. I ate all I could hold and all the fellows crabbed. "Well," I says, "I ain't been here for two days and I don't see how you guys have got any kick coming." Then Larry Fetch says, "Well, nobody's been here, but Bill Bass and Harold Mook and they been eating everything." See everybody else had been sick too, Uncle.

I'm going to write a letter to Clara tonight, but I'm not going to give it to no officer to read and then tell the

fellows about it. They put the lights out at eight o'clock, and all I have to see by is a little dim light, that you have to get right up close to, but I got to write something to the little girl too—well I should say so. I'll add some more to this tomorrow, maybe.

July 3—Well Uncle, I must tell you about the big joke they pulled on the ship today. Somebody put a notice up on the board by the Y. M. C. A. room that said, that there was going to be a dance on the ship that was next to us. It said that this ship was full of Red Cross nurses and they was giving a dance. You had to get a pass from your captain it said for they couldn't take everybody that wanted to go, just them that the captain would allow.

You know mother didn't want me to dance, Uncle, but I asked the captain for a pass, just to help the thing along, see. Well the boats was to leave our ship at seven o'clock to take us over to the other ship and there was a lot of guys hanging around at that time, but nothing happened. Edward Jacobs went up and asked the Y. M. C. A. man about the boat and he laughed at him and then we all laughed because we knew that it was a joke all the time for they couldn't go from one boat to another while they were both moving. I only hope that they didn't tell the girls about it for they might of fell for it and expected us. Girls fall for that kind of stuff easy—well I should say so.

I've been reading a lot for the last few days. The Y. M. C. A. man has a lot of old magazines that he gives out and some books too. I got a book called the "Scarlet Letter," and it's by Hawthorne, but we didn't ever study it in school when we studied about him. It's all about a girl and a preacher and a baby, but he aint like our minister at all. That's the reason I didn't write any more in this letter before. All the fellows are reading something if they can find anything to read.

Tomorrow is the Fourth and we're way out in the middle of the ocean and it don't look like we was going to have any fun at all.

It's been pretty rough on the ocean today and some of the fellows got sick again, but not me. They say that we are more than half way there now, and I should hope so. I always thought that it only took six days to cross the ocean, but we've been on the way six days now, and only half way. Well that's what they get for using

such an old tub to take us on. I'll write some more tomorrow night—maybe.

July 7—I got hold of another book and a couple of magazines Uncle, and I've been reading every night instead of writing, but you don't care, I know.

We had a pretty good time on the Fourth. Everybody was up on the deck in the morning and the captain of the ship made a speech and the ship doctor too. Then our colonel, that the boys call the old "Caribou," made a speech and everybody sang when our captain said to. We sang a lot of songs and then it was time for dinner. They put the American flag up on the ship and everybody cheered. This is an English boat and maybe that's why everybody cheered so loud. It was a good thing that we had a holiday on this boat or we wouldn't never got anything to eat I guess. We had some plum pudding for dinner and it tasted real good. I can't eat the kind of meat these English cooks give us. It's either mutton or tripe all the time. I've been living on bread and tea and potatoes.

There is a couple of Englishmen in the crew that work in the kitchen, and they have been selling the fellows pies and cakes all the time. I just found it out last night, and I went down to get some. I had to sneak around the ship for about a half an hour before I got past the M. P. on guard. I was hungry enough to eat anything for we had tripe for supper again. I got back to the galley, that's what they call the kitchen on this ship, and no wonder, either, but I didn't get any pie or cake. I've read about how the old Romans put the thieves in a "galley" and started them out to sea, but I didn't know that the English were still doing it. I asked this guy for a cake and he got it for me and then I asked him how much it was, and what do you think he said, Uncle? Fifty cents is all, the big robber. Well, I only had thirty cents to my name so I couldn't buy it, and I went away hungry. Honest Uncle, you can get a dozen cakes like that one at Kaase's for fifty cents. I went up on deck and found Cliff Schnake, Martin Shere and Russ Lothamer all eating pie or cake. I told them that I couldn't get in the place to buy any, and they each gave me a bite, so I didn't have to go to bed hungry after all.

The ocean has been just as smooth as Summit Lake for the last few days, and nobody is sick any more but Mike Slates and Fish Moore. I saw Corporal Vern Ritter



and Henry Bittinger get up last night and put their hammocks on the floor to sleep on, so they wouldn't swing so much, and I got up and did the same. It didn't hurt my back so much to sleep this way.

If we don't have any bad weather and our blamed pilot gets sober we ought to land in a couple o' days. The way we've been drifting around out here in the middle



of the ocean, I don't think that the guy up at the wheel knows where he is going. We ought to be where we're going by this time. If they are trying to dodge subs like the captain says, I don't see why they don't try to get to shore as soon as they can instead of hanging around out here looking for them.

The fellows on the crew say that if a sub ever hits this old log she's a goner and we won't have much chance either. Sergeant Hoffman has all the signal detail men on the look-out on both sides of the ship, night and day, and the fellows on the gun-crews is watching too; but even if they do see a sub, I don't see how it's going to stop us from being drowned down here in this hole—well I should say so.

Well I hope we get there soon for I'm getting nervous, and I don't want to get sick again. If they'd only tell us where we're going, it might help. Everybody says a different place. If I have time I'll write some more tomorrow night.

July 10—We can see land at last, Uncle Bob, and it sure looks good. Somebody woke me up early this morning and said that they could see land, and I went up and sure enough there it was. I daresn't tell you the name of the land, but we can fool the officers this time Uncle for I've got an idea. You see I can tell you that this land we saw was your home country, and nobody will know the difference. None of the Germans that they are afraid of getting into the mail will know whether you are Scotch or not. We're not going to land in this country though, but we're going on to the next country, and I don't know why either because there ain't any war in that country.

We had some excitement on board today, too. Some of the little boats that they call a convoy started to fire their guns at something and everybody thought that it was

a sub. Fellows stood around the rail ready to jump overboard if they had to. Some of the officers got real excited and crowded around the life-boats and it's a good thing that it turned out as it did, for one of them was right beside me ready to jump on our raft, and I wouldn't have waited on him either. Every man for himself in a case like that—well I should say so. It happened that they was only firing for practice and there wasn't any danger at all, but even if there wasn't, I showed that officer where he could expect to find a raft and where not.

On one side of the ship we could see one country, and on the other side another. The country on the right side was the one that they always say is so beautiful, but I couldn't see anything pretty about it for there was nothing but mountains in sight and not a shamrock at all. Ross Kalaher and George Harris and the rest of the fellows that have relatives from this country said that it must be prettier when you are closer to it, but I don't know.

There was two big balloons flying over our boat all day and the water was covered with ducks. I think they are real. Gee! I wish you had of been here, for I know how you like to go duck-hunting. You could of gotten plenty here for they seemed to be almost tame.

It looked awful pretty tonight when the sun went down. You would of thought that the ocean was on fire. There was about one thousand of them little boats they call convoys around us all day, but they left us when we came into the harbor.

We are in the harbor now waiting for the tide to come in so we can get to shore. It looks awful pretty out on the water with all the boats lit up and sailing around. We won't get to land before noon tomorrow, but as long as I can see land so close I don't care. This is a big city we're going to land in, I guess, it's got lots of lights in it anyhow. Just before I started to write this they dropped the anchor and it made so much noise that it woke everybody up, so I decided to write to you and finish my letter. It's two o'clock and there ain't much use trying to sleep any more. I've got to write another letter to Clara tonight so I can give it to one of the fellows on the crew to take back to the U. S. A. when he goes again.

I'll write to you again when we get on land someplace and get started to work. We've got a lot of work ahead of us, but we're going to do as good a job as you old G. A. R. men did before we get back—well I should say so.

Your nephew,
Ralph.

Do you remember the way Tay Haller wore his pants?

* * * *

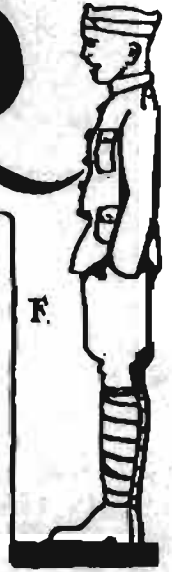
Do you remember "Four and Five to the trail?"

* * * *

Do you remember the Camp Sheridan laundry bills?



THE CENSOR



UPON stepping on H. M. S. Nestor, B Battery relinquished claim to one of their most cherished privileges; that of unrestricted and uncensored letterwriting. Censorship of all home-bound mail began as soon as the Batterymen stepped on the deck.

On that memorable trip across the Atlantic, the boys, with time heavy on their hands, began writing huge volumes about their trip, intending to mail them as soon as they landed. Some of those letters were begun while the Statue of Liberty was still in sight and continued until the ship docked in Liverpool. Lieutenant Lee Moore admitted one day that those "books" as he called them layed around the officers quarters for weeks afterwards with the entire staff of Battery officers working night and day on them in an effort to delete all objectionable matter from them.

At Cestas, after the Battery got settled, Captain Carl Kavenagh even thought of giving lessons in letter-writing to save himself some of the brain racking work of censoring so much. Instead of cutting the letters all to pieces, and using the blue pencil on all the objectionable matter, he would send his share of letters back to the men to be corrected. The most frequent offense was the failure of the boys to use the perscribed date line "Somewhere in France."

In answer to some of those first letters written in France and on the ship, there were many questions asked regarding the holes and the funny blue pencil marks on the letters received at home. Art Possehl and George White received letters announcing the receipt at home, of envelopes containing only a salutation and farewell. The balance had been deleted.

When the first "blue envelopes" arrived in camp the boys were happy for they thought that they could "get by" with more through the Base Censor than through the Battery officers. It surely must have been a busy week at the Base Censor's office then, for the Batterymen wrote about things and places that were absolutely not to be mentioned and they wrote volumes too.

There were all sorts of plans devised to beat the censor but none of them met with much success. Bill Summers figured out a code on the ship, but he forgot that the folks at home were not familiar with it, so, they must have been rather puzzled when Bill's first letter arrived. Instead of names of places, Craig Starn intended to give the geographical location of places, and let the folks at

home figure it out for themselves, but he forgot to bring a sextant with which to make his readings.

After the Battery got busy on real work the letters assumed more reasonable proportions and numbers and everyone became quite accustomed to referring vaguely to "Somewhere in France."

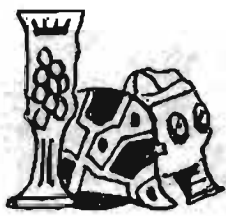
On reaching the front the desire to let the folks at home know the location of the Battery, almost got the best of some of the boys, and a good bit of the information written at that time died an ignoble death at the point of a blue pencil. After the affair at St. Genevieve, on the occasion of the Battery's first firing of which more is written elsewhere, Clyde "Tub" Lamiell, in his eagerness to report the engagement to Barberton, Ohio, forgot all about the existence of such a thing as censorship. He gave names, dates and in fact all the necessary information to write a history.

That letter of "Tubs" got as far as the Base Censor, where most of it was either cut out or blue penciled. Said censor must have been a rather human sort of fellow, too, for he evidently regretted the fact that he had nothing left to send to the Lamiell home but an envelope. So, he added a little note, it is supposed just to make the envelope worth mailing. It was quite evident that he had created some excitement in Barberton, when, about three weeks later "Tub" received a cablegram from his father. "Omit all military information from letters," the message read. Mr. Censor had no doubt given a few instructions in letter-writing. Clyde even omitted letters for the next two weeks.

At the camp on the hill near Benoitevaux, Camp du Chanois, after the "big show" was over and there was nothing to conceal, the censorship became less rigid, but was not entirely lifted. The literary talents of the Battery was not entirely lifted. The literary talents of the Batterymen then came to the front and detailed histories of the great war were written, that is, in so far as B Battery was concerned. Some were received in the home towns of the fellows, but in the most of them there was some objectionable matter.

When "G. H. Q." announced the "Dad's Letter" day, and suspended all censorship on the letters it was a busy day for the mail orderly. He left the Battery office every morning under sacks of mail that would have tired out one of Reed Yorkey's wheel horses. Therewas a race

(Continued on next page)



SOUVENIRS



SOUVENIR collecting is more or less a part of every one's life and after all it is pleasant to have trinkets or objects around that in after years may conjure up memories of an almost forgotten period or place. The American soldier is one of the greatest little souvenir collectors going, and the members of B Battery were typical American soldiers.

The Battery's collection started the first day it struck the border when Al Borden, Jimmie Snapp and some others filled a Mason jar with horned toads, tarantulas, scorpions and kindred animals and insects. This collection was soon discarded and its place taken by the topaz stones which Fred Clark and Tommy Thompson and the men occasionally found. The craze died down until the work on the range started at Camp Sheridan when every Saturday and Sunday found Bill Butcher, Bill Vaughn, Casey Price and Russ Lothamer out there looking for shrapnel noses and shell cases. When found, these articles were carefully polished and shipped.

France is where the real souvenir craze hit the Battery, and the list of collectors included every man on the roster. While the Battery was on the front there were any amount of German field helmets laying around, but it was not until "apres la Guerre" that the boys decided they wanted them. Then they were worth "beaucoup francs."

Jimmie Hogue bought a German dress helmet from Walter Vaughn for two hundred fifty francs. Cliff Schnake and Earl Davidson raffled off a similar helmet selling one hundred chances on it at five francs a chance. George Stagg and Harry Foust raffled a Luger pistol for the same amount. Tommy Thompson and Bill Summers had German gas masks, but Bill traded his for a "Gott Mit Uns" belt buckle.

Along with German souvenirs there were also plenty of French extraction. As a matter of fact many of the supposedly German helmets and "Gott Mit Uns" buckles

were made in France to be sold to the American soldier who was a "fish."

Then there was the case from the first and last shell fired in the four gun sections. Duke York shipped two back to Pennsylvania from "over there" and Don Scott and Pat Lynch trailed along with one each. The Frenchmen decorated several cases which Tub Lamiell, Bob Wiener and Louis Moore promptly bought. Some of the boys decided they could do hammered brass work as well as the "frogs" and the decorated shell cases made by Walter Vaughn, Leo Fitzpatrick and Bill Lenihan proved them to be right.

Shell cases were being shipped to the States in such quantities that it was necessary to forbid it or the regimental post office would have been swamped.

War souvenirs were not the only ones shipped or carried home from France. There were all sorts of ribbons, laces, powders and perfumes. Dick Thomas, Verne Clark, Homer Eckert and Lieutenant Curtin almost got a corner of the fancy work of France.

It seems that all things considered the sage struck it right when he said, "France is in the war for her life—England for an ideal, and America for souvenirs."

The Censor

(Continued from page 144)

for a few days to see who could write and send, to dad the Battery's history in the best time. Earl Youngs, with a typewriter and all the official records at his desk in the Battery office, had his "book" written and on the way a few hours after the ban was lifted.

Before they left France though, the Battery had helped to uphold the reputation of the 37th Division in Camp Sheridan—the "Letter-Writing" Division.

Camouflage

UP at the first position from which the Battery fired on the front in France, two of the guns were ordered one morning into an open field. There was to be a day's firing from the field and Corporal Joe Kelly and a big detail were sent out to erect a camouflage screen over the gun positions. A combination of circumstances resulted in the boys putting up a disgraceful job of camouflage. The camouflage screen looked like a dilapidated carnival

tent instead of a reproduction of the grassy field beneath it.

And when Sergeant Pat Lynch and his crew moved into the position next morning with their piece, George Couchey's first surmise was, "If it wasn't for that camouflage the Germans would probably not know we were here."



FRENCH: FRANCS



VICTOR Guinther sat on the edge of his bunk in France and tried to make the two torn halves of a five franc note fit together. Finally he gave it up in disgust and threw them in the fire.

"Do you know what I'm going to do as soon as I get home, and get out of this league?" Vic said. "Well, I'll just tell you, boy, I'm going to take a five franc note with me, and as soon as I hit Akron, I'm going to take it to a printer friend of mine and have him print up about six thousand of them. From the looks of the darn things, he can't make a worse job than the French government did, and he'll probably make 'em better. It'll cost him about four dollars and a half for ink and paper, then I'm coming back to France with "beaucoup" jack and hand them out to these robbers who charged me twenty francs for a cigarette-lighter. I'm going to ride all over France spending "made in U. S. A." francs.

Vic wasn't alone in his sentiments either, for he was echoing the sentiments of the whole Battery. French paper money—how the boys used to cuss it! It was paper money in every sense of the word, and pretty poor paper at that. Reading from left to right, the one hundred franc note was the only one of the lot that was worth a nickel speaking purely from an artistic standpoint. It was beautifully lithographed in seventeen colors like a Barnum and Bailey circus poster. Next in line was the "fifty." That had all the earmarks of a Larkin Company soap wrapper, with the exception of the fact that the Larkin Company use a much better grade of paper; the twenty and ten franc notes reminded the boys of the good old tobacco coupons that the United Cigar Stores hand out; and the five—well everybody admitted that the five didn't remind them of a darn thing they ever saw before!

The five franc French note was the nearest thing in monetary value to our dollar bill. When last heard of, it was worth about ninety cents and going up all the time. They didn't stop there however, there were the paper franc and half franc notes, and they were the worst of all. These notes were purely local, a franc note for instance issued by the Chamber of Commerce of Nancy was good in Nancy only; in Toul its only value lay in the fact that they were nice and dry and easy to start fires with. Corporal Donald Northrup thoughtlessly left Bordeaux with a pocketful of them and like the little poem, "everywhere that Donald went, the notes were sure to go." He couldn't spend them; shop-keepers all over France shook their heads and said "No Monsieur, Ce papier n'est pas bon ici." Until finally Don got mad and used

them up lighting his pipe with a franc and nine cents everytime he used up fifty centimes.

The true test of worth however, came when a game of "African billiards" was in progress; and if the designer of French paper money could have been present when a crap-game was in progress in B Battery he would have hung his head in shame. For crap is the true test of the sterling worth of paper money; on the reputation acquired in a hard session of "rolling the bones," it will stand or fall. And where the good old American dollar bill used to live through the strain of a four hour session and come up smiling, a five franc note on the other hand, looked like the tail end of a hard winter after ten minutes—in a half an hour it resembles nothing so much as the "Wreck of the Hesperus." And even on a good pay-day game, with "beaucoup" francs in sight, from hundred franc notes down to fives, with a few crumpled franc and fifty centime notes thrown in to make change—Boy Howdy! Four passes without "dragging" and the winner has a pile of scrap paper in front of him that looks like the floor of the stock exchange after a run of wheat.

Many and many a night, after a session with the "bones" has seen a lone candle flickering against the darkness of the billet. Close examination showed the winner sitting on his bunk with a pile of torn scraps in front of him, laboriously trying to fit pieces together. It was worse than the best jig-saw puzzle ever put together, as evidence by his remarks:

"Let's see now. Where's the other half of this ten? I had it here a minute ago, and there's two more parts to this twenty somewhere,—wonder where they are? If I ever find the pieces to go on these six fives, I'll have "beaucoup" francs. Here's that ten. Nope, that don't fit either. Nope:—I'm going to bed."



COL. H. M. BUSH

He commanded the 134th F. A. in the American training camps and in France.

Do you remember "Going to Camp!" in Montgomery?



B: BATTERY'S PARADES : REVIEWS : AND HIKES



The El Paso Reviews...the Camp Sheridan
Parades...and all the hikes we have made
in America...England...and France...



The Ysleta Hike

ALONG about the first of November rumors concerning a hike out into the mesa took precedence over the question of "when do we go home?" Wild tales circulated regarding other outfits which had been lost in the desert, horses and men dying of thirst, and most anything that soldiers will pass on, not believing, but telling and magnifying in the hope that some poor rookie will "fall for it."

The outfit learned several days ahead what was going to be pulled off and there was somewhat of a run on the canteen for chocolate and other food which was absolutely necessary when there are eight hour stretches between coffee and dear old "canned Charley." Things began to stir early on the morning of and after the feeding was done the street began to look as if it were being carpeted, but these small sections of carpet soon took the form of nice round rolls and became the important part of a pack. Mess over, and shortly after the outfit fell in in the street with whips, spurs, side-arms, and full-pack. Grabbing a couple of nose bags from the rack, the drivers soon had their horses off the line and tied to wheel. A few minutes more and harness and packs were on, pairs hitched in, drivers standing to horse and cannoneers and drivers alike getting a last whiff at a cigarette before time to mount.

It came before long, a few "woof-woofs" from somewhere, then the old familiar notes of "Drivers and cannoneers, prepare to mount—mount!" and the battalion rolled through Lynchville, crossing the railroad and the drill field, and swinging out across mesa toward the silvery Rio Grande.

The edge of the mesa was reached before noon and section after section rolled down the sharp grade of the bluffs—the brakes set and the wheel-drivers holding their pairs back in the breeching in true style as only wheel drivers understand. When the Battalion had all reached the slope below, "B" had a little fun—by way of trying to make that old heathen outlaw work in harness. When about half harnessed he pulled his usual stunt of falling over backward, but the harness was finally gotten on and he was hitched in, but that was all. He proceeded to lie down and remained there. Sand was thrown in his mouth, good water was wasted by pouring it in his ears, Hollenbeck wore out a perfectly good whip on him, and everyone cussed him in good soldierly form, but he retired from the encounter unconquered and continued to be led at the rear of the outfit, probably with the same satisfaction as that of an I. W. W., of course continuing to eat as much Government oats and hay as a real horse, if not a little more.

But they went on in the usual style of "get there anyway," and soon after came onto the hard-surfaced road leading to Ysleta. Meantime there was fun at the

rear of the outfit—the mirth provoking spectacle of "Butch" Limbach riding "Armour" in the near wheel. When "Armour" was hooked to a carriage it looked like an elephant hitched to a go-cart, but with "Butch" riding him—holy mackerel!

Ysleta was reached rather early and camp was made just across the road from one of the troops of the Ohio cavalry squadron who were doing their turn at border patrol duty. The gun park was formed and picket lines stretched, then horses were watered at the tanks across the road, the oats were fed, hay kicked in, a reasonable amount of grooming done, and the first day was about done. Then came the line-up to form the Battery street, but the street suddenly became crooked when it came to pitching tents, by reason of the ever-present mesquite in large, tough bunches. Mess was nearly



ready by this time, with McKeever on the job, which is just another way of saying that we had just about the best that could be gotten. Then of course, everybody started for a short walk into the village and proceeded in various ways, aside from the usual procedure in those days, to forget the day's labor.

Bright and early the next morning, that is, it was early, but not honestly bright due to the fact that the sun was still behind the hills, things began to stir and soon after in the early gloom could be seen horses led to water, tents dropping, men grunting over the making of rolls, sundry clanking of pans and G. I. cans from the direction of the field kitchen and issuing from the dark came such soulful expressions as "D... this sand cactus;" "Gimme a roll on this;" "Where in H... is that near horse of mine;" "Say, who got my other nose-bag?" and many other enlightening statements about sand, ornery horses and many seemingly trivial, but evidently vitally important subjects.

But it all went with snap, and soon breakfast was over, horses groomed, harnessed, packed, and hitched in, and the second day's hike began.

The route was in a general north-easterly direction and led immediately up over the bluffs just back of the

village. The grade was much longer here than the descent of the day before although not so steep, and made a long hard pull on the horses. The cannoneers hiked to lighten up the load and the top was made in good shape—where before them lay the long sweep of the mesquite-covered mesa, which many miles away met the bare slopes of the mountains.

On the afternoon of the second day out it looked like the battalion was just wandering around on a sort of week-end tour or something of the nature, but anyway, we were out for a hike, and getting lost on the mesa was about like taking the wrong fork in the road and getting lost somewhere out in the "sticks."

The line of march continued east for what proved to be too long a time on a rather unbroken trail, then some scouts disappeared into the long roll of the mesa and on their report the column swung due north on what became at once a hard pull through unbroken sand. The outfit had taken a bite to eat at one of the rests, and nearly every driver poured water into his hand and let his horses wet their mouths. They had their oats, too, and in lieu of water had the usual knick-knacks from their drivers; a handful of scrap tobacco, a lump of sugar, a piece of an apple, some candy (some of them would eat anything) or whatever they had learned to expect.

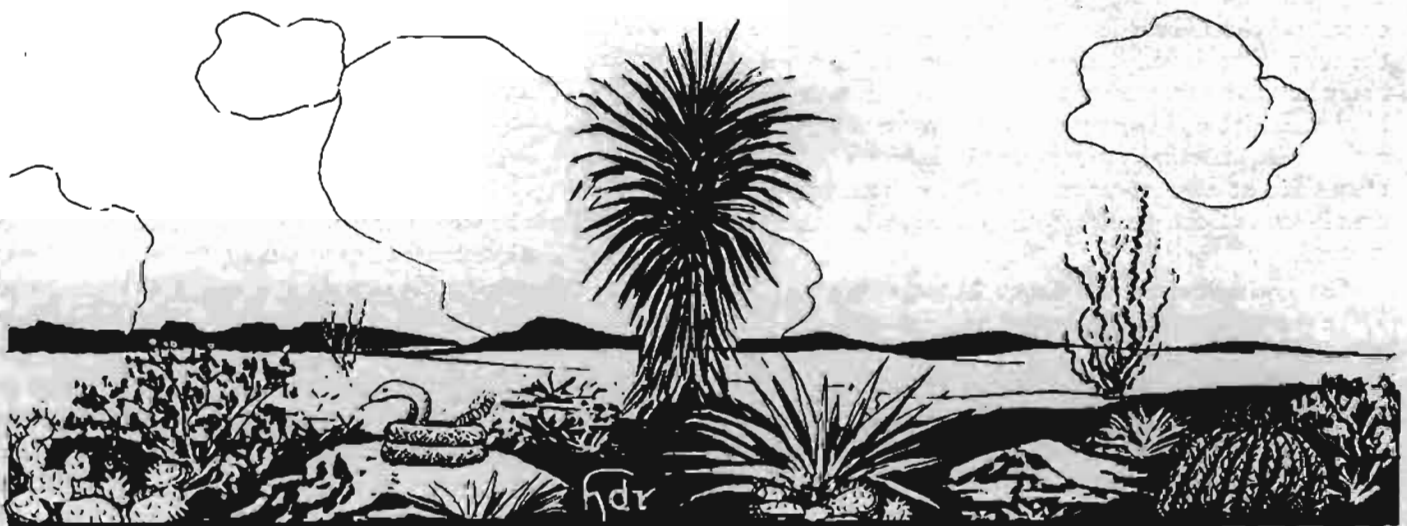
The well was sighted some miles away and soon the hardest march of the hike was over. It would not be far wrong to say that "Dixie" was probably the most relieved of all. "Lahl" (Virginian for Lyle) McCormick had covered his beautiful hide and pride with a set of harness and hooked him in to help pull the Battery wagon through the heavy going.

The park was soon formed and the performance of the night before repeated, with the exception that there was no village to visit and the horses did not think much of the alkali water. They also needed a lot of grooming.

The happiest feature of the day was that the escort wagons took the right road and made camp ahead of the outfit. Of course mess was ready shortly after in the usual McKeever style, of which everyone partook except Kavenagh, whose stomach probably turned traitor being the recipient of too much "canned Charley," thereby breaking the rules for army stomachs.

The sleeping that night presented a variety of ideas on how to get a good night's "flop" on the mesa with the wind sweeping in stinging cold. Some were under the harness and covered with paulins, others had paulins out in the open and many pitched tents with their tails to the wind, banking the sides with sand, and covering the open end with slickers. Many a yuca palm disappeared in flames and every fire had its bunch getting warm, enjoying a peaceful smoke and fanning about the day's march.

The morning came, the usual work was hastily done and the outfit was soon on the camp-bound lap of the hike. Maiden tried riding the outlaw for a while and afforded a grinning diversion. Much walking was done to keep warm against the chill morning, and at every rest fired yuca palms offered a little reviving warmth. About noon Mason's Wells were reached and the whole outfit "fed and watered." The march was resumed shortly and the final drag was soon over, camp being reached in the middle of the afternoon, and soon could be heard a general scraping of chins. The hardest to die was probably that beautiful, red, half inch stubble of Pat Lynch's, and the Ysleta hike became a reference point.



The Greenfield Hike

THE first officers' training camp at Fort Benjamin Harrison closed on August 15th. The second was to open a month later, so that in the interim B Battery had the unrestricted use of its own horses and material.

To vary the monotony of "double sections right oblique," "pieces front," etc., a two day hike was planned toward the latter part of August, with Greenfield, Ind., (about twenty miles from Fort Ben) as the destination.

The Battery was up early on the morning of August 27th. Breakfast was eaten, packs made up, and by 7:30 A. M. the entire first battalion was ready to leave the gun-park. With Major Williams in command, the battalion moved out with everyone more or less excited. It was the first trip of its kind for the new men, and to the border boys it was a relief from the monotony. Before a bunch of recruits, however, they had to maintain more or less of a bored attitude, speak indifferently of the coming hike and tell of the three day hike we took on the border.

The day was cloudy and the Battery had scarcely reached the limits of the Fort when slickers were unstrapped and used. Marshall Sheets, driving a team in the second section, soon found that he had picked a bad horse for the trip; the animal kicked, bucked, laid down, and in fact, did everything that no self respecting horse would think of doing. He was taken out of the team before the Battery had gone very far and replaced by a more sensible animal, but Marshall's troubles were not yet over, for the new "goat" developed a cinch sore and he too had to be taken out.

It rained for the first hour or so of the trip, but by ten o'clock the weather had cleared and the rest of the day the sun shone. Shortly before noon the main highway between Indianapolis and Columbus was reached, and the battalion stopped for an hour; the horses were watered and fed and the men had mess. At one o'clock they were on their way again. Two more accidents occurred before Greenfield was reached; the first, when the near horse Jake Harris was driving fell, and was so badly hurt it was necessary to leave him in a nearby barn, Homer Eckert and Skinny Bullard staying to fix up his cuts and lead him back to camp; second, Morgan Bright's team shied at a street-car and ran away, knocking down a mail-box and doing sundry other damages before it was stopped.

Greenfield was reached about four in the afternoon. The town's chief claim to distinction lay in the fact that it was the birthplace of James Whitcomb Riley and Gunner-Corporal Alton V. Ritter. As the battalion marched through the main street, the men found that the hike had risen to the prominence of a parade, at least it bore all the aspects of one. The street was packed and for two blocks in the main business district it was roped

off to keep the packed humanity out of the right of way; it seemed as if the entire population of Greenfield and surrounding vicinity had turned out en masse. Clear out to the fairgrounds, at the edge of the town, where camp was to be made for the night the battalion made its way through narrow lanes of people.

The fairgrounds reached, camp was soon made; picket-lines were strung, horses unharnessed and cared for, and once again the old pup-tents sprang into being. After mess the people of the town presented the boys with cigars and cigarettes. There were crowds of the visitors, and the bunch was kept pretty busy answering the thousand and one questions that were asked them. In the evening everybody went to town, that is, all but Corporal Wilbur Dunn, Carl Truby, and Art Faulkner, who were unfortunate enough to be on guard, and it is supposed that even they managed to work in relays and get away for a time.



In the city there was plenty of amusement, as the townspeople were more than hospitable and they literally presented the first battalion with the keys to the city. All the clubs kept open house and the men wearing the red hat-cords got pretty much of everything that they wanted. Most of the officers and men attended the informal reception and dance given by the Masonic Lodge in their attractive club-house. It was a great success and all those who attended enjoyed themselves immensely. Apropos, the spurs worn by a good many of the mounted men proved somewhat troublesome during the dance, and to cap the climax, Horace Shaw got tangled up in his and took a spill; they all took them off after a while and there was no more trouble.

The one man who will undoubtedly retain the pleasantest memory of the Greenfield hike and dance is Captain J. J. Johnston (for it was here he met his future wife). Colonel Bush, who had been to Washington, returned to Fort Ben while the Battery was at Greenfield. He motored over and reached there in time to attend the festivities, bringing several sacks of mail.

It was well after mid-night before all the boys were back in their pup-tents; it was drizzling rain when the last few crawled into their tents and when reveille sounded at 4:30 A. M. it was pouring. It was a tough job to make packs and saddle up in the downpour, after breakfast

prepared by cooks and served by K. P. It would have been very good if it had not been diluted by rain water. The start back to camp was made at 7.30. Lieutenant Kavenagh, Pop Fetch and Tommy Thompson tried to liven things up with harmony but it failed to work; to add to the discomfort it was cold, and the men, wet and shivering, huddled up in their saddles or on the materiel.

Jimmy Bennett lost his slicker and used his shelter half in place of it. There was no delay getting back to

the Fort, in fact many of the men never left the saddles on the return trip. It was a cold, weary and water soaked bunch that pulled into Fort Ben about two in the afternoon.

Horses being attended to, everyone made a dive for his tent and dry clothes. A warm meal about an hour later restored things to normal and from then until now, and into the future, the Greenfield hike has, and will continue to be an interesting subject for conversation.

The Parade in Montgomery

THE end of the first year of war with Germany found B Battery forming one of the units of the 37th Division training at Camp Sheridan, Ala., April 6, 1918, the first anniversary of the war and the inauguration of the Third Liberty Loan was celebrated by a parade of the



entire 37th in the city of Montgomery. The division had been assembled at Sheridan for several months. The boys had all visited the city and many people from town had been out to camp.

The parade held on April 6, however, was the first time the people of Montgomery had the opportunity of viewing the Division as a whole. Added to this was the fact that the division was soon to leave for overseas. The line of march was packed. The town put on holiday garb; buildings were hung with flags and bunting and everyone turned out to give the Ohio boys a welcome and to wish "Godspeed and Good Luck on their coming journey."

For days prior, the division was in a throe of cleaning up and making ready. In the Battery the boys cleaned and oiled harness; materiel was scrubbed and polished. Then the process started all over again, a coat of paint being applied to the materiel as a finishing touch. The horses were also receiving special care and attention. Manes and tails were carefully clipped and they were groomed and brushed until they glistened. The manes

of one of the teams in the second section had not been trimmed properly. The eagle eye of the "Old Caribou" noticed it, so that it was necessary for Sergeant C. T. Bowen to trim it on the way to town.

The boys themselves took as much care with their toilet as a matinee idol. They scrubbed themselves until it hurt and every hair was carefully brushed and put in place. Shoes shone and uniforms were spotless and creased with razorlike edges.

The Battery pulled out of the gun-park about nine A. M. and formed on the field back of the infirmary. Straub Jackson's horse became tired of waiting for things to start and laid down. With a little effort they got him on his feet and Atlee Wise took him. Alas, he was no respecter of persons for he pulled the same stunt on "At." Finally Stable Sergeant Joe Kelly led him back to the stables.

The first battalion of the 134th Field Artillery was the only mounted outfit in the artillery brigade, the remainder of the brigade marching on foot. The line of march led through camp and into town by way of the upper Wetumpka road.

As the Battery swung around the corner of the Exchange Hotel and up Dexter Avenue it presented a wonderful sight. The colors were at its head. They were carried by Color Sergeants John R. Friel and Miles Rubright. Corporals W. L. Fetch and R. C. Thompson were color guards. In the absence of Captain J. J. Johnston and Lieutenant Kavenagh who were at the Fort Sill School for Artillery Fire, Lieutenant William E. Leahy was in command of the Battery.

Cameras snapped and all along the line the people surged forward for a closer view. Up Dexter Avenue, around the Capitol Building and past the reviewing stand went the Battery. The parade was reviewed by Major General Chas. G. Treat and Camp Officers, Governor Henderson of Alabama, Mayor Gunter of Montgomery and many other men prominent in the affairs of the state and city. As the Battery passed the reviewing party, every head went up a little higher and every man sat up a little straighter, if it were possible for them to go any higher or any straighter.

The reviewing officials passed, the Battery turned to the left around the State House and thence back to camp.

Apropos this parade was the remark made by Major General Treat, the Divisional Commander to Colonel Bush: "I have seen many artillery units but this bat-

talion of the 134th is the finest I have ever been privileged to see."

When it is realized that General Treat was himself an artillery officer, the true worth of this compliment is appreciated.



The hike to Cestas



OF all the hikes negotiated by B Battery in France, the one the boys will no doubt remember longest was that one from Pessac to Cestas in Southern France. There was a hike to be remembered.

The boys had just piled out of a train of "40 hommes 8 cheveaux" after a long ride from Havre. Many of them had not eaten excepting for a little corned bill and hard-tack, and none of them had slept more than an hour or so the night before. Limbs were stiff and backs were sore.

After the first kilometer on the road to Cestas, it was a real effort for the boys to keep their packs and themselves in line.

Mile after mile of winding French road stretched ahead of the Battery men and there was not a dime's worth of water in the whole column.

Four-five-six-seven—no one ever found out just how far it was but it was close to ten kilometers. Toward the end of the last kilo, Lewis "Fish" Moore, Carl Schrank, "Jolly" Hull and Martin Shere stopped into a farm house for a drink of water and were invited to sit down to a little "vin blanc." The rest of the trip to Cestas was easy for the four boys.

The Battery reached Cestas toward evening. A billeting officer assigned them bunks and the boys went dead in the hay until the next afternoon.

Cestas, France, will always bring fond recollections to the men who went overseas with Battery B. It was at Cestas that the Battery men received their first impressions of the French and of old France.

Situated in Southern France close to the Spanish border, Cestas probably was as typically French as any other village or city the Battery men ever saw. There was a little sort of a public square or park in the center of Cestas. Surrounding this square were the homes of the villagers, the mayor's office, the baker, the wineshops, and the little grocery where the boys met "Martha," the Belgian refugee who became the friend of all of them.

The boys were hot and tired the day they reached Cestas. It was the peace and quiet of that little village that revived their falling spirits that July afternoon.

The men were assigned to billets, barns, empty store buildings and to the little old dance hall that stood in one corner of the town. Even the barns seemed clean and wholesome as compared with some places the Battery soldiers slept in later.

As soon as the Battery reached Cestas that day the men threw off their packs, and went after their toilet articles. There was a race for the little creek that flowed past the town and an hour later saw the men cleaned up and ready to look around.

The little flat white cement houses, the little church where the villagers worshipped, and the village graveyard; the white roads coiling out among the vineyards and through the woods, all were wonderful to the Battery boys. In the little sheds along the creek the Battery soldiers first saw the French women beating the dirt out of the clothes with a stick, rinsing them in the creek.

The Battery kitchen was located in the public square. The town kiddies were engrossed in its working. At first the people were distant. The Americans were strange to them. They talked a strange language. Mess Sergeant Barkle, Orland Outland, Harry Slater and others around the kitchen had difficulty making inquiries.

But the Battery men were not strangers long. First came the children, coaxed by American pennies and trinkets, and every man soon had his juvenile following.

"Andrette," a little French girl, was the pet of the billet occupied by "Vic" Guinther, Craig Starn, Percy Harris, George White, Dick Thomas and others of the signal detail and first and second sections. Little "Andrette's" father was in the French army in Greece.

As the train of little French box cars pulled into Pessac with its load of B Battery men, it was thought that at last one could stretch out and rest. In the first conclusion one was right—they did stretch out, but they didn't rest! For just seven kilometers the boys stretched out through sand up to their ankles, expecting at each turn of the road to be halted and assigned places to camp.

It was probably very beautiful country they passed through, but to the weary Battery men, after their four days in those box cars, it was a desert. Legs and feet

were sore, backs ached and throats were dry. It was a hot day and in fact, there wasn't much to be jolly about.

After covering about half of the distance, the B Batterymen saw here and there along the road a straggler from the battery ahead. It was very encouraging to the fellows to fall out and rest where they could have company. Until they were within one kilo of their destination, though, B Battery didn't lose a man. When they did fall out, there was a question in Captain Kavenagh's mind as to the reason. Not that he didn't expect the fellows to be tired, but by some strange coincidence they all fell out in front of a wine room.

Upon arriving in Cestas the boys all dropped their packs and fell on them. With shoes full of sand and throats parched, they were a sorely dejected bunch. The packs which were unusually heavy on this occasion had cut the backs of many of the boys and not a few were suffering from a headache caused by the hot sun. The cool shade of the huge maples in the square of Cestas soon relieved a large part of the discomfort and everyone made for their billets.

Every morning "Andrette" came to the billet with a little book. With her book on her lap she painstakingly gave the boys their first French lessons. She could speak English herself.

Martha, the girl in the grocery store was the Battery's friend. She talked English and in the beginning was the only person in the town who knew what the boys meant by a "quarter's worth of cookies."

The boys marvelled at the little "vin blanc" shops with their sidewalk chairs and tables. B Battery soldiers that wouldn't have gone into a bar-room in America by the back way sat out in front of these places in Cestas, to be served. The French war bread and the children running home from the bakers with the day's ration made the boys realize they were in a country at war. Before the Battery left Cestas the men had grown intimate with everyone in Cestas from the mayor down. "Slip" Long, Jimmy Judge and the rest of the bandsmen played the "Star Spangled Banner" in Cestas for the first time one night and the next night they played it to the villagers. Children, old people and all stood bare-headed, and the Batterymen stood at salute for the "Marseilles."

To B Battery's credit be it said that there were fewer men from that organization than from any other, that came the same way, to be found fallen by the wayside. After all the hikes, both in the States and in France, the hike to Cestas was voted the "worst ever" by the B Batterymen at Camp Sherman.

Review at Newport News

THE last review that B Battery participated in before they were mustered out was at Newport News, just three days after they landed in the U. S. A.

A delegation of Ohio people had journeyed to the coast to welcome the boys home and for their benefit a review was held at that time.

On the morning of March 28th the order came down to be ready for a review before the Commanding General and a committee of welcoming Ohioans. It was one of the most difficult orders that B Battery ever had to comply with for they were in no way prepared to be reviewed by anyone to say nothing of a party of this sort.

After the trip to the delouser there wasn't a present-

able uniform in the entire outfit. All morning the boys hustled around the camp in an effort to make themselves look fit for inspection. The camp laundry was put at the disposal of the regiment and by one o'clock all the uniforms were again in order.

The reviewing party consisted of Acting Brigadier General Abernathy, General Glenn and the Ohio party, headed by Lieutenant Governor Brown.

The entire brigade passed in review and formed in front of the reviewing stand. Speeches were made by General Glenn and Lieutenant Governor Brown, welcoming the boys home from France, in the behalf of the people of Ohio.



Replacements

UNTIL reaching Camp Sheridan, Ala., B Battery had been almost entirely an Akron organization, for those not having homes there had at least enlisted there and knew Akron and Akron people quite well.

It was with a feeling of half wonder and half indifference that the Battery men greeted the arrival of the thirty-nine men from Camp Taylor, Ky., who formed the first bunch of replacements for B Battery. Naturally these men coming from a different, if adjoining, state seemed to be outside the pale of fellowship that existed among the Akron men. This state of affairs was not doomed to last long though.

During the period of intensive training under Sergeant Hoffman, Corporal Truby, Jackson, Slates, York and Rubright, the Battery men saw the recruits only at meal time when they would rush madly at the mess shack. Just before leaving for Camp Upton these men were turned into the Battery and assigned to sections. By the time the train pulled into Camp Upton everybody knew everybody and the new men really belonged to B Battery.

They had stories that were interesting to the Battery men—stories about Camp Taylor and their experience there. The methods of the National Army Camp were new to the Akron fellows and it was with interest that they heard of how every man was equipped with a rifle and started out as a doughboy, regardless of his preference. 'Twas a case of the survival of the fittest, they said, and only the best men with a rifle were kept as infantrymen.

When the time came to transfer, however, the boys were given their preference as near as possible, but there being so many choosing artillery, some had to be disappointed.

Before the Battery was mustered out of the service, most of these thirty-nine fellows had proven themselves some of the best soldiers in it.

The next replacements came at Milley, France, while the firing Battery was on the front. They were a strangely assorted crowd, too, coming from every corner of the U. S. A. Under the conditions at that time it was not difficult to become friendly and the strangers soon began to feel at home in B Battery.

With this detachment came some very valuable men to the outfit. There was a barber, Ray Albon, to replace "Jolly" Hull who had hurt his hand and left B Battery's hair neglected. Then there was Charles Paque, the butcher, just the man to replace "Nubbins" Outland, who was too busy cooking to cut meat. Lee Carpenter and Rene Cordon filled a long felt vacancy in the Battery—that of interpreter. After the arrival of these two men, "parly-voing" was made easy.

Surely when B Battery was mustered out, it was 200-B Battery men in every sense of the word who shook hands and parted, not one hundred and fifty Battery men and fifty replacements as some organizations classify themselves.

Desirable Extra Duty

THE idea seems preposterous to any man who was ever in the army "desirable extra duty," but ask Freddie Clark or Martin Shere.

After that long, tiresome hike to Cestas, during which so many fell by the wayside, Captain Kavenagh handed out some extra duty to those he thought deserving of it. There were ten men in all and they were given alternate kitchen police, five each day, for punishment.

On the first day's crew were Freddie Clark, Martin Shere, "Fish" Moore and two others. The second day's crew came around next morning and Freddie was again on the job, insisting on remaining, in fact, he wanted the job permanently. Sergeant Barkle allowed this but was suspicious.

When Shere and Moore returned to the job the next day the truth came out and the mystery cleared.

In lieu of an incinerator to burn the garbage the Battery had been giving it to the peasants nearby for their pigs and chickens and it had been noticed that Clark

always insisted on handling the garbage, which was considered a very undesirable job under most circumstances.

When it was time to dispose of the garbage on the third day Shere and Moore each started out with a pail and Clark put up a mighty howl. He insisted that it was his job. Again Sergeant Barkle came to his aid and a fight was avoided. Curiosity led Sergeant Gene to follow Freddie to ascertain the reason for his sudden desire to work.

Into the backyard of one of the little tile-roofed houses went Clark. An old peasant woman met him at the door and Clark extended the two pails of garbage towards her saying in his newly acquired French, "Bon jour, Madame." "Bon jour, Monsieur, une minute," answered the old lady. Returning a moment later she handed Freddie a bottle of wine, took the pails, emptied them and returned them to him.

(Continued on next page)

MAIL



MAIL incoming and outgoing, was always an important factor in army life. What soldier has not spent some lonesome hours, or even days awaiting the arrival of the mail? In B Battery there were men who wrote and received mail in bunches and men who neither wrote nor received a letter from one week to another.

In all the Battery's history it would be a difficult matter though to find any one fellow to whom more letters and parcels were addressed than W. A. (Billy) Lenihan. When Billy was not reading letters he was writing them. It was always an easy matter to find him during his early days in the Battery because he would invariably be on his bunk writing or rewriting a letter.

Over in France, where mail rarely arrived more than once or twice a week, it was very seldom that Billy didn't collect from twelve to fifteen letters. Of course one couldn't do that unless one wrote in answer to them, so Billy usually had an equal number for the mail orderly to take back with him. When the fellows would try to kid him, Billy would tell them that he considered it his patriotic duty to write lots of letters. In so doing, he claimed, he was helping swell the treasury. "Look at the amount of revenue the government is collecting from the stamps used on these answers," Billy would say, proudly showing a big sheaf of stamped envelopes. "Enough to run the war another month," he would add convincingly.

Lenihan didn't have a "walk-away" with the letter-receiving honors though, by any means. Percy Harris, Atlee Wise and Art Possehl always were closely behind the champion, and on several occasions Gene Wolcott and Henry Bittinger were known to receive even more than Billy.

Of the fellows who didn't get much mail and didn't send any at all, Lewis "Fish" Moore was without a doubt, the leader. To "Fish" mail meant nothing at all, and he never seemed to have the time to write any letters. It wasn't because he had no one to write to nor because he couldn't write, for some of the Batterymen knew his parents and too many of the fellows could have vouched for "Fish's" ability to write—I. O. U.S. after an all-night session of poker. Moore once corresponded with the Firestone Tire & Rubber Company in regard to some stock he had left behind when he joined the army. When he failed to get an answer to that he ceased writing letters altogether. Once in a while there would be a paper addressed to Private Lewis Moore from his home town, but the Shamokin, (Pa.) Courier didn't call for an answer.

When asked why he didn't write home to sort of reassure his relatives, "Fish" would come back with the counter query, "They can read the paper can't they?" "I told the folks not to worry," said Moore, "until they saw Lewis W. Moore in the casualty lists and then—well,—then something might have happened to me."

Desirable Extra Duty

(Continued from page 154)

One of the most discussed subjects in old Battery B was extra duty. B Battery's extra duty list never lead the regiments, but from time to time there were a few of the Battery's soldiers marked up for late afternoon or evening chore work.

Some of the boys used to say they liked extra duty better than Battery work. It is doubtful however if they meant this. The only time that Sergeant Greene ever encountered a man who really wanted extra duty was at Cestas, France, shortly after the Battery arrived overseas.

Fred Clark went on extra duty in the kitchen. He finished a week's work and then asked for another week. He worked a few days and then asked for a third week. Fred had asked for the most disagreeable work in the kitchen, that of carrying away the garbage.

Sergeant Greene became suspicious. He told Mess Sergeant Gene Barkle to find out why Clark liked the kitchen work so well. So next morning Gene followed Fred and two pails of garbage to the back door of a little house on the outskirts of the village.

One-half of the backyard of the house was taken up by a pig pen and the other half by a chicken yard. The pigs sniffed as Fred walked past with his two pails of garbage and knocked at the door.

"Bon jour Madame," said Clark as the lady of the house opened the door.

"Bon jour, Monsieur," said the madam. There was a moments parley in Pennsylvania French and the dame handed Fred a litre of red wine.

"Merci, Madame," said Clark.

"Merci, Monsieur," said the French lady.

Bordeaux

NATURALLY, in the City of Wines, the wine shops were an attraction that was not overlooked by many. (One, however, that the Y. M. C. A. failed to mention to the boys.) One could usually find an American speaking Frenchman in the stores of the city so "shopping" was not difficult.

The beautiful parks of the city were well kept in spite of the expense of the war and the magnificent monuments were masterpieces. The boulevards with their lines of stately trees and the little streets that came sneaking out from between the tall houses were so different from the busy streets of America, that they were sights in themselves to the tourist soldiers.

The cathedral of St. Andre, built in the 12th century held the boys in awe by its age. The old paintings in this cathedral were worth thousands of dollars.

Many American ships could be seen on the Gironne river which connected with the city of Bordeaux with the

sea. It was a very busy port at that time and the camouflaged ships making for the American docks at Bassens kept the tugs and lighters plying up and down the stream day and night.

In making the trip to the city from Cestas, it was necessary to either walk eight kilometers to the street car line, or to hire a taxi of the 1890 model. Most of these Batterymen chose the latter for walking was not to their taste. Most of these machines were of a type that was extinct in America before most of the fellows knew their A-B-C's and therefore they too, were curiosities or sights.

During the time spent at Camp de Souge, the men had the same opportunity to visit Bordeaux, and before B Battery left for Northern France, it was very few of these men who had not paid at least one visit to the City of Wines.

One Good Sector

THE firing battery arrived on the line in the Marbache sector, and at once the Battery boys were pleased with the living quarters and surroundings. They had nice dugouts, good bunks, there was plenty of mess, no calls of any kind to answer—everything was right for a nice rest. The sector was a quiet one, and Tommy Thompson made an observation that echoed the sentiments of the entire firing battery. "B Battery will fight it out on these lines if it takes all winter," he said.

The Battery soldiers will never forget the first time they were under fire in France. It was a day when there wasn't a boasting soldier in the whole outfit. In the scramble for dugouts the first time the boys smelled German powder some of them nearly got hurt.

Tub Larniell was one of the late ones getting shelter that day and when he did get safely under cover he said, "Boys it's going to take an act of Congress to get me out of here. Call me when Peace is declared."





WHEN the hike from Cestas to Camp de Souge, France, was ended, probably the longest and weariest hike that B Battery ever undertook, it was a tired bunch. The boys were so tired they didn't have energy enough to get up and get themselves a place in a billet. And the queerest sight of the whole day came half an hour after the battery reached there—a lone figure standing by the corner of the mess-hall—shining his shoes!

Old "Pop" Fetch! King of Beau Brummels, and champion shoe-shiner of the U. S. Army! Statistics prove that, if all the arm-power he has spent polishing the old hob-nails, could be hitched to a dynamo, it would keep the city of South Bend, Indiana, electrically lighted for three years and four months; the cans of shoe-polish he emptied in his army career, if placed on top of one another, would make a pile higher than Washington's monument, and the rags used as shining-cloths if used for surgical dressings would have been more than enough to supply the University of Pittsburgh, Base Hospital Unit No. 1, during the Chateau-Thierry drive.

Sergeant Larry Fetch—one of the handsomest and most debonair men in the outfit. A spot on his O. D. trousers gave him hysterics and mud on his blouse sent him into a howling rage. When the outfit left Camp de Souge, with orders to get rid of everything that was not absolutely necessary, his pack held a clothes brush and a can of shoe polish. Up on the front, with civilization left behind, German shells dropping around the battery

position, and tons and tons of French mud around; when everyone else was covered with it, ate it and slept in it, Pop Fetch strolled around in a clean uniform with his face washed and shoe-polish on his shoes. They say that, instead of sleeping between barrages, he polished his shoes and combed his hair in the middle. How did he manage? "Quien Sabe," old boy, as they used to say.

And, to recall the time he went riding with some ladies from Highland Park, when the battery was at Fort Sheridan, Ill. Boy! he looked like the Duke of Nought in the third act of a problem play—anyone who sat in the barracks and watched him stroll out that day will ever forget him. Starting from the bottom up, it was russet shoes and leather leggings, that you could see your face in, spotless khaki riding breeches with creases "and everything," a blue serge Norfolk coat, belted, a white vest, a silk shirt, a soft white collar and flowing green tie. Topping off the whole effect, a sort of demi-tasse to a sartorial banquet, was a checkered black and white cap and a riding crop. Nobody kidded him that day—the whole barracks was stunned into silence. Words were futile!

Let it be put on record here, that from the time he came into the battery at Camp Perry, Harold Mook ran Fetch a close second. There were several times when the Beau Brummel championship between the two was decided only by the thickness of shoe polish, the rakish tilt of the overseas "chapeau" or the neat wrapping of the spiral puttees.

First "Passes" in France

THE first real opportunity afforded B Batterymen to visit a French city was at Cestas, when passes were issued for the city of Bordeaux. At Le Havre some of the officers had visited the city, but no passes were issued to the Battery. It is doubtful if any one cared very much either for going to the city necessitated the climbing of that memorable hill.

After a two days' rest in Cestas a regimental order came permitting the issuing of one day passes to Bordeaux, which was about twenty-five kilometers from the village.

The trip to the city was through a very beautiful part

of the country where the little homes were untouched by the devastating hand of Mars. To the newly arrived B Batterymen the fact that the country and buildings were still beautiful, meant nothing, but had they been able to visit the same country two months later after seeing Northern France, they would have appreciated the artistic worth of the beautiful landscapes. It seemed to be one continuous vineyard from Cestas to Bordeaux, each one presenting a new shade of green or purple, and serving as a wonderful background for the red and white houses.

Machine Guns and Gunners

THE first introduction of the machine-gun into B Battery was at Camp Sheridan, Ala., where the Lewis guns were given to the artillery organizations as anti-aircraft weapons.

Sergeant Moose and six men studied this gun and its workings thoroughly for five weeks and then dropped it when the guns were ordered back to the Ordnance Department. The knowledge of the Lewis gun was never of use to the Battery men in France for another type was issued there.

At Camp de Souge, France, the Battery was issued a machine-gun of the Hotchkiss type. A much heavier and more durable gun than the Lewis. Two guns were issued and two gun-crews formed from men in the caisson sections under Corporals Slates and Brewer. In these crews many of the newer men proved their efficiency, and during the entire course of training at the gunnery school B Battery's class were always leading or serving as runners-up in a close race.

On one squad John Downey, Mack Sharp, Ed. Krue, John Gall and Jesse Hunter were soon able to take their gun down and put it back together again while blindfolded while on the other Paul Jones, Ralph Fissel, Llewellyn Clark, Albert Chapman and Sam Bowman were setting a pace for the artillery brigade with their firing. Archie Murphy, George Rood, and George Fries were extra men, and each of them were experts with the "suicide gun" as they called it.

With such good materiel for defense, it is almost a shame that B Battery didn't have need of their machine-guns on the front but such was the case.

In the first positions the machine-gun crews were given a position from which they commanded a view of miles of enemy country. Their orders were to fire only

at one thousand meters, but it was a great temptation to the boys to fire at some of the Fokkers who went sailing over the hill at an altitude of about two miles.

One man stood guard over each of the guns at all times and hardly a machine went over the Battery position that wasn't sighted over the sights of the B Battery machine-guns.

This sighting proved to be very good practice for the boys for when they arrived at Camp Ovest for a rest after the first front, and set up a range, every man was an expert. Ammunition was abundant; all the fellows had to do was to go to the nearest salvage dump and pick up what they wanted, so there was lots of firing and many targets mutilated.

On the trip to the Pannes sector, the machine-guns were ordered from the caissons to which they were attached for traveling. The Battery was on the move when this order came down so Corporal Brewer removed them and left them lying in a ditch for the order said there would be no further use for them. These guns were not to be so easily lost though for along came old "eagle eye" Poling the policing Supply Sergeant and gathered up the Hotchkisses and brought them along in his supply wagon.

After the midnight party that Heinie had at the expense of the B Battery men, when he kicked out his dash board and dumped his load of "plane eggs" near the gun positions, Poling probably thought that a machine-gun might come in handy, so he sent one up from the echelon. It was very thoughtful, indeed, but he forgot to send a gun crew. Had there been any need of the gun the boys on the 75's would have had to knock it apart and throw the pieces at the Boche for it took lots of practice to operate the "mitrailleuse" as the French call them.

Mechanics Good "Borrowers"

HERE'S hoping the next American army that goes to war will go equipped with tools, quartermaster supplies, lumber and other things the A. E. F. in France didn't have.

Chief mechanic Earl Hageman, Mark Dreese, Straub, Jackson and other Battery soldiers who helped the mechanics from time to time will have to answer in Heaven for many a shovel and board stolen by them or at their instigation in the army.

The mechanics used to be the "property" men for the Battery. It was their duty to get into a new camp early and steal everything that was loose in the way of lumber, tools, small buildings, etc., and they did this. The

mechanics could convert a small building into anything from picketline posts into coal bins for the mess sergeant.

Over in France what the mechanics didn't steal the Battery soldiers did. At Camp Souge one day, the boys tore down half of one of the stables in order to get boards to make repairs on their bunks. The boys dismantled an old mill in Northern France for firewood one time. They took away everything but the stone walls and foundation. In both cases the mechanics were ordered to replace the missing parts and make repairs. Chief Hageman had one of the most dangerous jobs in the army from one standpoint.

THE ROAD TO VERDUN



IT is a pretty safe bet that, every time the "Do You Remember" club gets into session in the years to come; in the library of the Elk's building in winter, or at one of the numerous cottages by the lake in summer, the meeting will not have been in session more than an hour before some hardy A. E. F. veteran will come across with:

"Say. Were any of you fellows on the horse trip to Verdun?"

There are lots of things to remember about the Battery's sojourn in France, but still another safe bet will be that that trip will be fresh in the minds of the men who took it, after most of their career in France is an indistinct and hazy memory.

It was while the 134th Regiment was billeted around Laimont, just after they had come up from Camp de Souge in the south of France. The 15th Cavalry had brought in a big string of horses, and the afternoon of October 3rd, a regimental detail was picked to go to Revigny after more. If they had been distributed, on their return, B Battery would have had close to one hundred head of horses, counting the ones they got from the 15th Cavalry, but they never were. The returning detail, in charge of a C Battery officer and stable Sergeant

Dick Lavery, were ordered to take the horses to a big field north of camp and tie them there. Here it was found that these horses were to start traveling again that night, along with the 15th Cavalry horses, that another regimental detail was to be picked, and that the mounts were to be delivered "somewhere near Verdun."

For once in his troublesome career, Top Sergeant Mike Green had little or no trouble picking a detail. "Verdun" was the magic word that brought out the volunteers, and some of the men who were picked to go actually gave up their chance to others who wanted to go very badly, and most of the Battery looked at the final twenty men and called them lucky, lucky.

After an early mess at five o'clock, the detail under the leadership of Lieutenant Myers and Sergeant "Duke" York made their way to the stables. Here they began to have a vague presentiment that "all was not well," and that the trip was not exactly going to be a pleasure jaunt. First, there were no saddles, they had nothing



to ride on except a couple of blankets strapped on with a surcingle; second, each man had to lead three horses beside the one he was riding, making four in all; and third, the horses that had just been brought in from Revigny were hungry. They had apparently not been fed on the trip, and on account of the scarcity of oats, they were not going to be fed before the start. It was evident, right off

the jump, that the brutes vastly preferred eating grass than traveling all night, and when a horse wants to eat, when he is hungry, and does not want to travel, well,—"he is generally considered damn hard to handle," as Jim Graham used to say.

Each Battery in the regiment furnished about forty head of horses, so that, when they lined in the field there was approximately two hundred head for the regiment. After a wait of about an hour, they were joined by details from the 135th and 136th Regiments, and when the 62nd Brigade detail moved out along the road at seven o'clock in the evening, led by Lieutenants Griffin and Myers, there were some six hundred head of horses in line, four abreast, with about one hundred and eighty men, including the Sergeants in charge who rode single-mounted. They had a long trip as they

had some sixty kilometers to cover, and as the long column moved out in the gathering twilight, it was an awe-inspiring sight to the men who watched them go over the crest of the hill, horses and riders silhouetted against the setting sun.

It was anything but awe-inspiring to the men themselves, as just about that time they began to be very very busy. Came darkness, and with it came trouble. As had been said before, the "chevaux" were hungry; it is hard enough to take care of one hungry horse, but managing four of them is practically impossible. Every time the column slowed up the animals thought it was a stop, and they bolted for the nearest grass. The column moved along, suddenly, an unlucky rider (without quite knowing how or when) found himself clear of the road in a field, his four horses calmly munching grass with the very evident intention of staying there all night. He cursed, using all the equine threats he had ever heard, and some invented especially for the occasion; he called down maledictions on those horses and said unkind things

that reflected on their families; he kicked them in the ribs, and the horses kept on eating. Usually, just about this time a sergeant came along and the two of them together got the horses back in the road and up to the rear of the column.

The night wore on. The first half of it was a nightmare, and the air was filled with curses and imprecations against these particular horses, and all horses in general, and every once in awhile, off the road in the blackness of an adjoining field, came a voice. It was never a gentle voice, on the contrary, it was always high-pitched, and very, very, angry.

"Oh, you blankety-blank blank! You blank excuses for horses you! Get those heads up, and let's get going or I'll knock them back in your blank, blank, shoulders! What do you think this is, a picnic, or a free lunch, or sum'pin'? Don't you know we're going some place? Oh-h-h-h damn!" (Then a despairing wail.) "Hey, Loot'n't, won't you give me permission to kill a couple of these blankety-blank "chevaux?" I'd do it too sweet and I'm not kidding a bit about that!"

Then came the usual amount of advice and sympathy from his more fortunate brothers in the column.

"What's a matter? You're not mad, are you?"

"Why don't you talk French to 'em, Buddy?"

"Tut-tut, Harold,—you swore!"

"Give them 'column left' and then 'forward march.' You gotta be military in this League," etc., etc.

Through some kind of an oversight, Jim Bennett only had three horses when he started out, and at ten o'clock he only had one. He had lost two in the interim and he didn't give a darn who knew it. He was perfectly happy; as Jim said, "They can shoot me in the morning, but I'm not going to be miserable tonight." However, his happiness was short-lived, for one-half hour later "Duke" York found him. "Duke" was leading Jim's lost two horses, and another that so nobody else had lost, and for the rest of the night, Bennett traveled with four.

Twelve o'clock came, then one, then two. By two o'clock, things had steadied down pretty well, and the supposition was that the horses, like the men, were too tired to eat. They plodded on and on, covering the kilometers that lay between them and their goal. Tall Lombardy poplars shaded the road; now and then the way lay between a ruined, shell-torn village, and on the western horizon, the red flicker grew brighter and brighter, and the rumble of guns grew more audible, as they neared Verdun. On the road, as far as one could see were moving black masses—horses and men. The echo of hoofs came from far up the line. Here and there a cigarette butt glowed in the darkness or a match flared, and from somewhere came a voice raised in song:

"I dont want any more army,

Lordy, but I want to go home."

Dawn came at last on the road to Verdun. Dawn of a night that seemed a million years long, and the morning

sun found a weary bunch of men and horses pulling into Auzeville. A stop was made in a big field here, the horses were tied and the men had breakfast. It was only bread, jam, corned-beef and cold water, but it tasted like manna from the Gods. One hour afterwards they were on the way again. To use an army term, "the convoy was split" here and half the horses under Lieutenant Griffin and detail went to Autreville, and the other half, under Lieutenant Myers, went to Dombasle.

The B Battery contingent went with Lieutenant Myers. The boys were still dead tired, although they felt better, and they had a chance to look around them. It was very interesting, the road lay along what had been the front up until a few short weeks before. Everywhere were trenches and barbed-wire entanglements. At one place the salvage department had not had a chance to visit and the fields were thick with gas-masks, steel helmets, hob-nails, packs and pack carriers, everything and anything that the doughboy discards when going "over the top." They descended a long hill into a terribly shell-torn village. It was Recicourt, and here they saw the only unit of the 37th Division that they were to come across during the war—the 112th Military Police. The meeting was not as hearty as it would have been had they been the infantry or engineers, for it must be admitted that there was never any great amount of love lost between B Battery and the Camp Sheridan M. P.

There is a funny story connected with the descent of that hill. When they reached their destination later in the day, Lieutenant Myers had dinner with the officers of the Engineer outfit he turned the horses over to. Talking to one of these officers he casually mentioned the descent.

"Do you mean to tell me," that officer asked, "that you came down that hill into Recicourt in broad daylight?"

"Sure!" Lieutenant Myers grinned, "Why not?"

"Hell, man! That hill is exposed and in direct observation of the German lines. They are shelling it about half the time, and they hit it too!"

Dombasle, their destination, was reached at noon, and here they got the cheerful (?) information that C Company of the 23rd Engineers who were to take the horses over, were up around Verdun somewhere, and would not return till five o'clock; so there was nothing to do but wait. This was the crowning catastrophe of all—the gang were so tired they could hardly stand, they had no more rations, and they had to hang on to those horses for four more hours. Art Faulkner bit huge chunks out of his saddlebags in his rage, and Stambaugh leaned against his horse and almost wept, but there was no help for it, so they led the horses into a nearby field and waited, and it was a long wait for the field was full of shell-holes covered over with brush and the animals had to be watched every minute; as it was, two of them plunged into a hole up to their necks, and it was an hour's work extricating them. Below the field was the Verdun road

(Continued on next page)

B Battery's "Lost Battalion"

MUCH publicity has been given a certain Battalion in the A. E. F. which lost itself, during the activities in the Argonne, but little if anything has been said of B Battery's lost detachment, which will call a battalion for the purpose of a simile. The bunch that strayed from the Battery on the trip from Camp Ouest to Apremont.

There were perhaps twenty-five men in the bunch that by mistake got on the trucks of the 135th Field Artillery and failed to stop at Apremont when the Battery did. They went about eight miles further and finally stopped at Heudicourt about five A. M. "Chief" Hageman, Mark Dreese, George White, Bill Lenihan, Thurman Staudt, Bill Murphy, Harry Moore, George Miller, and Russ Lathomer were but a few of the men who composed the group. All were dead tired and famished when they tumbled off the trucks and many were suffering from the effects of gasoline fumes. After vainly trying to get something to eat the fellows rolled up in their blankets and went to sleep.

Those who were not sleepy enough to sleep till noon were able to get a bite to eat from a rolling kitchen, belonging to a Coast Artillery Corps outfit that went by about ten o'clock. The majority of the fellows didn't get up for this treat and so when they eventually did arise they found themselves facing temporary starvation. B Battery's rolling kitchen was miles away and the only

thing left of Heudicourt was a water-trough and huge piles of stone that had once been buildings.

After searching vainly everywhere for food some of the boys volunteered to go back to Buxerulles a little village four miles away in which they learned from a French soldier, food could be purchased. It was late in the afternoon when this scouting party returned bringing with them all the available food, six cans of sardines and two loaves of bread.

The Coast Artillery Corps bunch that had fed some of the earlier risers had given them a large bone to which a few shreds of meat still clung. A bucket miraculously appeared and with the aid of some cabbage and turnips taken from what had a short time ago been a German "war garden," a soup was soon being brewed over the fire. It took an awfully long time to prepare that bucket-full of slum, but when it was finally ready and the fellows dove in, it was surely one of the most appreciated dishes they had ever eaten in the army.

When, on the following day, the Battery came along and picked the lost ones up, it was somewhat of a surprise to Cooks Sedberry and Mason to have the "lost battalion" fall on their necks and ask if they were still friends. B Battery's lost battalion had no casualties, but it was only due to the prompt arrival of the Battery cooks that about twenty-five were not found ready for the hospital.

The Road to Verdun

(Continued from page 160)

with a never-ending procession of trucks, camions, Red Cross ambulances, motorcycles and wagons.

C Company came at last, and B Battery was so glad to see them that they almost fell on their necks and wept. It was such a relief that they forgot to be miserable when they found that it was still three kilos to C Company's stables, and that they had to go there to get their halters back.

The horses were finally delivered, and the whole gang from Lieutenant Myers to the lowest buck-private heaved a sigh of relief and breathed a fervent "Thank God!" Another long wait till the trucks came, a long jolting six hour ride in trucks, and one o'clock in the morning found the Battery back in Laimont. Ten minutes later George Couchey crawling into bed, woke up Howard Miller.

"Was it a good trip, George?" he asked.

"Yeah—swell trip!" George said in a voice bitter with sarcasm.

"Do you want to get up for breakfast?"

"Do I—what? Hey Buddy, I don't want to get up till this time next week!"

Beside Lieutenant Myers and Sergeant York, the men who were lucky enough to go on the trip were Art Faulkner, Craig Starn, Jim Bennett, Meryl Stambaugh, Dick Thomas, Tommy Thompson, Skeets Werner, Joe Schnitzler, Henry Peters, A. B. Clark, Earl Davidson, Shorty Beckleheimer, Warren Scott, J. B. Michael and George C. Couchey. And Duke York voiced the sentiments of the whole crowd when he said later, "I wouldn't have missed it for a hundred dollars, but I wouldn't go on it again for a thousand!"

Lieut. Trautman—Strategist

B BATTERYMEN were witnesses to the only near casualty in the 134th regiment's war history.

Lieutenant Trautman of Battery C with several carriages and men from A, B and C Batteries pulled up across No-Man's Land one dark night and was halted by the M. P. guarding the cross roads.

"Where's C Battery?" asked Trautman, after he had discovered he had gone too far forward.

"How the hell do I know," yelled the M. P. "Say, do you know where you are?"

"No."

"Well, you're damned near up to the German lines."

"My Lord, my Lord," exclaimed Trautman.

"It'll be your Lord if you don't get out of here," the M. P. said.

Trautman frightened and excited beyond description, turned to his soldiers. "Forward men," he commanded. "Forward."

From the time B Battery went into the field until she returned from France there was always more or less close friendship between the B Battery men and the men of A and C Batteries of the 134th Field Artillery. Nothing in the line of scraps, athletic or otherwise in which one of these batteries ever became mixed up in ever went by unnoticed in B Battery.

At Camp Willis, Ohio, there was some rivalry between

the three batteries of the 1st Battalion, probably because there were no other artillery outfits to pick quarrels with.

From the time the Ohio batteries reached the border however it was always the old 1st Battalion that engaged in the differences with other outfits. The 1st Battalion stood off the Georgia artillerymen on the border one day, on one or two occasions took issue with other National Guard or regular army outfits.

It was at Camp Sheridan that the old ties began really to bind together the men of the 1st Battalion. The men of Batteries A, B and C were veterans in the Ohio Artillery Brigade at that camp and their common aims and ambitions were to keep before the soldier public at Sheridan the fact that the other fifteen batteries were made up of recruits.

The men of the three batteries were all pretty well acquainted with one another and even in France the old 1st Battalion pulled together against the 2nd Battalion and the rest of the brigade. B Battery was always "for" Batteries A and C.

Scene:—B Battery billet at Rambluzin, France.

Ross Kalaher—Say, Meledor, don't you like the Irish?

Meledor—Sure I like the Irish, Ross—I worked where there were three-hundred of them once and I wished at the time there had been three-hundred more.

Kalaher—Where was that?

Meledor—In a graveyard.

Why is a Cigar Lighter?

AN eager, expectant looking crowd was gathered around the stove, in the big billet at Camp Du Chanois (The Hill). Freddy Clark, Nick Carson and Martin Shere came crowding up to the gathering trying to edge into what they supposed to be a game of African billiards.

"Natural," "shoot it again" and "a franc you can't" were some of the expressions which attracted crapshooters.

Closer investigation showed that it was something much more interesting than a common crap game, for Fish Moore was exhibiting a cigarette lighter—which lighted.

"And I only paid twenty francs for it too," said Fish.

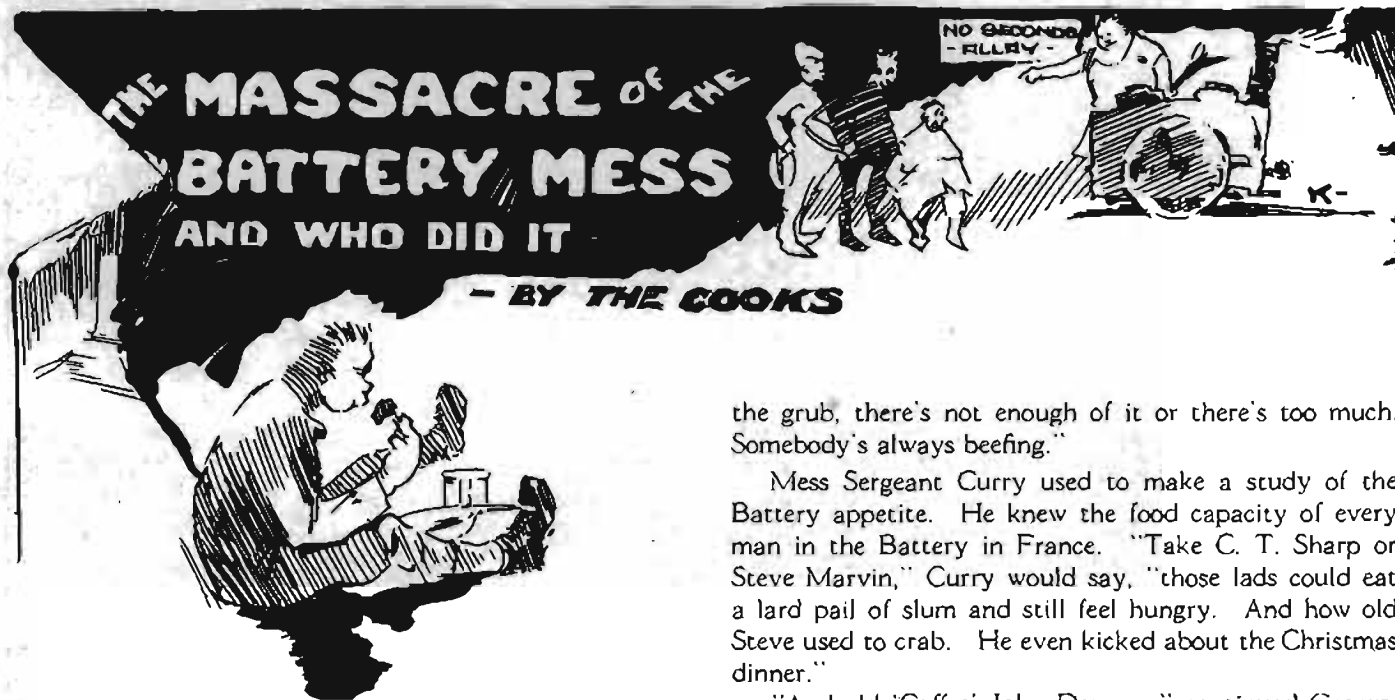
"I got one for fifteen, but there isn't any gas in it," said Tub Lamiell—furiously turning the little wheel. "I just can't keep it filled."

"Mine's got something the matter with the little carbon thing—it don't feed right," chimed in Pete Hirleman.

"Well, in all my experience with sparks," said George Couchy, Battery B's celebrated spark plug artist, "I've never seen such stubborn sparks as these in French cigarette lighters."

No matter how much they cost or how good looking they were, these lighters invariably balked at the touch of any Batteryman. On the other hand, no one ever saw a Poilu with an intractible allermeur de cigarette. The alibis advanced for the failure of these lighters to work were numerous but every man had his stock of excuses.

After numerous purchases of all sizes and description of lighters, Lieutenant Myers, at last found a good one. Then he had the trouble of picking the good one from his collection when he wanted a light. Bill Owens intended fastening a box of matches on the bottom of his lighter and furnish the necessary spark from a match. Since the Poilu assured all the fellows that these lighters were made from Boche shells they were nice souvenirs although as cigarette lighters they made good soap boxes.



"BY golly," said Sidney Sedberry, "I wouldn't mind cooking for this bunch if they would only show some appreciation."

"Sure that's the way I feel about it," said Orland Outland, "Give 'em oatmeal and they yell for hotcakes and give them hotcakes and they squawk for oatmeal."

"Those birds forget they're in France," said George Capron, "and they forget there isn't as much oatmeal and milk over here as there was in Camp Sheridan or Fort Ben Harrison."

A couple of kitchen police offered something in the way of criticism of the Batterymen's attitude toward the mess and in a moment the entire Battery from the biggest jungle buzzard to the lightest eater in the Battery was on the carpet.

The kitchen force that fed the Battery in France had probably more difficulty getting food and feeding the boys than any other crew of cooks in the Battery's history. Mess Sergeant George Curry, George Capron, Orland Outland, Albert "Judge" Mason and Sidney Sedberry undertook to nourish the Battery while the boys were in France, and they did, but often wished that they had remained drivers or cannoneers instead.

The cooks would pan the Battery and the Battery would pan the cooks. Discussions like the one above were commonplace.

"You can't ever please them," Judge Mason would say. "Remember the time we gave them oatmeal for one-hundred eighteen days at Camp Sheridan. They got tired of oatmeal and said they were going to ask the captain for nosebags."

Sidney Sedberry would calm the boys when they got worked up about the Battery's funny appetites. "Forget it," he'd say, "somebody is sure to howl about the chow no matter what you give them. Either they don't like

the grub, there's not enough of it or there's too much. Somebody's always beefing."

Mess Sergeant Curry used to make a study of the Battery appetite. He knew the food capacity of every man in the Battery in France. "Take C. T. Sharp or Steve Marvin," Curry would say, "those lads could eat a lard pail of slum and still feel hungry. And how old Steve used to crab. He even kicked about the Christmas dinner."

"And old 'Coffee' John Downey," continued George. "John came to B Battery from the 136th regiment and they must have been starving him up there because he was all run down when he came to us. It was a long time before we got the wrinkles out of 'coffee John' and got him weather-boarded up."

Old William "Galloping" Gulick was the most efficient buzzard in the Battery, according to the cooks. The galloping jungler was the first man in the messline for breakfast, dinner and supper and he was the first man in the seconds line from the time he joined the Battery until he left. But William was a good natured fellow. He didn't mind seeing the next fellow buzz a little.



Another reliable seconds man was Archie Murphy, the Battery bindle. Art Possehl, Jesse "Izzy" Sayre, Don Cochran, Harry Slater, Tay Haller, Howard Miller,

George Couchey, Ike Spicer and a few more never were dyspeptics around the Battery in France either—not that the cooks knew about.

Harry Moore, Don Scott, Louis Isenman, Bill Bass, Harold Mook, Karl Molodre and one or two others were the only men who could eat heartily on the ship that brought the Battery to France. Tub Lamiell used to say that Earl Youngs and Red Hogue even ate their tripe on board ship and then asked for his. Those boys were dependable buzzards if there ever were any.

Sergeant Curry used to tell a good story about Archie Murphy. The one in which Archie peeled onions until he couldn't see, for a pan of beans. Currie can tell the story best. The way he tells about giving Archie three bottles of catsup to help rinse down the beans was funny,

Friendship in "A B and C" Combination

FROM the time B Battery went into the field until she returned from France there was always more or less close friendship between the B Battarymen and the men of A and C Batteries of the 134th Field Artillery. Nothing in the line of scraps, athletics or otherwise in which one of these batteries ever became mixed up in ever went by unnoticed in B Battery.

At Camp Willis Ohio, there was some rivalry between the three batteries of the 1st Battalion, probably because there were no other artillery outfits to pick quarrels with.

From the time the Ohio batteries reached the border however it was always the old 1st Battalion that engaged in the differences with other outfits. The 1st Battalion stood off the Georgia artillerymen on the border one day,

on one or two occasions it took issue with other National Guard or regular army outfits.

It was at Camp Sheridan that the old ties began really to bind together the men of the 1st Battalion. The men of Batteries A B and C were veterans in the Ohio Artillery Brigade at that camp and their common aims and ambitions were to keep before the soldier public at Sheridan the fact that the other fifteen batteries were made up of recruits.

The men of the three batteries were all pretty well acquainted with one another and even in France the old 1st Battalion pulled together against the 2nd Battalion and the rest of the brigade; B Battery was always "for" Batteries A and C.

Do you remember the Wheel Drivers Ball at Montgomery?

* * * *

Do you remember the pig Creveling swiped at Bellefontaine, Ohio?

* * * *

Do you remember the hike up the mountains in Texas?

* * * *

Do you remember when "Fish" Moore was buying dollar bills in France?



Do you remember the Hamburg Show song?

* * * *

Do you remember "the third hole?" Rumors.

* * * *

Do you remember Carl Truby's German telephone?

* * * *

Do you remember your first experience with the "Caribou?"

* * * *

Do you remember Inez and Marie Antoinette at the Cafe de la Gare, in Le Lion d' Angers?

Do you remember the time "Two Gun Jones" captured the desperadoes?

* * * *

Do you remember Harry Greenberg's ride on Dixie in front of the firing battery at Camp Sheridan?

* * * *

Do you remember the "Rest Camps" in England and France?

* * * *

Do you remember the last night in the army?



THE FIRST SHOT



AFTER two years of drill and preparation in a dozen different camps it is doubtful if B Battery could have found in all their travels a more picturesque setting for their first engagement against a real enemy.

On a hill overlooking the "petit" villages, snuggling in the verdant meadows below, the guns of B Battery were first laid on the enemy boche. Behind the protecting barrier formed by the hill on which the Battery's guns were placed, lay the peaceful looking villages of Bauzumont and Ville a Val, while in the distance, hazily desried, the beautiful Moselle river wended its way.

In front of the Battery's position and under "Heinie's" observation lay Port sur Seille, and the remains of the one-time beautiful Chateau du Dombasle, while on the left flank of the Battery the remaining roofs of St. Genevieve, flashed defiance to the several German Observation Posts. Although almost devastated by four years of war, these little clusters of red thatched buildings seemed to have been placed there only to add to the attractiveness of the landscape. Indeed the beautiful scenery around this first position almost made the artillerymen forget the circumstances which had brought them there. In the beautiful foot-hills of the Vosges, it was very easy to dream—had it not been for the offending boom of the guns.

From this vantage point the Battery might have pounded away for weeks at the boche without greatly endangering themselves. The guns being on such high ground offered a poor target to the enemy, and they were so well dug in and camouflaged that it is doubtful if they could have been spotted at all. No firing was done from these positions however, it being figured that they were too important to give away until time for the "big drive" that one heard of on all sides. It was from hastily constructed pits in the valley ahead of the regular positions that B Battery eventually launched into "Le Grande Guerre."

It was a very melodramatic entry that B Battery made into those first positions. Coming up from the echelon at Millery, under cover of darkness, they formally relieved the 232nd French Artillery, and took over a sector on the fighting front. Very melodramatically too did two of the guns and gun crews move back down the hill into the valley, under cover of a heavy mist and over

roads that were, on clear days, under direct observation of the Germans.

"ASIDE FROM THE USUAL ARTILLERY ACTIVITIES ON THIS FRONT, THERE IS NOTHING OF ANY IMPORTANCE TO REPORT."

The above statement familiar to every newspaper reader as the common report, in the American communiques, of activities without any loss or gain of ground may have been true, so far as the world at large was concerned, but there were men in B Battery who at one time would have vouched for its being a gross mis-statement of facts. There was, in their opinion much more than the usual thing to report. It should have mentioned the fact that there were no casualties, and that B Battery was a very thankful outfit.

The trip from the permanent positions to the temporary ones took the little parade across an open field, broken only by a few wagon tracks. This stretch of meadow lay at right angles to Heinie's Observation Posts, and within range of his artillery. So long as the heavy mist hung over all, the movement was entirely screened from the enemy. Although the sun had risen, it had not yet broken through the mist, and it was the object of the Battery to reach their gun-pits before this happened.

Owing to the lack of good emplacements, and to the nature of the job ahead, only two of the guns were to be used forward at a time. For the first excursion toward Germany, the first and third sections, under Sergeants Bob Newman and Pat Lynch were called upon.

Just as Winfield "Red" McCracken pulled his lead pair of horses to the right to start across the open field—Old Sol, as though controlled by the boche for a spotlight, sent his rays beaming through the mist revealing the moving carriages in broad day-light. From his Observation Posts on the opposite hill "Fritz" could see the whole parade. Lieutenant Leahy, in charge of the platoon, gave the order to doubly increase the gait and the boys did. They whipped their horses into a gallop, and it is doubtful if the enemy could have followed the column after that. The old training the men had experienced, on going into action at a trot and gallop helped in this emergency. The drivers felt a thrill that it is the privilege of few to feel as they galloped their horses across the field,

svung the guns into position, and dashed away with the limbers.

As the trail of the third section gun hit the dirt and buried itself, a mighty howl went up from the gun-crew.

"Hold up there," cried George Couchey to the rest of the crew as he stood looking first at the gun position and then in the direction of Germany. "This aint a position, it's a target," continued George.

"Hey, do we have to clean up all this burlap and wire here before we begin to fire?" inquired Guy "Casey" Price.

"Ah, how do you get that way," yelled Sergeant Pat Lynch, "that aint to be policed up, that's Kelly's camouflage."

True enough the third section gun seemed to be marked rather than concealed by the camouflage screen over it. Vari-colored burlap and raffia supported on a wire net six feet from the ground, covered the area of the gun position. From lateral observation the screen looked just like a weather beaten flat top tent in an open field, but it was not from such observation that Camoufleur Joe had endeavored to conceal.

With a detail of six men, Corporal Kelly had spent the night before screening this little area, and for the purpose that it was intended, he claimed it to be a masterpiece. "Just like a continuation of the field beneath it," is what Joe said it looked like from the aeroplanes from which he was hiding the position.

The first section seemed to be in a better position. The gun was also under camouflage, but on the edge of a bit of woods into which the camouflage seemed to blend making the gun concealed even from lateral observation. It was just a short distance to the right of the third section.

After the guns were placed the telephone communication was established, Corporal Don Cochran, Bill Murphy and Mike Shepherd running wires in two or three directions from the guns.

The telephones were tested and communication established with the forward observation post in the trenches ahead. Then came the long wait for the order from headquarters to fire. It was deemed necessary to wait for the mist to clear up so the results of the Battery's work might be better observed.

Cook Sidney Sedberry with his impromptu kitchen in the woods had started a nice fire with the aid of some B. S. P. (powder), and while the coffee boiled some of the boys held a council of war, around the fire. Others went on little tours of investigation out towards the trenches, at that time occupied by the 92nd Division (colored). They told some very funny stories upon their return, of what they had seen the dark complected boys doing up there.

Later in the afternoon, when the dinner (such as it was) had been finished; that is, after Corporal Bill Hovis had finished his "seconds"—the order to get "set" came

down. Old Sol had again made his appearance, this time permanently. All men were called to their posts and the ammunition prepared for a problem.

B Battery's first shot in the war was fired at two thirty-five in the afternoon of that day by Gunner Larry Fetch, just a fraction of a second before the "crack" of the third section gun was heard announcing Gunner George Nycamp's entrance into the hostilities. At last the war between B Battery and Germany was on.

The firing orders had been "Battery three rounds," and the three shells from each of the guns were on their way in record time. In less than two minutes it was evident that they had stirred up something too, for the Battery men saw Heinie's shells bursting with thunderous reports on the American Observation Post. This Observation Post was located on a high hill to the left and in front of the Battery. It was known as Mousson and served as a barrier between a part of the town of Pont a Mousson and the enemy. On the topmost pinnacle of this hill was a statue of Joan of Arc and a shrine which had at one time been a pilgrimage. Four years of war had torn this hill up pretty well, but, although somewhat scarred by the fragments of high explosives that had struck it, the statue had never had a direct hit scored on it. The Germans evidently thought that the Americans were observing fire from this place, and were continually trying to demolish it.

After about fifteen minutes of Boche bombardment on the hill the order came to fire. "Eighteen rounds, as fast as possible" was considered the necessary dose to stop the obnoxious German battery's fire. As fast as Mike Shepherd and Bill Murphy could throw the shells into the guns, those eighteen rounds went flying over into Heinie's territory. The 77s became silent almost at once, but where the 77s had stopped, the heavies took it up and from the number of 210s that dropped on either flank, and in the rear of the Battery it was evident that they were trying to return B Battery's compliment but didn't know just where to return it.

In coming to this forward position it had been the intention to merely harass Fritz, and then, under cover of darkness, sneak back to the permanent position on the hill. So far the harassing had seemed to be quite a success but only twenty-four rounds of ammunition remained; the Battery having brought only forty-five in all. Dusk was descending by the time Lieutenant Leahy had another problem to fire. Communication with the forward Observation Post had been destroyed in some manner, and now the observing was being done from St. Genevieve in the rear of the Battery. The gun-crews were told that the next target was a German billet, and that knowledge added a thrill to the engagement that the boys had never felt before.

The orders had said, for this problem, "twenty rounds as fast as possible." The order was complied with in a hurry, but since each gun had only four rounds left after

that, they all decided to let them go on the same target, for it was unknown just when they would have another target, so worthy of their scrap-iron. It was a very beautiful sight to see the landscape light up as each of the guns belched forth their flame into the fast gathering dusk. It surely must have been very attractive to Heinie too, for he had evidently been watching it.

Just as "Mutt" Bausman and "Tub" Lamiell had packed the last of the remaining fuses and empty shell-cases and all the fellows were waiting for the limbers to put in their appearance—WHIZZ-BANG! Not more than one hundred yards in front of the guns one of Heinie's tsching-bums landed and burst.

There was a mad rush for shelter, for orders had been given to leave the guns in case of any return of fire. It was quite evident that the Boche had almost the proper range and deflection so no one was taking any chances. Led by the able gas expert Corporal George Miller, with his nose close to the ground, trying to scent gas, they sped towards the woods. George was going some, but Larry Fetch was pressing him for position while he in turn was being crowded by Corporal Nycamp and Howard Miller. Just as the fellows were about to stop another shell dropped in the woods ahead, and the course of the race was turned. Rather than rush into the woods towards which they were headed the boys all fell at the edge of the little grove and tried to conceal themselves behind the little saplings that grew there. It certainly was funny to see Larry, Tub and about three others all trying to hide behind one little tree. The shells continued to fall at about the same distance, but no one knew when Fritz might decide to increase his range and no one was willing to gamble their \$10,000 insurance that he

wouldn't. Corporal Bill Hovis found a deserted dug-out and called to the fellows to follow him. In this place, then, the gun-crews stayed until the rain of scrap-iron was over.

Corporal Cochran and his detail were out in the field reeling up the telephone wire, when the first shell landed close. They were too far from the dug-out to gain its entrance so were compelled to drop into the edge of the woods for protection.

Harold Moock had been helping Cook Sid to get his kitchen torn down and ready to move when that first memorable shell burst close by and it was with great difficulty that Harold convinced Sidney that the shot had not hit him.

About a half hour later the limbers which had been waiting under cover a few kilos away, came up. The drivers, Reed Yorkey, Art Possehl and Carl Schrank of the third section and "Red" McCracken, Carl Moledor and "Ike" Spicer of the first section were surprised to find no one at the guns to greet them, for firing had stopped fifteen minutes before and it was quite dark by this time.

Sergeant Newman soon rounded up the gun-crews, and as soon as the last man crawled out of the dug-out, the little parade of B Battery harassers started eagerly for their home on the hill. It was unanimously voted that the business of harassing Fritz was exciting enough but interest lagged when one ran out of ammunition and had to play target for the other fellow.

At eleven-thirty that night B Battery was again together on the top of the hill and at least one platoon ready for sleep. Thus ended the first days firing at an enemy, for B Battery.

THE GONIOMETER MEN: Our Instrument Detail in France

LET us not, in reading about the experiences of the Battery overlook that part of the organization known as the Instrument Detail, and often alluded to as the "Brains of the Battery." It is lamentable that in at least one instance this was taken seriously, but a member of this detail was on the job to set the erring one aright in this regard.

It is difficult to determine the true derivation of the title "Instrument Detail," but perhaps the name is derived from the fact that in their work various fire control instruments were used, namely; the Battery Commander's Telescope, the Range Finder, the Goniometer and others. The range finder is used exactly for the purpose which the name implies, and is a mechanical

arrangement of prisms which reflect two images of an object upon a mirror, one above the other and upside down. These images are brought to coincide and the range is read from an indicator at the left of the eye piece. The Battery Commander's telescope and goniometer are simply instruments for measuring angles, but the latter differs slightly in that it also has a magnetized needle and is used in laying the guns.

In the overseas Instrument Detail were Sergeant J. N. Shere, Corporals William Hovis, Glen Spade, Myron Craver and Homer Eckert; Percy Harris, Jesse Sayre and John Jameson. If these boys, like the rest of the Batterymen were disappointed in not seeing more of the war they always got as much if not more out of

the army life than the rest of the soldiers, for they lived together like a big family, pooling their tobacco, jam and other luxuries of the army.

The Instrument Detail originally comprised but three men and was combined with the signal men into one detail then known as the Battery Commander's Detail. Shortly after the Battery reached Camp Sheridan, however, a new order created two details, Instrument and Signal, each entirely separate, in its functions.

Thereafter each specialized in its vocation and much work was done at Sheridan with the range finder and the B. C. telescope, previously described. In addition, some terrain work was done, maps were drawn and the men were taught the use of the plane table. After going to France, and while at Camp de Souge, several new instruments were received among which were the goniometer, an observation telescope and two scissors telescopes, the latter replacing the old style B. C. telescope.

In addition to work with the above named instruments, this detail undertook the mastery of the French range tables, problems in probabilities and French methods of fire control, for the most part digging it out for themselves from the books that were available. Camp De Souge being left behind and the front and action becoming something more than an imagination for the detail men, there was much discussion as to just what would be expected of the instrument detail, for although the tables of organization prescribed each member's work, there had never appeared any circumstance to justify the use of all of them.

The time spent at Laimont, just before the Battery went on the line although partially devoted to problems and some work with the instruments, shed no further

light on the subject and it was not until the middle of October when the Battery took up its first position that there was any definite idea of what their work would consist. The Battery moved to Pompey, then known as "Pneumonia Hollow," and about October 10th left for the front in earnest, accompanied by the entire detail, but upon their arrival at the positions, it developed that but three men of the Instrument Detail would be needed and Sergeant J. N. Shere, and Corporals Myron, Craver and William Hovis remained with the Battery, the others returning with the limbers to echelon.

Now there was real work to be done, assisting in reconnaissance, making up barrage tables, laying the pieces and so on, but as a whole, the front was disappointingly inactive, or so it seemed.

However, their stay there was short and after spending a few days in Camp Ouest and later in Apremont, the detail accompanied the Battery to Vigneulles and on into the positions in which the Battery spent the last days before the armistice was signed.

Here the instrument detail's work varied but little from that done on the Marbache front, except that there was more of it, and the signing of the armistice brought the end of the war and left the detail little better off than before as regards a thorough experience in their duties in actual engagement.

In conclusion little may be said concerning this detail men's activity, but no one may question their ability, and had circumstances demanded their service, the Battery would have found them fully capable, and prepared and the Battery never would have found it necessary to condemn their Instrument Detail.

B Battery Almost Went to Germany

B BATTERY didn't enter Germany with the A. E. F. Army of Occupation, but it did not miss the trip by a whole lot. On two occasions the Battery was among the "troops of occupation," but both times, by some stroke of luck, good or ill, whichever you wish, the orders were changed and the Battery was permitted to remain in France.

Whether or not the men wished to go into Germany with the Army of Occupation is a debated question. There was only one thing the boys wished for and longed for sincerely after the armistice. That was to go home as quickly as possible.

As the long as the fight lasted the men were wrapped up in it heart and soul. They always thought of home

and yearned for it but not until after the Hun was beaten, did the thoughts of home become poignant to them. Then the quickest way there was the way they wanted to go. If by going to Germany with the Army of Occupation they could reach the States sooner than by staying in France, then that was the way they wished to go. If it was a fifty-fifty chance the majority would have chosen to go to Germany for it would have been an opportunity for travel and sight-seeing and a chance to see the enemy in his natural haunts. The fact remains they did not go. In course of time they reached the States and whether they might have reached them sooner via the Rhine and Colbenz was, after all, a hard question to decide.

Do you remember the refreshments at the New Year's Party in France?

Do you remember "Now, when I was down on the Border."



Mary & Marie



We choose Mary every time... ..

WHO of us who were with the A. E. F. in France were not at sometime asked this question: "How do you like the French girls?"

It is quite a puzzle as to what feeling prompted this query from the folks at home—whether of envy of them because they could be near their boys or just plain curiosity. At least it would appear that the "madamoiselles" were deemed attractive enough to be worth the consideration of the boys.

Now, France is France, and America is three thousand miles away and in spite of a number of Franco-American conjugal alliances, it is maintained that "never the twain shall meet."

However, we must concede to the Ma'm'selles of France, beauty, for they have it, peculiar to their race though it may be. It is very striking, yet there are beautiful girls everywhere. They are attractive, but the same may be said of their sisters in other countries. The French girls are charming of manner; quiet and demure or "full of pep." They are intelligent; they are possessed with a delightful courtesy which is as evidently natural and spontaneous, as their laughing gayety. Their life is one of love and laughter because they are a pleasure loving race. In all, they are very fine girls, but—

In America there are beautiful girls too, because in them is combined the beauty of all races, so closely intermingled as to have brought out a bloom of feminine beauty, equalled only in splendor by that most perfect member of the flower kingdom—the American beauty rose,—typical as it were of the fresh, red-blooded beauty of America's young womanhood. America's girls are attractive, even in the absence of striking beauty. That

they are charming is merely a matter of course and that we are all charmed sooner or later puts it beyond further question. American girls may not be quiet, demure, self-effacing individuals nor the vivacious coquette, but they are just a rare combination with the proper proportions of fun, good nature, life and convention that makes them what they are—the ONLY GIRLS IN THE WORLD for America's men.

For some of you, there may have been disappointments, but if she turned you down while you were "over there" unable to defend your cause, remember that "one bad egg in the basket does not spoil the lot," and besides *she was not the kind of a girl we are talking about.*

You see, the idea is to convince these girls of ours that we were always thinking of them. Get the idea? Then, when they ask us how many French girls we made love to, we may just show them this little book, on this page, in this column and say, "That's what the boys all think. The French dames are all right, but I want mine 'Made in America.'" Now, if you don't let them get wise to you you will be "Jake," but we may leave it to the boys of Battery B to put that across.

Anyhow, in a nutshell, it all amounts to this, for:

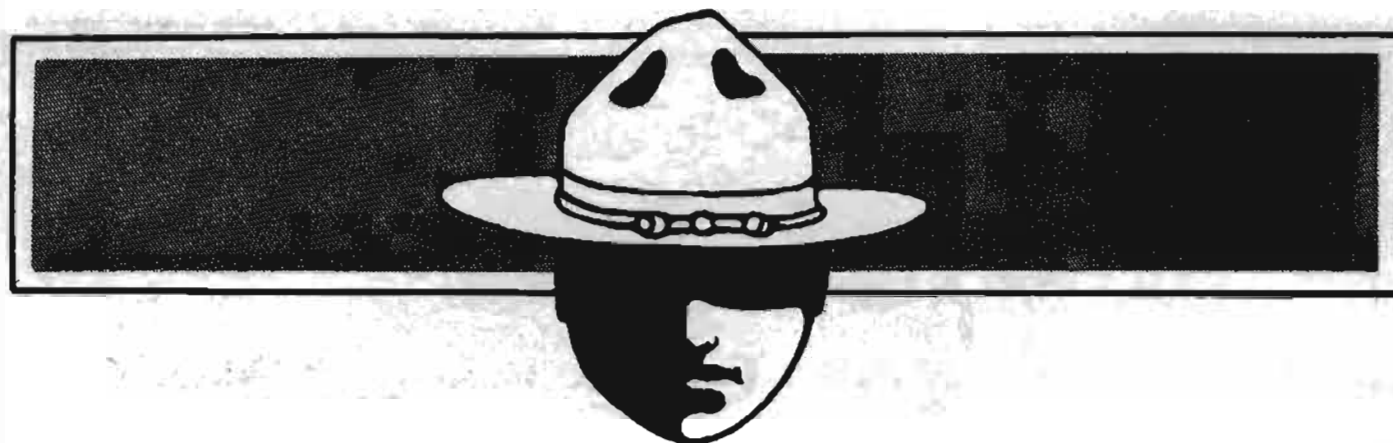
There are beautiful girls in England,
Charming Mademoiselles in France,
The Senoritas of Sunny Spain,
And their charming Spanish dance.
But you may seek the wide world over,
Or search where 'ere you may,
Yet the girl you want and will some day find,
Is right in the U. S. A.

Hoffman's Rats

SERGEANT Bill Hoffman used to pay more attention to the rats in the dugouts on the west front than anyone else in the Battery. A rat running across Bill's chest in the middle of the night positively disturbed him. He used to set traps for the rats but the rodents were old timers with three or four years' service on the front and none of them ever walked into Bill's traps. Hoffman save some of his bacon and beans to put into his

rat trap at night. One night at the suggestion of George White he laid a nice big cheese sandwich in the trap. And as soon as Bill went to bed George got up and ate the sandwich.

"What you ought to do," said Martin Shere one day, "is set a candle out beside the trap. I don't believe the rats can find the trap at night."



Famous Sayings of B Batterymen

"Scissors" Hall—"Where's my kitchen police?"

* * * *

M. L. Clark—"Just a little bit more."

* * * *

Bob Newman—"Let's go gang!"

* * * *

Straud Jackson—"Gimme some, what is that?"

* * * *

Harry Harris—"Spare George!"

* * * *

McKeever—"! ? — ! *— Give 'em duck!" Duck in and
Duck out.

* * * *

Sidney Sedberry—"By Golly!"

* * * *

Bruce Newkirk—"Plaggone it!"

* * * *

Roland Thompson—"Little old girl, you just don't know."

* * * *

Roscoe Poling—"Period! Check! Next man!"

* * * *

Charles Lange—"Get on your wheels and start rolling!"

* * * *

Bob Riden—"Well! Here I am, Colonel!"

* * * *

Col. Bush—"Bite 'im in the tail, Shafter!"

* * * *

James Hogue—"It's just like this, when a horse is sick,
he aint feelin' well."

* * * *

Pat Lynch—"What's the big delay, Oliver?"

* * * *

Geo. Couchey—"Get the 'paulin out!"

* * * *

Warren Edwards—"Easy lad, one hand."

* * * *

Abbott Kneff—"Come and get it!"

* * * *

Harry Greenberg—"Advance to be investigated!"

* * * *

Lieut. Myers—"You win the brown derby."

Harry Moore—"Got me a piece of bread?"

* * * *

Dan. Boone—"Bet you five."

* * * *

Dick Thomas—"Oh! Boy."

* * * *

Art Faulkner—"Slip me the old five."

* * * *

Pop Fetch—"Well, well! Yes, Sir!"

* * * *

Bob Wiener—"How big are the bottles?"

* * * *

Kavy—"I give you five minutes and if you don't get out
I'll give you something else."

* * * *

Capt. Leahy—"Sidney, got any jam?"

* * * *

Carl Schrank—"There's a kiss for you."

* * * *

Gerald Gruver—"Got the dope sergeant?"

* * * *

Joe Kelly—"Get those brooms and go down that aisle."

* * * *

Ralph Curry—"The General's coming this morning lads."

* * * *

"Nick" Carson—"Mm-mm—"

* * * *

Lieut. Geo. Curtin—"Now, let's see!"

* * * *

Lieut. Howard Myers—"Gunners to muh!"

* * * *

M. M. Shere—"Crap shooters front and center."

* * * *

Wilbur Dunn—"Wipe that smile!"

* * * *

Stewart Hobensack—"Give me that ball!"

* * * *

Myron Craver—"Wait till I get my map!"

* * * *

"Mike" Greene—"Battery, Fall in!"



The Overseas Signal Detail

"VERANDA speaking!" How often did these words sound over the telephone wires while the Battery was on the front. "Veranda" being the code telephone call for B Battery during its operations against Heinie. The Battery's Telephone Detail in France played an important part in all Battery operations on the line. The guns would pull into position, camouflage would be thrown up and things set to fire. Not until the telephones were installed and data had come down over the wires could any firing be done. Through endless miles of woods and fields, swamps and thickets, under roads and culverts; from regimental to battalion, battalion to battery, from battery to observation post and up to the very front line trenches the lines must be run. This despite all the obstacles of nature and the Hun. Under the most trying conditions communication had to be established, for without it the battery was helpless, or to use a common expression—blind.

To Sergeant William Hoffman, Corporals Don Cochran, Carl Truby and Privates "Dick" Thomas, Frank Werner, Ralph Scott, "Tom" Michael, "Bill" Summers, Earl Davidson, M. L. Clark, Steve Marvin, Morgan Bright, Harry Slater and Craig Starn go the credit for this work.

Bright, Marvin and Slater transferred to the telephone detail from other sections soon after the Battery's arrival in France. The others had been in it in the States. The entire Detail was given a five weeks course in telephone work, as used on the front, while the Battery was at Camp de Souge. The instructors at the Camp de Souge school were picked men from the French, English and American armies; men who were experts in the work and who had gained their knowledge and experience in actual warfare.

Examinations were held every week by the instructors at Souge, and it is worthy of note that the average grades made by the men in B Battery's Telephone Detail, for the five weeks course was ninety-four percent, approximately ten percent higher than the average made by any other telephone detail, and the second highest mark ever made in Camp de Souge.

Captain Leahy speaks in strongest terms of the excellent work done on the front by the telephone men and commends them highly.

The telephone work was divided into two parts, stringing the lines and operating the telephones and

switchboards. Corporal Truby, Privates Starn, Marvin, Bright, Clark and Slater were linesmen; Corporal Cochran Thomas, Werner, Scott, Michael, Davidson and Summers operators, but the men usually took turns at operating the boards and at laying and repairing lines. Sergeant Hoffman was in direct charge of the Signal Detail. Hoffman, Truby, Cochran and Dick Thomas bore the brunt of the work on the first front above St. Genevieve; Cochran, Truby, Werner, Michael and Thomas on the second front above Vigneulles had control of the work.

They were at the switchboard or carrying messages day and night. The short rest which they might have had was broken by going out with members of the gun crew and helping in the handling of ammunition. They worked to the very limit of human endurance and at times they seemed even to pass this. The above named men were relieved from time to time by other members of the Telephone Detail so that all had their share of work.

So far, mention has been made only of these men for their work with the telephone. Besides knowing telephone work, they were also experts in wig-wag, semaphore, signal-rocket, projector and telegraph work.

However, as ninety-two percent of all communication in the war was carried on by telephone, these other methods of communication were not very often used by the men of the Detail.

It was in training camps in the States that the Signal Detail laid the foundation for their excellent work in France. On the range at Camp Sheridan and on various problems in which the Battery took part, the signal detail played its part as an integral and efficient part of the Battery machine.

Captain Leahy's praise of the men in the Telephone Detail was not flattery—it was credit justly due them and hard-earned.

Do you remember Benny Bowman's spurs on the border?

* * * *

Do you remember B Battery's "only front" at Laimont?

* * * *

Do you remember "Soldier rise and shine?"

* * * *

Do you remember Louise?

Bar-le-Duc

ONE of the few pleasures the batterymen enjoyed while in Camp du Chanois above Rambluzin, France, was an occasional trip to the city of Bar-le-Duc. The scenery along the road to that quaint little city will be remembered as some of the most picturesque seen in France.

From the start of the trip at Heippes to the end at Boulevard de la Rochelle in the city, it was a continuous panorama of beautiful landscapes. The rolling hills, with their evenly planted rows of trees, the ever winding road whose route defied all surveys and covered three kilometers in going one in any general direction, and the little red thatched foresters' huts sitting snugly in the hillsides. It must be that the French people in building that road, built it in such a manner that none of the beauty of the landscape should escape the notice of the traveler.

Although the little railroad that connected Bar-le-Duc and Verdun was in running order at the time, none of the boys ever depended on it as a means of transportation, relying, rather on the American motor trucks that were so numerous on the winding macadam road. It was always possible to hop on a truck bound for, or in the general direction of Bar-le-Duc and just as easy to get one bound for Verdun on the journey back to camp.

Upon the arrival in the city the usual rendezvous was the Y. M. C. A. headquarters in the main street. There the boys could get hot chocolate and sandwiches, cigarettes and occasionally some candy. There also, they could be directed to all the places of interest in the city and after the stores were all closed and the city went to sleep the Y. M. C. A. furnished a cot for the weary tourist soldiers.

The Chateau du Bar was one of the most notable places in this city. Surrounded by a moat of the 13th century type, it occupied a very conspicuous place on the city's topography. It had been the home of all the old Dukes of Bar before that Duchy became a part of the Republic of France.

Other interesting places were the Military School and the Seminary on the top of the hill in what is known as the "Le Vieux Bar le Duc."

The canal of the factories (Canal des Usines) too, was an oddity to the B Battery tourists whose idea of canals was limited to the Ohio canal that runs so freely through Akron, O. This canal of the factories seemed to be forced from one side of the city to the other as if no one wanted it and the struggling stream was pushed between houses, under buildings and in one instance at least, over a building.

Of course the stores of the city offered an opportunity for the boys to spend some of the francs that had been accumulating while they were up in the woods. No doubt there are many articles in the city of Akron today that were bought in Bar-le-Duc during B Battery's stay in that district. (In fact it is due to the stores of Bar-le-Duc that this book got its start in France, for it was there that the first manuscript paper was purchased.) The people and merchants of Bar-le-Duc were of a much higher class than those of any other city the batterymen had visited up to that time.

The 15th century cathedral of Notre Dame, where some of the boys attended Mass when on a Sunday pass, also attracted attention. Indeed, anything that was old was a sight for the Americans whose native land had not been thought of, when most of the chateaux and cathedrals of France were being built.

Informal Target Practice

THERE were two men in the Battery who, if they had been permitted to continue their practice, might have become expert pistol shots. They were Corporal J. B. Kelly and Sergeant J. N. Shere. On the front above St. Genevieve these two begged, borrowed and swiped all the fortified ammunition in the neighborhood and every day found them out at target practice. Orders had been issued forbidding the discharging of firearms unless there were Heinies in the neighborhood.

But what were orders compared to much needed target practice? There had been rumors that German patrols had slipped past the front lines and were hiding near the Battery positions so that it is possible that the two "Joes" were after them.

One day Captain Leahy found the duet at their daily pastime and straightway confiscated their pistols. They were eventually returned to them but their vision of becoming pistol experts were, for the time, dispelled.

Do you remember "Extra Duty?"

Do you remember guard duty in the tree at the front?

"11 11 11" AND B BATTERY



"PROBABLY the hardest fighting being done by any Americans in the final hour was that which engaged the troops of the 28th, 92nd, 81st and 7th Divisions with the Second Army who launched a fire eating attack above Vigneulles just at dawn on the 11th....."

The above is a quotation from the Stars and Stripes, the official paper of the A. E. F., issue of November 15, 1918, and is given here because the 28th Division hard-fighting and hard-hitting Pennsylvania National Guard, was at that time minus its own artillerymen and their places were being taken by the 134th Field Artillery, of Ohio. The Ohio men had been there since October 28th when they moved up by way of Apremont in the St. Mihiel salient. Regimental Headquarters and Battery B Echelons were established at Vigneulles and on the night of the 28th the first platoon of the Battery moved into position, followed on the night of the 29th by the third and fourth sections. Daybreak of the 30th found all four guns in position in the woods above the St. Louis farm, four kilometers north of Vigneulles and one kilometer from the Verdun road.

Then followed days of heart-breaking work, days of hurling "beaucoup" scrap-iron over to Fritz and days of listening to the "whee-e-e-e bang" of high-explosives sent back at us with his compliments. There was one stretch of ninety-six hours in which the firing battery had less than ten hours sleep; most of it spent in carrying tons and tons of ammunition, stumbling through the darkness into shell holes, and out of 'em, and walking miles of duck-board; dragging the pieces out of their positions a half a mile or so through French mud firing a barrage and pulling 'em back again, stumbling out of a warm dug-out at four in the morning into the cold and drizzling rain to fire a barrage that lasted well into the morning. Days so busy that no one knew when the next meal was coming; nights spent on a little platform high up in a tree with eyes straining at a spot thirty degrees from Magnetic North, watching for the red rocket that meant that the doughboys were "going over" and wanted our rain of high explosives in front of them; nights when the drivers slept "full-pack" in the stables, not knowing when they had to get out and sling harness on a pair of horses in the dark, hitch into the limbers and drive out after ammunition, days when the ever-present query, "When is the

mail coming up," gave way to a whole-hearted, "When do we eat," which brings us up to the morning of the 10th of November.

Something big was impending that morning, everybody knew it and felt it. Ever since daybreak, long before the gray mist was out of the woods, long lines of doughboys had marched full-pack past the Battery position up to the front. Regiment after regiment, a seemingly unending procession of them. Machine-gun battalions with their dumpy little carts, drawn by mules, ration wagons, traveling kitchens and truck loads of ammunition; two batteries of "heavies" one of six inch rifles, the other a six inch howitzer battery of the 303rd Field Artillery tractor-drawn, rumbled past; tanks, four of them, huge, grey-souled monsters lumbered into the distance. All day long they came through the mud—infantry, artillery, tanks, etc.

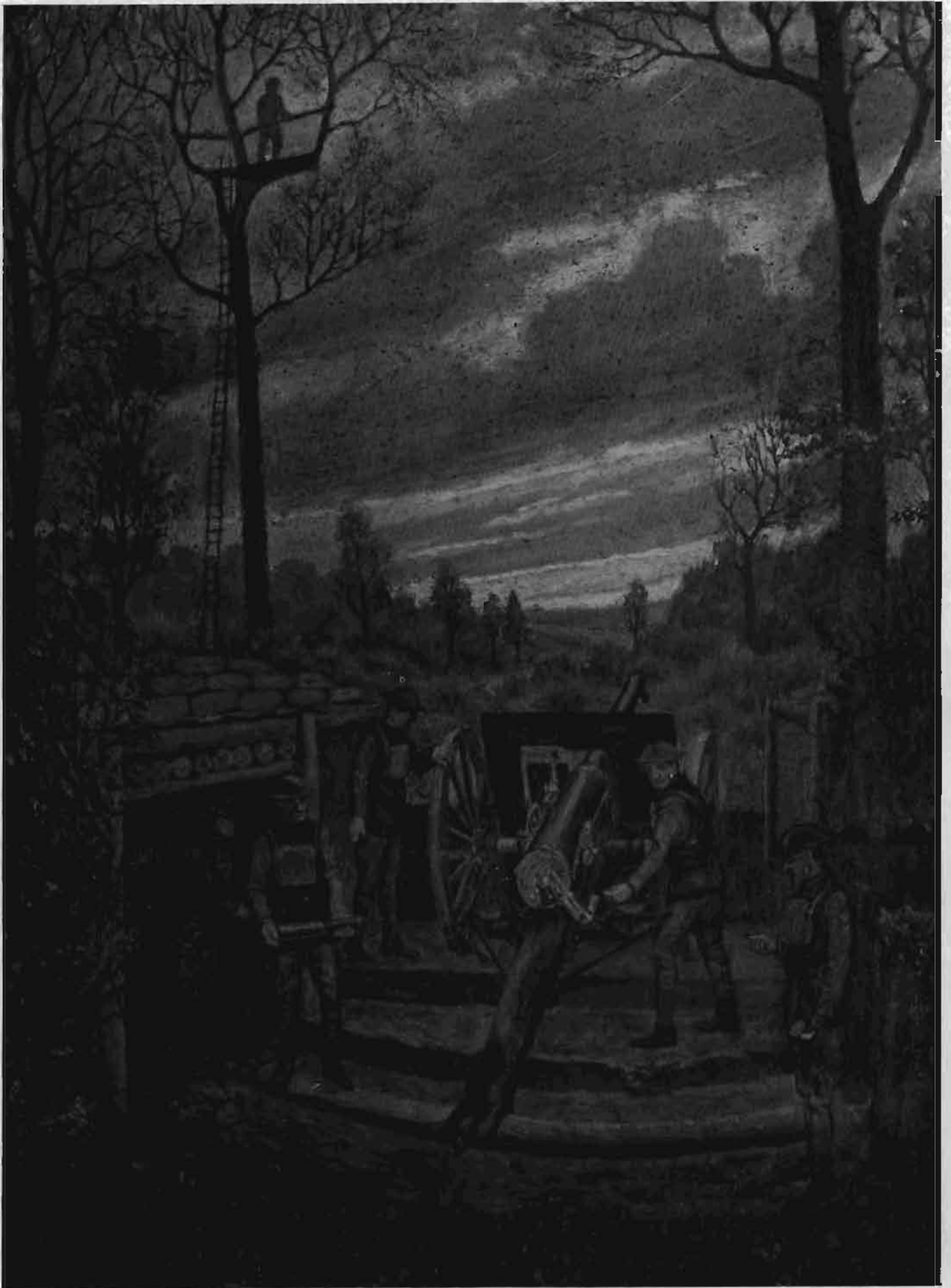
B Battery adjusted that afternoon, on a new target. After evening mess, just as night was falling the section-chief were ordered to report to "Veranda"—Captain Leahy's dug-out. They came back, each of them with a huge barrage sheet that Bill would have said, "Is very intrikate, Mable!" "Two shots a minute, sweeping—and an increase in range for every minute—to last two hours at least—further duration and zero hour to come down later from Regimental Headquarters.

The night of the 10th—the evening before the day for which armies of the world had been waiting and fighting; the end of the war only fifteen hours away and B Battery sublimely unconscious of it. The men knew that Austria was "finee" that a group of Germany's representatives were to confer with General Foch in regard to an armistice, but they were old-timers and rather leary, so many, many times had they heard that "stuff" before. The boys knew they had a big barrage to fire in the morning and that it would probably come off at five o'clock, so they descended into their several dug-outs and pulled their blankets over their several hobnails and muddy shirts, and went to sleep.

The morning of the eleventh came with sunshine streaming past the gas-blanket into the doorway of the first section dug-out. A yawn from someone:

"Hey, Tub, what time is it?"

Another yawn, a grunt and then—



"Half-past seven. What in thunder happened to the barrage?"

Eight o'clock and breakfast brought a little light on the subject, but not much. All that the telephone detail knew was that the zero hour had never been sent from Regimental Headquarters, and that it might be down later in the day. Nine o'clock, nine-thirty and ten and still no intimation that our job was so nearly finished; in a little patch of sunlight near the second section gun, Bill Owens was washing out a shirt; the third section was digging a trail hole, trying to get a new range of thirty-two degrees; a wisp of smoke came from the kitchen:

At ten-forty the telephone buzzed in the detail dug-out. Carl Truby was on duty and he plugged in to receive a message from Regimental Headquarters:

"At ten fifty-five—Cease firing," the order said.

"At ten fifty-nine—All batteries will open for fifty seconds. Separate target for each battery."

The message was taken to Captain Leahy and five minutes later the Battery had it in the shape of data for each gun, the deflection, high-explosive, normal, I. A. L. fuse and the range, six shots for each section. The guns were laid, bubbles leveled, six shells fused and greased, breeches opened and four reports went back from as many sergeants, "Ready to fire, Sir."

At ten fifty-three the telephone buzzed again. Truby plugged in and heard a voice from Regimental Headquarters.

"Message old boy! And one that will knock your eye out. Take this down. Ready! Here goes—Wireless Communique via Eiffel tower. Hostilities will cease upon the whole front from eleven o'clock French time, November 11, 1918. The Allied troops will not cross the lines reached on that date and that hour until further orders. Signed—Marshal Foch."

Ten fifty-five and pandemonium reigned! The chiefs of sections were already at the phone, waiting for the command to fire and it was only a matter of half a minute before the news was flashed to them over the wire. Six shots in fifty seconds and the end of the war at eleven o'clock. Could they get them off, could they? Boy, Howdy! What it took those six shots off they were "all broke out with." Ten fifty-six, the telephone detail men were scrambling out of the dugout and running toward the fourth section, the nearest piece to them. They wanted to be in at the finish. Ten fifty-seven, all the Battery men had their eyes glued to their watches. "Load" came down over the phone and four shells slid into four guns and four breech-blocks were slammed. Every ten seconds a voice somewhere "What time is it now?" Ten fifty-eight—Ten fifty-eight and a half—Ten fifty-nine!!!

"Bang!" And they were off. A crash and a reverberating roar and the air-splitting din started. The noise filled the woods, and the ground trembled, it was as if

all the artillery in the world were firing at once, and since nearly every Battery in every regiment, in every brigade was doing the same thing, they were. Wave after wave of sound, it was ear-splitting. And then, all of a sudden, it died away as suddenly as it started; the last shot of the Battery went off, "a heavy" got the last shot in a second late; the "put-put-put" of a machine gunner finishing up his career, a few faint rifle cracks as the doughboys wound up in a burst of glory and then—silence.

Silence! After four years of the mutter and rumble of big guns on the front; a silence so strange after the weeks of far-away firing and nearer crashes that it was almost unbelievable and uncanny. It hung heavy and oppressive. The front, and nothing but the sighing of the wind as it swept through the bare trees, the rustle of autumn leaves as they fluttered to the ground; the drip of water on brush and the rattle of wheels on a distant road. Silence, that, please God, will last through all Eternity! And for B Battery and the A. E. F. and their Allies—"Finis la Guerre."

First Section—Sergeant R. B. Newman, was at the phone when the last shots went off. Corporal R. C. Thompson, was gunner, and Corporal "Mutt" Bausman acted as No. 1. "Mike" Shepherd, No. 2, slammed them into the breech, and "Tub" Lamiell put in the fuses, and was assisted in these last sad rites by Bob Wiener and Vic Guinther. Harold Mook missed out, he was back at echelon taking a bath,—he said he was sorry, but he certainly needed it.

Second Section—Sergeant "Duke" York's gang, they weren't satisfied with six shots; they had to go ahead and fire ten. "Tres Bien!" Corporal Verne Ritter laid the gun, George White fired the first shot, Don Cochran out of the telephone detail, the second, Whitey sent the third, fourth and fifth away. Sergeant York pulled the string on the sixth and Whitey fired the last four. Other men on the gun-crew were Bill Murphy, Martin Shere, Harry Moore and Bill Owens.

Third Section—Sergeant "Pat" Lynch, Gunner Corporal George Nycamp, they used to call this bird "Paralysis" until the day at the Camp de Souge range when he knocked over four trees in as many shots, in as many seconds. Then he was known as "Speed." Little old George Couchey one of the best No. 1's that ever pulled a lanyard, sent all six shots to Heinie. On the fourth shot they raised the range to thirty-two degrees, which explains the mystery of the lone shot that fell on the outskirts of Berlin. Gerald Gruver was No. 2, Johnny Funk, who only forgets Art when they start to fire was No. 3 and Jim Bennett and Howard Miller worked in the ammunition pit. Guy Price, best known as "Casey" also a member of this crew was helping Mook take a bath on the last day.

Fourth Section—Sergeant Don Scott, Corporal Ed. McCollum was gunner. This gun was the nearest to the

(Continued on Next Page)

GAS

HAVE a look at Cliff Schnake, Thurman Staudt and George Miller, sole agents of and distributors of mustard gas talk while the Battery was in France preparing to go to the front.

The old gas non-coms, the boys who made "one hour of gas" famous. Corporals Schnake and Staudt used to make the boys play drop the paddle and pass the buck,



and Corporal Miller talked to them about the scientific gas researches he had made at school in Paris. The gas non-coms had their time at bar at Camp de

Souge when the whole Battery marched and played games behind gas masks that nearly pinched their faces out of shape.

After the Battery went into position on the front, the gas situation improved. Down in the sector where the Battery first located its guns Heinie seemed to have run out of gas just before the Akron outfit got there. On the front every Battery soldier was equipped with a new gas-mask and had the Battery ran into a dozen gas attacks it is doubtful if anyone would have been gassed.

Those gas days at Camp Sheridan and de Souge were disagreeable ones for the Batterymen as well as the gas experts, but it was pretty generally conceded Battery B was ready when it reached the front, to weather the worst gas attack Fritz might put across.

There was a time when the boys would point with glee to the fact that Corporal Staudt was the first man in the Battery to be gassed. He was in fact one of the first. Thurman and about twenty others inhaled gasoline fumes on a truck ride one night and were nearly under when the trip was over. The truck in which the boys traveled was covered, and the fumes escaped from the exhaust through the floor of the truck. The story was a good one for a while in France.

Now that the war is over and the Battery is home again it might be safe to disclose a few of the military secrets regarding defensive gas warfare as studied and practiced by the Battery's non-coms in France.

Corporal Staudt in giving the scientific reasons for the selection of Corporals Schnake and Miller for gas non-coms said that in the first place Schnake's extreme height was considered. In a gas cloud attack Schnake

being tall and trained to keep his head up for gas, would be first to detect the gas in a cloud attack. He could sense the first high waves and by the time the gas begun to settle to the level of the rest of the men he had warned them.

George Miller on the other hand was picked because he was one of the shortest men in the Battery. George was built more like a "Happy" Williams, was picked to watch for gas shells. The persistency of gas and its inclination to hang close to the ground made George indispensable for the gas shell job.

On the front there used to be trouble between the gas non-coms and the camouflage men, Corporal Joe Kelly and Norman Fuchs. The gas men said Fuchs and Kelly used their gas curtains in the dug-outs for bed blankets.

The camouflage men made counter charges to the effect the gas men used camouflage material from gun positions to fill their bed ticks. Corporal Schnake used to accuse some of the second section cannoneers of using tubes of "sag," a gas antidote for the body, to wash their teeth.

The gas department of the Battery in France was one the boys will long remember—Corporals Schnake, Staudt and Miller.

"11 11 11" and B Battery

(Continued From Page 175)

detail and telephone dug-out and they were all there fighting for a chance to pull the lanyard like a bunch of school kids. Old man Lee, acting No. 1 got the first one away, and Tommy Michael the second. The third went to "Skeets" Werner of the same outfit and Sergeant "Scotty" covered one ear and fired the fourth. Tom Michael fired the fifth and the sixth and last went to a member of the regular gun-crew, "Mishawaka" Edwards. Ralph Reddington covered himself with glory by inserting the fuses; the two other members of the Fourth section gun-crew "Red" Hogue and "Spooks" Fulmer, were not there. It was said they found a rifle that morning and were up with the doughboys, trying to get themselves a German by the direct method!

Captain Leahy and Lieutenant Myers were the officers who sent down the data for the last "big show."

Do you remember French cigar and cigarette lighters?

The Munitions Man

THE Ammunition Corporal in peace times may have been a pretty soft job, but on the front in France with the big show on it was anything but a snap. Russell Lathomar took care of the Battery's supply of ammunition, and to his credit, be it said, the battery never ran out. Russ supplied the guns with "beaucoup" scrap-iron and the guns supplied it to Fritz. Day after day, Russ and his note book would be around checking shells, "Normal and O. E."; "fuses black, white, red and I. A. L." Night after night when a long line of ammunition trucks came lumbering up the road, Russ

and a detail would be on the job to unload them. How the men did dread a voice coming down into a dug-out on a cold black night, "Two men for ammunition detail," for they knew it meant several hours work in the rain and mud, hauling ammunition boxes. But, whereas the men could always take turns in going, Russ always had to be there.

Corporal Lathomar was assisted by R. W. Scott, and when Russ left the Battery to become a sergeant at Brigade Headquarters, Scotty became Corporal Scott and took care of the Battery's ammunition.

A. Murphy, Private

ARCHIE W. Murphy, B Battery's well known cannoneer, ex-railroader, doughboy, sailor, and philosopher, said he was going to settle in Akron after everything was over. He promised this a few days before the battery reached America from France.

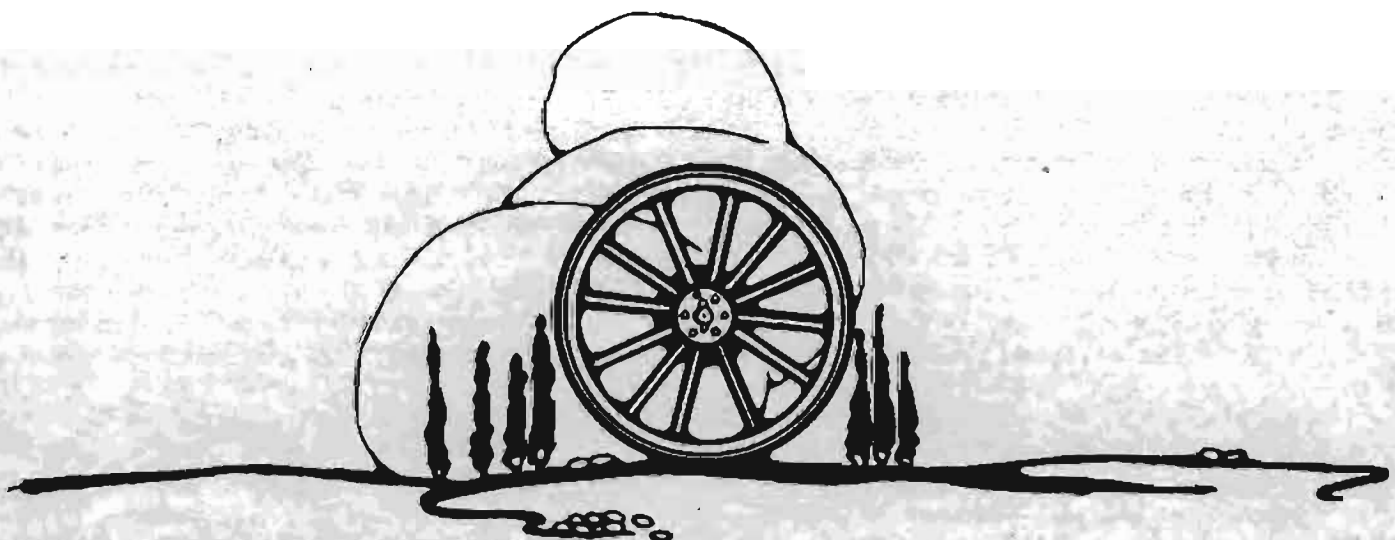
Private Archie Murphy. There was a magic name in the old battery. The most interesting figure that ever stood reveille in Battery B. Archie was always misunderstood, he used to say to the boys. He used to wish he'd joined the infantry, where his brother was a soldier. "The regular army always appealed to me," Murphy always told the non-coms of Battery B when after drill details came around.

Archie made a pretty good soldier according to his superiors. Accustomed to life in the open amongst cowboys of Montana, the harvest hands of Iowa, and the railroad men of Pennsylvania, he was fitted physically for the strenuous life of the soldier.

He liked army chow. He never complained like other soldiers about the quality of the food or about the style in which it was handled.

Archie was the first man in Battery B to introduce the use of the spur at monkey drill.

A reliable workman was Archie. He was the soldier who, while digging a ditch one day at Camp Sheridan, stepped out of a boot without noticing it. He had been too busy to miss the boot.



Letters From Home

TO you, men of Battery B, there is no necessity to speak of the joy that came with a letter from home. Whether you were on the Border, in a training camp or in France—you know.

But, to those who wrote those letters and to whom this little volume is dedicated, there should be a word of appreciation and gratitude for those regular missives which were so eagerly anticipated and so happily received.

"Mail is in!" To the boys in the army and in France in particular, this announcement carried profound significance. A letter from home, was of course to be expected and while many often failed to come as hoped for, there were always those letters from home, from mothers, dads, sisters, wives, sweethearts and friends, all letters from home.

You who were "those at home" know the great longing for mail, the eager way you watched the plodding postman, hoping he would leave you a letter from the one who had gone across, the pang of disappointment if he passed by, or the joyous excitement of tearing open the envelope to read "his" words, his commonplaces becoming gems of literature in your appreciation of his every line. You experienced that, but you did not experience or appreciate.

A gun position just a few kilometers from "Heinie," dimly lighted dug-outs for homes, the men of the other gun-crews your only neighbors, your 75's your only pets. Black nights of waiting, lying in your bunks, whilst listening to the bursting "H. E.'s" above, or crawling out

in the mist of early morning to lay a barrage in front of your own infantry.

The quiet of the day, the waiting, waiting, waiting for the word that mail had come and then—the reading of that letter from home, in the dug-out by a flickering candle, or above, the sun feebly streaming through the leaves or rain dripping from the branches overhead.

The eager questions of your comrades, the disappointment if you did not have a reply to make, or the little exchanges of confidence and greetings from mutual acquaintances. You didn't experience:

The undercurrent of pleasure that was still in the air, the rest of the day; the noticeable improvement in spirits prevailing among the boys, the general feeling that settles down upon everyone and then the wait of two weeks for the next letter.

That's what mail meant to the Battery boys "over there." Pay day and mess-call paled into insignificance when mail call was sounded and a letter from home marked the beginning of a new period, everything dating from "mail day."

To you then, who were responsible for these bits of joy, is due and is here expressed the appreciation and gratitude of the boys of Battery B and to those letters from home may be attributed much of the joy of living, the satisfaction of being in the A. E. F. and the contentment of your boys in France.

"Finis"

ONE thing B Battery is grateful for since its return from France is that all its members are finished with the word "finis." Of all the French words the A. E. F. heard and understood in France "fini" was the greatest hoodoo to the boys. The Battery learned "oui" and "finis" the first day it landed in France. The word seemed to be a wieldy one in France. It could be used in a negative sense for anything the Frenchman wanted to tell a Batteryman.

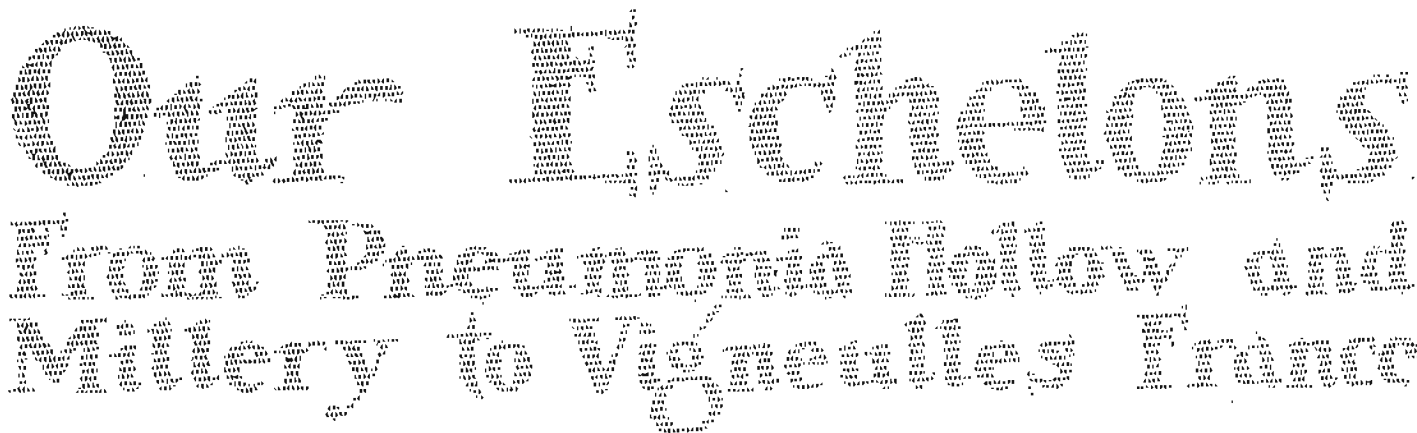
If a soldier wandered into a Frenchman's garden or

accidentally walked into his house the Frenchman shouted "fini." And if a soldier asked for vin blanc, or grapes, or candles, or tobacco or cognac or anything else and the storekeeper didn't have the article he would say "fini." The boys always supposed the word meant "finish." A winerom barkeep who was not allowed to open her place until five o'clock told the soldiers "fini" as though she had just sold out.

Many a hungry B Batteryman in France cursed the French for using the word "fini" on them.

Fish McFeeley when he returned a lost purse containing 2000 francs for a 5 franc reward.

Fish Joe Schnitzler when he lost the train at Limoges, France.



YOU who may read this book will have found the praises sung of those men who were with the firing Battery at the front, but what of the Echeloners—the boys who stayed behind waiting, hoping, ready for a chance to go forward—eager to get on an ammunition detail and surfeited with idleness, chafing under the monotony of life in echelon?

These boys did not handle the ammunition, pull a lanyard, nor sight a piece, but their part was far from pleasant. To sit idly by is perhaps more trying than the most fatiguing labor so a word of what they were doing, while their comrades were throwing scrap-iron Heinie-wards.

The first echelon went down in the diaries of those who stayed there, as Pneumonia Hollow number one, and it well befitted the name.

It lay in a narrow valley, hemmed in on either side by high wooded hills where the sun did not appear until mid-forenoon, and where heavy mists lay like a blanket among the trees until near noon. Situated as it was, in spite of a period of excellent weather, the mud never dried, and shelter tents were perforce pitched on the steep hillside where it was necessary to dig a shelf out of the side of the slope in order to prevent rolling or sliding down hill, when asleep.

Here they stayed for perhaps a week, eating and sleeping their only occupation; occasional hikes to Pompey their only amusement. Nightfall meant no lights, and fires out, which left nothing to do but turn in for a twelve hour sleep, which was anything but restful after one or two nights. Every undulation in the ground became a ravine or mountain before daylight would warn them of the approach of breakfast time. Only the occasional Boche plane and the consequent anti-aircraft barrage provided relief from the tedious and tiresome routine of eat and sleep.

There were guards to do,—and who of those who stood a watch there will forget that impenetrable wall of darkness which settled down over those woods at sunset; a gloom so intense that it was oppressive and seemed to bear one down with its weight.

However, as in all things else, there was an end of this, and on the Monday following the Battery's arrival, the echelon was moved to Millery.

Millery was a small, quiet and exceedingly dirty village situated on the Moselle river. The river flowing swiftly by and the hills beyond, lying peaceful and shining in the rare intervals of sunshine, lent a strange contrast to the muddy streets and unkept court-yards about the village.

The Battery kitchen was installed in a former grain elevator, and here George Curry and his squad of culinary artists passed out copious quantities of dehydrated soup, varied at intervals by less generous portions of steak and "frog" fries.

The men were billeted here and there in attics and other rooms that were available, as many as could be comfortably taken care of in each place. Their beds to a large extent make-shifts of every character, brought into use without thought or fear of what species of insect they might contain. Small wonder then that a number of the boys adopted souvenirs in the way of cooties or similar live stock.

To add to the charms of the place, there was a persistent determination on the part of J. Pluvius to remove the mud from the streets, since the natives were very indifferent about it, but even a week of rain availed little except to make the slime a little more slimy, if that were possible.

It may have been the weather or a combination of all these things that developed the "crabbers" society, for such it most assuredly was. Each day, in the billet occupied by the "B. C." details, the first, second and third sections, a number of very accomplished crab artists congregated about the improvised stove and from breakfast to dinner, from dinner to supper and from supper to bed time, beast, man and inanimate object suffered alike under the discussions that took place.

The end of the week found another move in progress, and on Sunday trucks rolled in, were loaded and pulled out for Camp Ouest, near Toul. Due to a misunderstanding on this occasion, many of the men had thrown their packs upon the trucks, only to find themselves left behind, "sans" mess kit, "sans" blankets and thereby hangs a tale.

In the afternoon a party was formed of these unfortunates and about one o'clock they set forth in a drizzling rain to find their equipment. They plodded through the thin mud on the road until they reached Marbache, knowing very little of their destination except

that it was Camp Ouest and somewhere near Rozieres. At Marbache, having located the Toul road they sought the shelter of the Y. M. C. A. where they refreshed themselves with those delicacies which the "Y" could furnish, and again took up the journey. On this busy Toul road, however, it was not difficult to get a lift and soon all but a few had caught passing trucks and rode until the road sign pointed to Rozieres. Alighting as best they could from the moving truck, their forces were remustered and they advanced on Rozieres, only to find that there was no Camp Ouest known of thereabouts. Here was a dilemma.

Supply Sergeant "Bob" Berrington came along just then with a wagon train, also searching for the camp, so, having explored the one road without success, there was nothing left to do, but to take the Toul road again, and try their luck. Fortune smiled here however, for soon it was learned from a passing truck that they were on the right road, and motor trucks being plentiful, it was possible for a number of the men to get another lift which carried them on toward, and beyond their goal. However, acting on a hunch they clambered out, and walking back half a mile were sent along the right road, through the advice of two men from A Battery who had come earlier in the day.

Nighttime, therefore, found the majority of them safe in the harbor, but several, too tired to go further had the good fortune to get supper from the colored cooks at Jaillon, and then made themselves comfortable for the night in vacant buildings nearby and came over to the camp in the morning.

On Monday the rest of the Battery arrived, and soon they had settled themselves comfortably; prepared to stay. This was not to be, for late in the week, when the first drill schedule was put into effect, moving orders were received. That was on Saturday and packs were hurriedly made, and after a great deal of confusion they got away to the rendezvous near Avrainville, where the trucks were to pick them up. Their arrival there occasioned considerable anxiety on the part of Lieutenant Kaichen, owing to the difficulty he encountered in getting all the men assigned, but finally a sort of order was realized out of the chaos, and after a long wait, the trucks rolled up and took on their loads of human freight.

Apremont, the Battery's destination was reached late at night, and here was established the third echelon. Sunday morning dawned clear and frosty, and there was the music of clinking mess-kits to warn late sleepers that breakfast was soon to be served.

Apremont, a mass of ruins, lay nestled among several very high and very steep hills—hills lined with trenches and barbed wire, dotted with concrete dugouts and machine-gun nests, a veritable fortress. Here was something new, and after the firing battery had gone forward to their positions, the boys left behind found pleasure and adventure in exploring the systems of entrenchments, while the more adventurous amused themselves by throw-

ing hand grenades found therein. Others caught passing trucks for explorations into unknown country, to St. Mihiel, Lerouville or Commercy.

In a few days however, there was another move, and taking the road through Woinville, Buxieres, Buxerulles, Heudicourt and up and around that steep camouflaged German road they again pitched camp; this time in "Pneumonia Hollow No. 2."

Billets were at a premium here, and again the boys found it necessary to flop under the canopy of mother nature, but by that time, open air beds had become the custom and no one minded in the least. The next morning everyone was busy seeking or building shelter. Salvage parties thoroughly policed the ruins left by the Germans, when they made their hurried departure during the St. Mihiel drive, and were rewarded with stoves and other comfort-providing material.

Homes having been built, the old wanderlust took hold of the boys, and they set out to explore their surroundings,



finding many interesting objects which had been built by the Germans. One of these was an observation post, built high in the top of a tree, and commanding a view of the surrounding country for many miles. There many went to watch the air duels, and on one occasion a party of three witnessed the destruction of a French balloon.

These three were in the tower examining the landscape through field glasses when suddenly out of a clear sky a German plane dove nose down for a French observation balloon which caught unawares was hanging innocently about a thousand feet up. As the German opened fire upon the balloon, two white specks appeared falling from the basket denoting the hurried departure of the two observers and as Jesse Sayre remarked, "They didn't stop to make their rolls." The Hun was unsuccessful, but swinging around and climbing above the balloon again, seemingly without regard for the "put-put" of the machine-guns below him, he dove again, and as he swung around again in a graceful curve and climbed heavenwards, a red flame darted from one end of the huge bag, and soon it was entirely enveloped leaving a trail of thick black smoke as it settled to the ground. The plane hid behind the smoke, to escape the fire from below,

but out of the blue, four allied planes appeared, and gave him a merry chase, which, lasting perhaps half an hour, was finally given up as he was lost in the distance and to all appearances, safely over his own lines. That event was perhaps the only adventure of this camp, and early the following week, the echelon was again moved to Vigneulles.

Vigneulles, where Colonel Bush's Post Command was located, was the ruins of what may well have been a beautiful little village, and which yet afforded plenty of comfortable billets and plenty of stoves and firewood. Again the air activity provided excitement, and in addition each morning served to bring the war a little nearer to them because Heinie took advantage of his long range guns to drop a few over each morning before breakfast, as an appetizer.

The "wheowr bang" of the 155's or the "swoosh blooey" of the 220's however was a welcome, though perhaps hazardous diversion, and at least provided a topic of conversation.

Vigneulles was the last echelon of the Battery and perhaps the one that left the best impressions. There were interesting places to visit, the regimental observation post where a view of the country for miles in all directions was to be had. The "chow" too, was rather better than

it had been, and there was little grumbling except on account of the inaction.

From the foregoing, it is not to be understood that life in echelon was a bed of thorns, for like every other phase of warfare, it had its redeeming features. Echelons are a necessary evil, not to be scorned by those up front, for it was those behind who were responsible for the supplies going forward on time, ammunition was available when needed and from those men in echelon all reliefs and replacements were drawn.

War is hell, in any phase, but idleness is a curse and more to be shunned than the most intense activity on the front.

To the boys back there, echelon meant nothing, but dissatisfaction, because it seemed to them that they were so useless, so unnecessary to the winning of the war—yet that they were back there served to give confidence to those forward because they knew they were being backed up by men who were eager and desirous of taking their places if necessary.

Let it not be said then, that the men who were compelled to remain in echelon served no purpose except to consume rations—for truly "they also serve—who only wait."



OF all the heroes we have known, and you can take your pick, there's none who's better known to fame than our own "Bathhouse Dick." When the boys came back from drilling, a sandy, dusty mob; they found the bathhouse water hot, and Vincent on the job. He gathered wood and kept the fire and watched the steam gauge rise; and chuckled gleefully when Shrank, got soap into his eyes. When the fire crackled merrily, when showers let off steam; the bunch said "good for Richard, he surely is the cream." But when the wood supply ran low while Dick lay in a doze, the water would grow icy cold, Ted Richards nearly froze. This always brought an awful howl, "Doggone that big gold-brick, let's hold a lynching party and murder Bathhouse Dick."

Another border lad who worked through rain and snow and sleet, and burned up all our garbage, was Incinerator Pete. He didn't know the meaning of "caissons right about," but showed a vast ability when Cook McKeever'd shout, "Hey Sprigle, here's a pail of stuff that you can start to boil; if that green wood won't make a fire, you better get some oil."

Perhaps his pants were greasy and his hands all smeared with dirt; his heart was surely in his work and not upon his shirt. And when the bugler bugled and "mess call" filled the street, the first man in the mess-line was Incinerator Pete.

With Apologies to Walt Mason

Hattonchatel

A TYPICAL little French village with its remnants of quaint and almost ancient architecture, stands gaunt today in the Pannes region, some few kilometers from Heudicourt, the former headquarters of the Keystone Division from Pennsylvania. Hattonchatel has withstood terrific shell fire during the war, its inhabitants fleeing from time to time to escape the onslaught of the



Hun until a very few remained, to stand with saddening gaze at the awful destruction wrought upon their homes by the enemy.

Hattonchatel is only a stone's throw from Hattonville and Vigneulles, both towns famous for their continued occupancy by troops during the war and the many strategic points carried out in their near vicinity. Vigneulles was occupied during the Pannes offensive by Regimental Headquarters of the 134th Field Artillery,

37th Division, (Ohio) and remained as such until the armistice was signed on the eleventh day of November, 1918.

It was my good fortune to be able some few months after the signing of the armistice to pay a visit to the scenes of our last engagement at Hattonchatel, Vigneulles and Hattonville and the country thereabouts, and to stand in the old gun positions once more, where our 75's unloaded plenty of freight into Heinie's backyard near Metz during the siege and where the 134th Field Artillery won a name for themselves in the support of the famous 28th Division, composed of National Guard units from the State of Pennsylvania.

As I stood on the hill above Vigneulles that day, I experienced a queer feeling, one of melancholy and a case of real old American blues, to see for miles around nothing but destruction, Spring in God's country and here desolation. Here and there a tree stood making a feeble attempt to blossom forth, with its scarcity of body, the majority of which had been blown away by shell fire.

A prayer came to my lips as I turned away from Hattonchatel for our comrades who laid at rest there in the fields of sunny France, who died heroically for the cause, who had come thousands of miles from their native home to make the world safe for democracy, who didn't experience that glorious thrill as we, who had been lucky enough to survive, when we gazed on the shores of America after a long absence. Those scenes will always linger, some though I would like to forget; others can never be forgotten.

B Battery's Prisoners

IT is, perhaps, not known to all that on one occasion B Battery had eight prisoners of war, but such was the case. They were not Germans, but nevertheless they were prisoners and had been such so long that they were professionals at it.

These prisoners were taken single handed by a B Batteryman—David Berson. That they were taken after the armistice was signed is of little importance. It happened like this:

The firing Battery had just returned from the front, November 12, and the carriages were standing along the shell torn road in Vigneulles with the men awaiting orders to move. Down the road came a motley crew of disreputable looking mortals in uniforms of three different armies, led by Dave Berson.

As he passed the Battery the boys naturally inquired what he had, to which Dave replied, "Oh, I just found some Russian prisoners that's hungry." So Dave took them, indeed, he took them every place until he had them fed and on their way to a French camp from which they could get back to Russia.

Dave, who spoke Russian, German and a couple other languages fluently, told the boys that these Russians had been German prisoners. For three years they had been held and forced to do work of the most dangerous nature, such as digging trenches under shell fire. When the armistice was signed, the Germans started for home and left the Ivans to look out for themselves. Luckily they found Dave and were able to explain their predicament to him.

"Judge" Chapman's Court

DURING the early days of the creation of the Red Guidon, Corporal Youngs, the Battery clerk, chanced to find one of the stories written for this book, in which he was alluded to as a "Jungle Buzzard," which to Earl's æsthetic sense constituted grounds for suit for slander. Accordingly he instituted proceedings and on the night of December 4, in the big barracks at Camp Chanois, the case was heard before Judge Chapman. The court's proceedings are here given in detail as the various witnesses testified during the course of the evening.

Court convened at 6:15. Judge Chapman opened court, "In the court this evening, keep quiet and as the witnesses testify, do not testify rapidly. Speak plainly so that the reporter can take this down. All evidence submitted here this evening will be placed in the Red Guidon and every member of the Battery if he is a live wire will want a copy of it. Let us please comply with this request; be quiet, listen to the evidence and remember what I have told the witnesses."

"Mr. Sheriff, you may open the court."

"The case which will be taken up at this time is the case of the Plaintiff, Earl G. Youngs vs. the defendant, the Red Guidon Publishing Company, Incorporated, for the following slanderous remark, alleged to have been made concerning the plaintiff, Earl G. Youngs on or about the fourth of December, 1918.

First—The said defendant company is alleged to have used the following language: "Earl G. Youngs is a Jungle Buzzard."

Second—The plaintiff, Earl G. Youngs asks for fifty (50) cartons of Camel cigarettes as damages. Attorneys for the plaintiff, John A. Faulkner and William H. Summers. Defendant says he is not guilty. Attorneys for the defendant are R. C. Thompson and J. B. Kelly.

"Mr. Sheriff, you may fill the jury box with jurors at this time."

Sheriff Arthur Posschl thereupon named the following jurors who took their place in the jury box and were accordingly sworn:

L. W. Deselms, J. N. Shere, Morgan Robertson, M. S. Rubright, M. W. Bright, P. M. Lynch and L. D. Clark.

Examination of jurors by plaintiff.

Plea of defense "Not Guilty."

Jury examined by Mr. Thompson for the defense:

The jury was sworn in by Judge Chapman, after which Attorney Summers takes up his plea and examination of witnesses.

"Your honor and gentlemen of the jury, the plaintiff, Earl G. Youngs, clerk, B Battery, 134th F. A.,—plaintiff kindly arise—has come into possession of a certain document which has direct bearing on his high character." Objection sustained. Defense—"His idea of what

constitutes slander is a little mixed up. This case applies to his eating capacity alone."

Judge—"The jury will determine that question."

Plaintiff resumes—"This document, your honor, was soon to be published by the Red Guidon and this document which Mr. Youngs came into possession of alludes to him as being a Jungle Buzzard, which, your honor and gentlemen of the jury, is detrimental to his reputation, as the gentlemen of Battery B will testify, whereas the plaintiff demands the destruction of the document, and fifty cartons of cigarettes. That you may fully realize the heinousness of this accusation, we quote Daniel Webster. With your permission I will quote for you: "A jungle buzzard is one who when given his first rations, wrangles with the K. P. and with those in authority in the kitchen, complaining about the quantity and quality of the rations given; who continually endeavors to capture the elusive seconds to satisfy his ravenous appetite; who further grumbles and makes sarcastic remarks concerning the fairness of dealing out the rations." It is our earnest desire to completely exonerate this man."

"With the permission of the court, I will now read the slanderous document as mentioned (Exhibit A). And this, gentlemen, I may say, just while I have it here, this is the heading of the story in the Red Guidon as I understand it—"The Massacre of the Battery Mess and Who Did it," by the Battery Cooks. Gentlemen of the jury, I have here the document wherein the plaintiff was alluded to as the worst of jungle buzzards, and I will now call to the stand, Mr. Outland."

All witnesses being present, stood and were sworn simultaneously.

"Mr. Outland, in all statements that you make, please be clear and concise. Mr. Outland, is it true that you are employed in the kitchen of Battery B?"

"It is, sir."

"Do your duties include cooking and the handling of the K. P.?"

"Yes."

"While distributing rations to the boys of Battery B, did you at any time see the plaintiff, Mr. Youngs, come through the line for seconds?"

"No."

"Did you ever hear Mr. Youngs complain, Mr. Outland, about the quality or quantity of food?"

"No."

"Did you ever hear him swear at the K. P. or ask for more?"

"No, sir."

"Mr. Outland, in your candid opinion, as you see it, do you think Mr. Youngs a buzzard?"

"No."

Plaintiff:

"Mr. Mason, is it not true that you are employed as a cook in Battery B?"

"Yes, sir."

"While working in the kitchen or assisting the K. P. with the rations, did Mr. Youngs ever complain?"

"No, sir."

"Is it not true that one Sunday night the Battery had rice and slum?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Mason, is it not true that on last Sunday night you offered the plaintiff, Mr. Youngs, any amount of doughnuts he wanted?"

"I did."

"Tell the court just how many doughnuts the plaintiff took."

"He took only two. I offered him more, but he would not take them."

"Mr. Mason, is it not true that on many occasions while Mr. Youngs stood in the line you noticed the small amount on his mess-kit and offered him more?"

"I did, but he would not accept."

Defense:

"I understand you offered Mr. Youngs any amount of doughnuts. How many did he take?"

"He took two."

"Are doughnuts, Mr. Mason, considered a delicacy in the army?"

"I do not know."

"They are not made very often?"

"No, sir."

"How many times in France?"

"Twice."

"Are they a delicacy in civil life?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Mr. Mason, do you stand there and tell these men that any sane man in the United States Army after spending three months in this league, would only take two of them?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I rest my case." (With considerable irony.)

Plaintiff:

"Will the plaintiff, Mr. Youngs, please take the stand?"

Mr. Youngs, on the night that you were offered any amount of doughnuts that you wished, how many did you take?"

"I took two."

"Describe how big the doughnuts were."

"They were of average size. Ordinary size hole."

"Were they thin and puffy?"

"I do not remember."

Defense:

"Mr. Youngs, do you ever feel like you could eat more than two doughnuts in the army?"

"The occasion might arise when I could eat more than two."

"Were you not feeling well?"

"Perfectly healthy."

"But you could have eaten more?"

"I cared for no more."

"Do you take your mess with the rest of the men in the line or from the inside of the mess-hall?"

"On the night mentioned—in the kitchen."

"Early or late?"

"Neither."

"Why not first?"

"Because it is not my habit."

"Have you any particular aversion to doughnuts?"

"No."

"But you'd rather have doughnuts than a dish of beans?"

"Yes, sir."

"You were entirely all right when you turned down the doughnuts?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Truby will now take the stand."

"How long have you known the plaintiff, Mr. Youngs?"

"Ever since he has been in the Battery."

"To your knowledge, Mr. Truby, and being associated with him as closely as you are, did you ever see Mr. Youngs overeat himself or take more than ordinary rations?"

"No, sir."

"At the State Farm, will you kindly tell the court just how much Mr. Youngs ate?"

"Very little—an ordinary meal."

(Exhibit B)—offered for inspection and recognized as belonging to Mr. Youngs.

"Mr. Truby, when did Mr. Youngs give you this belt?"

"At inspection at Souge."

"He gave you that belt at Souge? Why did you not wear it?"

"Too small."

"Why too small?"

"Couldn't get it on."

"Do you think any man that was a buzzard could get into that belt?"

"I do not."

"There is a belt worn by a jungle buzzard. Will you kindly compare the size of the two belts?"

Belt again as long as (Exhibit B) brought forth and handed to jury.

Defense:

"What jungle buzzard wears that belt?"

"Stephen Marvin." (Laughter.)

Plaintiff:

"Your honor, the judge and gentlemen of the jury, you saw the length of these belts, that is a belt worn by Mr. Youngs; this by a jungle buzzard. That will do."

Defense:

"Does that belt seem to be in good condition?"

"Fairly good."

"Do you know any reason why he gave you that belt?"

"He loaned it to me and I never gave it back."

"How far was it to the State Farm?"

"Three and one-half miles."

"I understand you ran out there?"

"No, we walked."

"You ate when you got there?"

"Yes, sir."

"You went three and one-half miles for food?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's all."

"Mr. Schnitzler, is it not true that you have been connected with the canteen?"

Court here interrupted by witness inquiring as to witness fee and demanding same at once. Quieted with assurance that he would receive his fee.

"Were you not actively connected with the canteen at Camp Perry?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you at any time see the plaintiff, Mr. Youngs, purchase anything from you?"

"No, he was a bad customer. I don't know what was the matter with him."

"Did Mr. Youngs ever come to you and purchase cakes, candy, etc., at the canteen at Fort Benjamin Harrison?"

"No, sir. I think the son-of-a-gun starved. He never bought anything and I had good goods, too."

"What was your capacity at Camp Sheridan?"

"In the canteen."

"Tell the court, if you please, just what you sold at Camp Sheridan in the line of eats."

"Cakes, candy, nuts—most anything, fine goods, good quality—cheap!"

"Did you ever see the plaintiff in your establishment at Camp Sheridan to buy eats as the other members of the Battery did?"

"No, sir. He was a tight wad. Here, Mr. Clark, how about the two francs you owe me?"

"When you came to France at Camp Chanois, did Mr. Youngs ever patronize you?"

"No, sir."

"Mr. Kalaher, are you not president of the Ancient Order of Jungle Buzzards?"

"No, sir. Not president, but a member."

"Have you not at times endeavored to get Mr. Youngs to join?"

"Yes, sir, but he refused."

(Exhibit C)—Cigarette butt badly battered.

Witness:—"There is a bribe that would influence any great jungle buzzard like me, a cigarette butt."

As exhibit is passed to jury, witness exclaimed—"Don't forget, I want that back."

"As a member of the organization of buzzards, did you at any time ever see Mr. Youngs in your ranks?"

"No, sir."

Defense did not cross question and Plaintiff rested case.

Witness for the defense:

"What is your name?"

"Lamiell."

"When did you join the Battery?"

"Fifteen months ago."

"You were in the Battery at Camp Sheridan?"

"Yes, sir."

"You came across when the Battery sailed for France?"

"Yes, on H. M. S. Nestor."

"In that connection, you acted in what capacity, Mr. Lamiell?"

"On the gun-crew."

"Can you tell the jury where the gun was located?"

"In the rear of the ship, on the back porch, just behind the Chinese galley."

"Did these Chinese run any kind of a canteen here?"

"They sold cakes."

"Anything else?"

"No, sir."

"You were in a position to know just who came up to the canteen?"

"Yes."

"Tell the jury who frequented the place the most."

"Only one in particular, Mr. Youngs."

"You never thought that his attitude was such that he wanted the rest of the Battery to know?"

"No, sir. He was very sneaking."

"You ate with the Battery in the hold?"

"The first two days I didn't eat much—only supposed to eat."

"And was Mr. Youngs there?"

"Yes, when they served tripe."

"Did Mr. Youngs eat tripe?"

"All of it."

"Do you think any man who would eat tripe on board ship a jungle buzzard?"

"Yes, sir."

Plaintiff:

"How many times did you see the plaintiff, Mr. Youngs, go down into this galley to purchase such food?"

"He didn't go down there—he frequented it almost continually."

"How many times?"

"Twenty-two times perhaps."

"Were you ever down there?"

"No."

"In what manner did he go down?"

"Didn't go down, he came on the deck, knelt down so no one could see him, slipped money in and cakes came out."

"Mr. Jameson, do you know the plaintiff, Earl G. Youngs?"

"Certainly."

"Where did you last see him?"

"I see him every day. The last time that I noticed him in particular was last Sunday."

"Where you on K. P. in the Battery last Sunday?"

"Yes, sir. I was."

"Did you give him any doughnuts yourself?"
 "No, sir."
 "Did you see anyone give the plaintiff, Mr. Youngs, any doughnuts?"
 "No, sir. He was where he could get them himself."
 "Did you see him take some?"
 (Hesitated)—"He took some doughnuts." Yes, sir. He was over there eating when I was through serving and I only saw him take four. I imagine he took more."
 "Gentlemen, a former witness said he did not see him take any. We have the statement of this witness who says he saw him take four."
 "Mr. Stagg, you know the plaintiff, Mr. Youngs?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "How long?"
 "Nineteen months."
 "When you were bugling, did Mr. Youngs come up to you at any time and ask you a question?"
 "He did."
 "What was the question?"
 "One day on or before July 6 at Fort Ben, he asked me to blow mess call so that he could hear what it sounded like."
 "He asked you no more calls?"
 "No, sir. The only call he wanted was mess call."
 Plaintiff:
 "Mr. Jackson, when were you in charge of quarters last?"
 "November 27."
 "Do you remember, was there some military correspondence on the desk?"
 "Quite a bit."
 "Some stuff pertaining to your duties as Charge of Quarters?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "What did you find there not applying to military correspondence?"
 "Mr. Youngs asked me to help out and passed me a payroll of the Battery and had me read off the names, numbers of the men in the Battery. I found a letter and before knowing what it was read part of it which described the meal for Thanksgiving that he expected to have and that he hoped to fill up. He also made the remark that he didn't think he would get enough."
 "Mr. Bausman, when were you in charge of quarters last?"
 "About third day in this camp."
 "The corporal in charge of quarters must stay in the room where the Battery clerk sleeps?"
 "Yes, sir."
 (Exhibit A) for defense. Blackened mess-kit lid.
 "Do you know what this is, Mr. Bausman?"
 "Lid of a mess-kit."
 "Regulation?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "What state would you say that mess-kit lid was in?"

"Damn deplorable."
 "Do you recognize that particular mess-kit lid?"
 "I do."
 "Just how?"
 "By the initials on back and by the looks of it—it's not like any other lid in the Battery."
 "To whom does it belong?"
 "To Corporal Youngs."
 (Exhibit B) badly battered can of corn willie, apparently hidden hurriedly with key ready to open.
 "Do you know what this is, Mr. Bausman?"
 "I do."
 "Will you explain just what it is?"
 "Regulation tin of corned beef."
 "Do you recognize that particular can?"
 "Yes."
 "Why?"
 "It is not very often one will find a can with the key in that position and the can is battered up."
 "Tell just how this can was found."
 "While going over some mail in the Battery office as Charge of Quarters, I had occasion to sit down on Youngs' bunk and felt something under me. When I looked this can rolled out, evidently hidden in the act of being opened which accounts for the key being in that position."
 "Does it belong to Corporal Youngs?"
 "Yes, sir."
 (Exhibit C)—turnip showing signs of nibbling. As it was passed to the jury, the judge asked the sheriff to keep his eye upon the evidence.
 "Do you know what that is?"
 "I do."
 "Explain."
 "It is a turnip."
 "Do you recognize that particular turnip?" You found that turnip, did you not?"
 "I did."
 "Explain."
 "Upon Corporal Youngs' desk."
 "You recognize that, do you? That belongs to Mr. Youngs?"
 "It did."
 "That's all."
 "You think from the condition of it that Mr. Youngs had eaten from it from time to time?"
 "Yes."
 Plaintiff:
 "You were in Charge of Quarters on the 3rd and you found this can of corn willie?"
 "Yes."
 "Did you take this away on that day?"
 "I did."
 "Did you take this (turnip) away at that time?"
 "I threw it out the window."
 "It seems to me that it's pretty muddy about her and there should be some mud on it."

"I washed it off. No one would believe that Mr. Youngs had eaten from it if it were muddy."

"May I ask you, did you rescue this turnip?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where?"

"Right where I threw it out the window."

"Where?"

"In the bushes back of the Red Guidon office."

"You threw it back of the Red Guidon?"

"Sure."

"That's all."

"Mr. Murphy, when did you enlist in the Battery?"

"April 28."

"In your capacity as a buck private in the Battery, have you had occasion to go on K. P. several times?"

"Yes, sir."

"When last?"

"Just today."

"You are a member of the Red Guidon, are you not?"

"I am."

"You knew that the Red Guidon was being sued and, therefore, you thought you would watch Mr. Youngs closely today to ascertain whether he really was a buzzard?"

"Yes, sir."

"Were you in the kitchen all day?"

"Yes."

"Tell what you noticed."

"I noticed that Mr. Youngs was in there in good time and long after everyone was through. When he was ready to leave he came back and got a piece of toast from Sergeant Poling."

"He took toast after starting to leave?"

"Later on he repeated the same performance and this evening I took particular note of it."

"Tell the jury what else you noticed?"

"He had an unusually large pickle."

"In your opinion it was undoubtedly the largest pickle in the whole pan?"

"It was the largest pickle I have ever seen. I do not think a pickle could be any larger."

"While at Camp Sheridan, Alabama, did Mr. Youngs ever receive any boxes from home?"

"Several."

"You took note of the number of boxes he received because you were interested in boxes?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who do you think got the most boxes?"

"Positively Earl Youngs received more than anyone else."

Plaintiff:

"Referring to your last statement—as a man in his tent, did you get your share?"

"I don't remember."

"But, you do remember that he received them?"

"Yes, sir."

"You say that Mr. Youngs was the first in the kitchen and the last one out?"

"The last one. Yes, sir."

"A word about this extremely large pickle—where did it come from?"

"Out of the pan."

"Did Mr. Youngs reach in and take this pickle himself?"

"As I recall it, he pointed to the particular pickle."

"Who was on the pickles?"

"I do not recall."

"It is the peculiar things that are noticeable?"

"Taking a large pickle would be noticeable."

Case was rested and attorney made resume of case for plaintiff.

Mr. Summers for the plaintiff, goes over the points, the while the courtroom was extremely quiet, listening respectfully and attentively to all his remarks. The beating of the rain upon the roof, the whistle of the winds and the flickering candles in the eddying air within the room lent added solemnity to the occasion and everyone seemed to feel the gravity of the situation.

Following Mr. Summers' statement, Mr. Thompson for the defense, gave a very striking resume of the points brought out in the evidence and brought his plea to a close with a classification of buzzards—those who are openly and boasted buzzards; others that are every bit a buzzard but wish to keep it a secret. His point seemed very well taken. He cited that a man who could so consistently buzz as the plaintiff apparently had done without detection was indeed extremely clever, and it would seem that instead of the appellation buzzard being cause for suit for slander, it were on the contrary somewhat of an honor.

Mr. Faulkner takes the floor in behalf of the plaintiff, and made an impassioned appeal for justice and the clearing of the good name of his client from the infamous title "Buzzard." He pointed out Mr. Youngs' clean slate, his integrity and strength of character, playing upon the sympathy and judgment of the jurors alike. He drew a picture of the young man's parents bowed down in shame at the degradation brought upon their offspring and in a last appeal asked that the jury consider his future and that in the name of the great American Standard of Justice, they clear him of that shameful name—a Jungle Buzzard.

At 8:20 the judge charged the jury with profound gravity, striving to impress upon them the seriousness of the charge and the effect of their findings. He asked them to consider the evidence as given very carefully, the honesty and integrity of the plaintiff and above all, give careful attention to the Exhibits which had been shown before the court.

The jury remained out but a short time, returning at 8:30 finding the defendant "Not Guilty."

Court adjourned.



THE CHRISTMAS THAT CAME TO B BATTERY

CAMP CHANOIS...FRANCE

DECEMBER 25
1918

DECEMBER 17th, 1918, found B Battery located in muddy French billets, high upon a hillside above the village of Rambluzin, about fifteen miles south of Verdun.

The holiday season of 1918 was at hand and apparently Christmas was to be no different from any other day in the Battery. Turkey and cranberry sauce and shows might be possible for the men in the S. O. S., but as for the men in the Battery, these were but a memory of other years.

On the afternoon of the 17th, Captain Leahy spoke to the members of the Red Guidon staff, suggesting they get busy and see "what could be done" to make Christmas of 1918 one that would be worth while. A meeting was held that evening with the result it was decided to try and arrange a Christmas show using Battery talent. There was no theatre, no stage, no costumes and talent was of an unknown quality and quantity.

There was, however, an abundance of hope and ambition. Committees were appointed: one to look after a hall, another for stage scenery, costumes, etc., and a third for talent for the entertainment.

The next day everyone got busy. Joe Schnitzler and Bill Murphy got a truck from the supply company and went to a "Y" headquarters at Ipeccourt, about twelve miles away. There they managed to police up four tent floors for a stage, about fifty yards of green burlap camouflage for wings, flies and drapes, and a few odds and ends.

At the foot of the hill, below the Battery's camp, lay a group of vacant hospital buildings, guarded by French soldiers. Lieutenant Howard Myers, Sergeant Larry Fetch and the Battery interpreter, Rene Cordon, aided by bribes of cigarettes, succeeded in securing the use of one of these buildings as a theatre.

The stage was erected. Corporal Truby got busy and put up drapes, wings and flies with the green burlap. A canvas paulin was used for a back drop and Corporal Verne Ritter, getting out his paints and brushes, proceeded to paint thereon a French village. From early morning until late afternoon, Ritter labored even missing noon-mess in order to finish up the job in time.

In the meantime "Mutt" Bausman and Tommy Thompson of the talent committee had been busy. Eleven (11) feature acts had been lined up and the bulletin board was used to give these publicity and, believe you

me! it did. Thompson as a publicity man and press agent was a knockout. A hurried trip was made to Bar-le-Duc for supplies and costumes. Black cambric, red and yellow satin, pink silk stockings, purple garters, lip-stick and eye-lash pencil, were but a few of the articles that came back. Bill Summers hunted the villages of Benoitveaux and Rambluzin over and succeeded in securing a French soldier's uniform, and a French farmer's Sunday suit for a waiter's outfit.

Then came rehearsal and things started to look bright for a Merry Christmas. By the distribution of more cigarettes and more parley-voing the French guards at the hospital were persuaded to furnish electric lights for the evening. Harold Mook was made chief electrician and wired the place, putting in foot-lights and borders, assisted by George White, Gerald Gruver and Billy Lenihan. S. B. Jackson was stage carpenter, Vic Guinther, wardrobe mistress; Corporal Carl Truby and Joe Schnitzler, propertymen.

The afternoons just previous to Christmas were given over to rehearsals. The evenings were spent in polishing up the lines, learning cues and making costumes.

John Funk was especially active in the last named. Taking the part of a French madamoiselle, it was necessary for him to use all his ingenuity in designing his costume. Just a word about that costume,—hospital slippers on which the saddler put high heels came first, then the pink silk stockings. The black cambric formed the skirt, six inches from the bottom of which John painted flowers. Red satin for a girdle and an O. D. raincoat lining, in which pink Chiffon sleeves were inserted, made up the jacket. An O. D. turban trimmed in black topped off the whole.

The afternoon of December 24th saw the final rehearsal, everyone in make-up and the show promised big for the following evening.

A number of the Batterymen went to midnight mass in Rambluzin. Early Christmas morning there was a heavy fall of snow so that when the men awoke, everything was fairly white.

Breakfast about eight and from then until dinner the time passed quietly. Many of the men attended church services in the morning and at about ten-thirty, the Christmas boxes which had arrived were distributed. About one P. M. chocolates, cigarettes and chewing gum,

donated by the Red Cross, K. of C., and Y. M. C. A., were given out.

Two o'clock and the first really big event of the day came off—Christmas dinner. It was the culmination of days of preparation and work by the Mess Sergeant and Cooks Sedberry, Capron, Outland and Mason.

Roast beef, that "was," mashed "pomme de terre," corn, peas, gravy, dressing, coffee, grapes and cake made up the meal and every one enjoyed and appreciated it. Christmas dinner was the only meal of 1918 for which no one came back for seconds.

Among the distinguished dinner guests were Major Carl Kavenagh; Sergeant Lathomat from Brigade Headquarters and Mr. William Fetch, father of Sergeant "Pop" Fetch. Mr. Fetch was engaged in Y. M. C. A. work in France.

Following mess the actors and stage hands hustled to the theatre to prepare for the show. The show was

booked to start at six P. M., and by five o'clock the house was crowded. M. M. Shere, who was punching tickets was forced to turn many away. Art Possehl and George White were ushers and detectives and were kept busy rounding up ticket speculators.

Following the show, speeches were made by Major Kavenagh, Mr. Fetch, Captain Leahy, Lieutenants Myers and Curtin, Sergeant Major Greenburg, First Sergeant Greene and Sergeants Lavery and Curry. They were all cheered and cheered again by the boys.

Sandwiches, candy and cigarettes and other refreshments were served both during and after the show. "Jolly" Hull, Joe Stoneberger and Marshall Sheets and "Spooks" Fulmer were in charge of the refreshments.

By eleven P. M. everyone was back in the billets talking the events of the day over and by common consent it was voted the best Christmas the Battery ever had.

Doughnuts

THE delectable doughnuts doled out by the dopy dietitian of B Battery were deserving of all the compliments paid them for they were far from being debilitating. These delicacies were devoured and digested with little strain on the digastric muscles and were doubly delightful coming as they did in devastated districts of France.

Although B Battery never were close enough to a Salvation Army kitchen to enjoy the doughnuts given out by the lassies there they were near enough to a certain army kitchen to enjoy the ones made by Mess Sergeant Curry and his able crew of cooks.

The only objection to George's sinkers was that they didn't happen often enough. It was computed by the Battery mess statistician, Archie Murphy, that the Salvation Army gave away more doughnuts in one day than B Battery ate during their entire stay in France, and that the holes from those same doughnuts would have filled the mess-kits of the entire Battery with enough left over to furnish "seconds" for the statistician, "Shanty" Kalaher and "Galloping" Gulick. Archie claimed that the kitchen police ate all the holes thus depriving the Batterymen of their just rights and doughnuts.

Doughnuts made their first appearance in the B Battery mess in France on Thanksgiving day when Sergeant Curry and his crew ably assisted by the pastry expert, "Red" Hogue made about four hundred of the delectable delicacies. The next appearance was on Christmas day when it was reported that there were doughnuts on every mess-kit, but inasmuch as every mess-kit was so full some of the boys never got down to them before they were full. Then the New Year's day dinner was also topped off by a doughnut, but again the

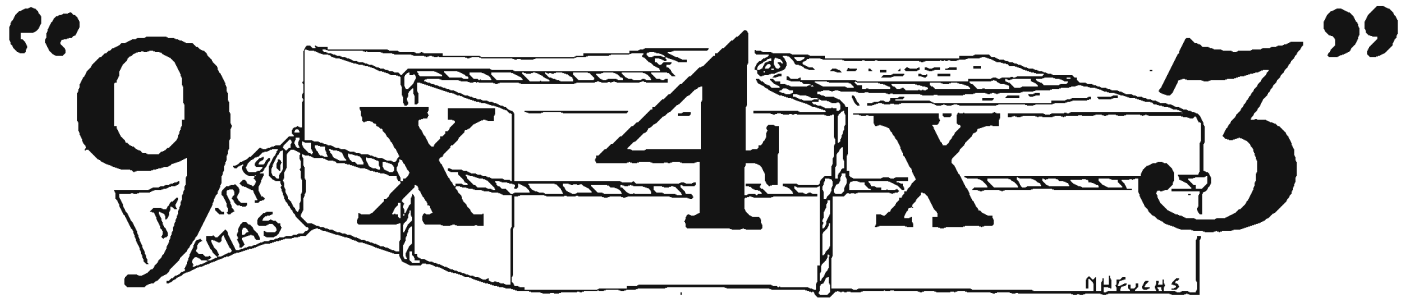
fellows were so full of the big dinner that they couldn't fully appreciate them.

The most unique objection to the serving of doughnuts was offered by Howard "Punk" Miller one day when he had to shut his eyes to fully enjoy one of Curry's pride. "Every time I look at one of those round things," said "Punk," "I think of an 'O' and that naturally reminds me of the zero hour."

Some Kicker



One of the colored soldiers who used to visit Ike Spicer and Bob Riden in their stables on the front near the Moselle river started to pat one of the horses on the hips one day and the nag let one fly at him. "Good Lord," said the Alabama boy. "Thass a bad hoss, that there hoss is awful bad. That hoss, white boy, would kick at his own tail."



CHRISTMAS in the army, at best, always tends to be a very dull affair. What, with home and family usually hundreds of miles away, is there left for rejoicing over or celebrating. Of course there is always some sort of party, entertainment or banquet, to help brighten up the Yuletide season, these being given or furnished by the organization or by the men themselves.

Then the packages from home!! All those good things that mother, sister and "she" make so well. Oh! how those boxes were appreciated. Indeed, the prospect of a Christmas without a lot of boxes from home was not a bright one.

Christmas on the border found every man in the Battery in possession of at least one box. They varied in size, from a cigar box to those large dry-goods boxes that held enough for the entire Battery. Sergeant Oscar Hollenbeck with his store-box full of cakes, etc., and Wilbur Dunn with his box of "perfectos" were among the happiest Batterymen that day.

In Alabama, Christmas found the fellows equally well treated. The boxes and packages came rolling into the office for a week before Christmas day. With Christmas eve came that wonderful "Ohio Special" bringing a host of friends and relatives and another bevy of presents.

In France, of course, the fellows knew that the possibility of receiving any amount of packages was out of the question, inasmuch as they couldn't even get their letters, and the memory of other Christmases in the army was

indeed one to haunt the boys. Stuck away up there on a hill, in the land that Homer Eckert used to say, "the good Lord forgot and the Germans didn't want" no one anticipated a very Merry Christmas. The government had issued an edict to the effect that the only packages that could be sent to the A. E. F. were the prescribed Red Cross boxes. The 9 x 4 x 3. In their wildest dreams the Batterymen couldn't imagine getting anything of any size or importance in such a small box.

What a happy awakening that Christmas morning though! Captain Leahy had held the boxes that had arrived early, and on Christmas morning they were all given out. And such an array of candy, cigarettes, wrist-watches and knick-nacks! After unpacking the boxes, the rest of the day was spent in trying to get the stuff back in the same "9 x 4 x 3" from which it came.

Bill Owens, George Nycamp and "Tub" Lamiell declared that they would have to sleep on the floor that night, their bunks were so full of the contents of their "petit boites." It has always been a mystery to the fellows how the mothers, sisters and sweethearts managed to get so much stuff in so little space. There was enough fudge in B Battery that Christmas morning to make the most prosperous candy kitchen proprietor envious.

So, after all, the "9 x 4 x 3's" furnished a big part of B Battery's overseas Christmas, chiefly because they were so surprising in the volume of their contents.



La Vie Parisienne

copy of "La Vie Parisienne." They tossed it on a table, the men in the billet took one look at the magazine,

B BATTERY never took the French, or the study of the language seriously until it had been in Cestas about a week and Atlee Wise and Joe Schnitzler, the first men to make a trip to the city of Bordeaux, brought back a

took another look, and then made a dive for "French Lessons for Beginners." Ooh-la-la! Here was a real reason to learn the French language.

"La Vie Parisienne" a magazine published weekly in Paris, corresponds to Life and Judge in being a humorous publication, otherwise, it differs just as largely as Paris, France, differs from Mishawaka, Ind.

It's like the little verse:

"Oh pity the poor Hindu,
He does the best he kin do.

To add to his woes,
He has no clothes.

So he has to make his skin do!"

Which was apparently the great trouble with the ladies of "La Vie." They had clothes, but they were so darned careless about the way they left them lying around. Merci! They wandered around through page after page of the book with nothing on but a bracelet and a pink ribbon, and they didn't give a hoot who saw them, and the coldest winter day found Mignon out skating, clad only in a scarf and a pair of shoes, and the poor little thing didn't mind it a bit. In America, she wouldn't have lasted five minutes—the park policeman would have chased her home to get some clothes, and asked her if she wasn't ashamed of herself, but this was La Belle France, so again we say—Ooh-la-la.

And there's the difference. In France, "La Vie Parisienne" is a staid, perfectly respectable fun-making magazine, and the tired business man stops by the newsstand on his way from work, lays down one franc for his copy and takes it home where he reads the jokes and looks at the pictures over the "fromage et cafe au lait," then turns it over to his wife to have a good laugh together. While on the other hand, if it were published in America, the land of the brave and the home of Anthony Comstock, the mob scene at the news stands would make the first battle of the Marne look like a peace convention at The Hague.

Hence, when the Battery moved to Camp de Souge, and some one or other of the boys made a trip to Bordeaux every Saturday, he didn't dare come back without the current issue of "La Vie Parisienne," and this explains the complaint of the Y. M. C. A. man:

"What's getting in to you fellows? I've had the biggest run of "French for Beginners" that I've had since I've been in France."

He didn't ask the right parties or they could have cold him "toute d'suite." There may have been lots of men satisfied to look at the pictures, but not in B Battery. When they saw a picture of "jeune fille Jeanne" sitting before her dressing-table all dressed up in a ribbon and two diamond rings, they wanted to know what she was saying as indicated in the French text beneath. What could she say? And there you were.

So almost any night in the billet, you could have heard:

"Hey, Punk, what does, Toi, mon pauvre cheri, mean?" And Punk Miller yells back, "How the dickens do I know? What do you think I am—a frog? What do you want to know for?"

"Oh, I got a "Parisienne" here with a picture of a French dame and it says that underneath."

Silence for a moment, then, "Hey, Bennett!"

"What?"

"Gimme seconds on it, will you?"

"Ooh-la-la!"

Names of Guns

THE first American artilleryman arriving in France, found that it was a tradition among the English and French artillery to give names to their guns.

Passing a battery of French 75's along the road, they found each gun with a nickname painted on the top-shield. There was "Mignon," "Marionette," "Alsace" and "Ninette," and it seemed to give them individuality. Naturally the yanks took the tradition to themselves and when B Battery arrived at Camp de Souge for their first training in the use of the French gun, they found gun-parks with guns and caissons in orderly array and each gun had an American nickname.

As a consequence when the materiel arrived for the Battery some three weeks later one of the first questions that arose in the gun sections was, "What are we going to name her?" For quite a while this was the favorite topic for discussion, and the men sat around the billets and argued the respective merits of their favorite nicknames, and at times the argument waxed hot. One by one, however, the four sections came to an agreement and after it was all over and the painters had finished up the job with black paint, the first section gun ceased being

a mere thing of steel and from that time on she was fondly known as "Calamity Jane." As Mike Shepard said, "She's going to be a calamity for the Boche, if we ever get a crack at them."

The second section gun blossomed out as the "Buz-zard." The best explanation coming from the second section in regard to this name was that it was a shortening of the army nickname for a hearty eater "Jungle Buzzard," and the title probably referred to her capacity for eating "beaucoup scrap-iron." The third section bore the proud title "Peace Terms." As George Couchy very affably explained she was to bring "peace through violence," and much high explosive in the vicinity of Berlin.

The fourth section, when naming their gun, thought of their own state, and without a moments hesitation named the lady the "Buckeye Girl."

The guns carried these names for the remainder of the war, and the morning of November 13, 1918, as they left the front, bound for the long stay on the hill above Rambluzin, each one of them bore, written in chalk underneath the name, this legend, "11-11-11, Finis la Guerre."

New Year's Eve

CHRISTMAS had gone and it appeared that the Battery was to settle back into the humdrum routine when George White had an idea—a New Year's Eve party and thereby hangs this tale.

Following another busy week the last day found George and his co-workers well satisfied. Athletic talent had been secured as well as one or two other features to round out the program and all was in readiness for a grand New Year's party—a party never before equalled—in kind and spirit, if not in splendor.

It was a bad night, raining as usual, yet long before nine, the time set for Walter Vaughn and Art Possehl to do their mat work, the little theatre was comfortably filled with an eagerly expectant throng. There was the buzz of conversation and cheerful banality or an occasional cry at the entrance of some late arrival and the atmosphere was charged with the spirit of good fellowship. Smokes were plentiful and a thick, blue haze drifted lazily back and forth with the motion of the air.

Shortly before nine, Tommy Thompson took the floor and beseeching quiet, introduced the officials of the evening while from all sides came the cry of "Let's go" as some more impatient than the rest became annoyed at even this slight delay. He began, "Ladies and Gentlemen, we are now ready to start" and as he introduced Sergeant Don Scott as the announcer for the evening, some greeted him with "ta-ta-ta" as others cried "Look him over," "Throw him out" and other hospitable remarks, just to prove to Scotty that he was among friends. Attention is next directed to timekeeper Spade who is to occupy the right rear corner of the platform where he may have ample room to swing his cane against the gong, improvised from a decorated shell case.

Scotty assumes his role and begins: "The first number on this evening's program, I would like to announce Arthur Possehl, the husky Greek and Walter Vaughn, the big Dane, who will wrestle for fifteen minutes." Jake Scheibman of A Battery was chosen to watch for

fouls and at eight fifty-five the gong sounded and the show was on.

Of the bout there is little to record for the two men were evenly matched and neither gained any great advantage and the round ended without a victor. During the bout, however, little was heard from the onlookers and the applause following the gong at the end of fifteen minutes spoke volumes for the approval the men had gained.

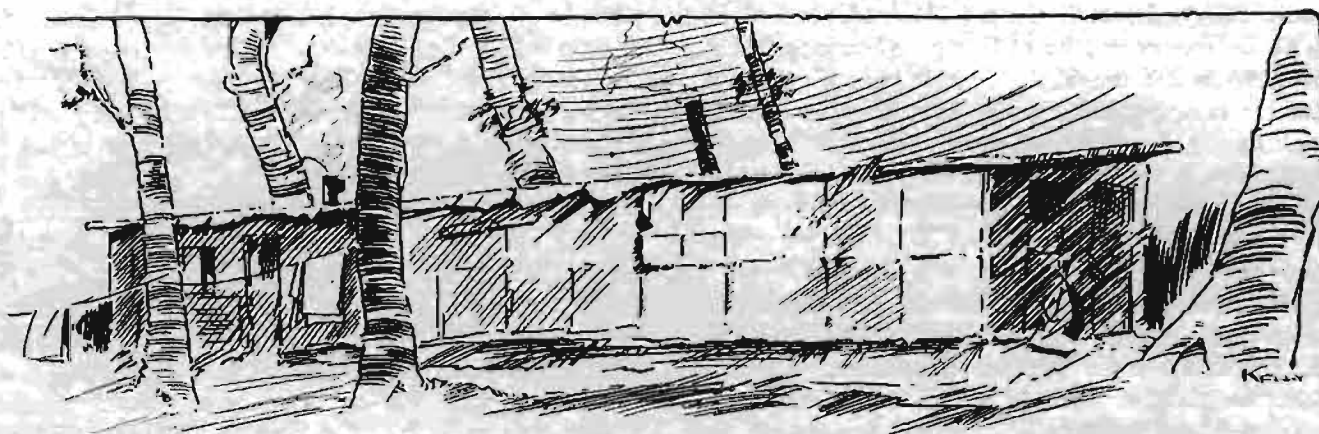
Jones and Butcher followed with various tumbling and contortionist stunts which were a variety and were well accepted. Among their features were the "back pick up," "stumpy," the "human ball" and others common to the first act in vaudeville. An amusing part of their performance was when Butcher lifted Jones with his teeth and some musically inclined and emotional individual whistled a bar from "Hearts and Flowers."

The stage was then cleared and Rube Moledor and Cognac Rubright were presented as contenders for the crown of pugilism—in their class. At the gong they mixed it. Through two rounds of terrific slugging they battered their way to a draw to the entire satisfaction of the audience, if not to themselves.

Following them were Mook and Murphy who went three rounds with the gloves to a "no decision" and they in turn were followed by the Clark brothers who put up a nice dainty exhibition of how it ought to be done without doing any damage.

Intermission then ensued, and smokes and refreshments which had been forgotten for the time being were again the center of attraction, while the merits of the contestants were eagerly discussed—and cursed perhaps.

Thirsts being quenched, attention was again directed to the ring as George White and Whearty took their respective corners and they came forward at the bell and put up an extremely clever display of boxing. Their work was good and received a fair share of the applause.



DETAIL-BARRACKS AT CAMP DU CHANNOIS

Possibly Lamiell and Kalaher in their burlesque bout brought forth the greatest amount of cheering and applause, for their act was of a nature that does well itself without in any way detracting from the value of its predecessors. Clad in nondescript attire consisting principally of some of Poling's misfit under woolens and decorated as to nose with grease paint, they swaggered forth Lamiell with a cigaret nonchalantly between his lips, Kalaher with a bottle half concealed under his arm. What a bout it was—a fight to the finish, according to the announcer, and they went at it literally tooth and nail with feet thrown in. It is beyond the power of pen to describe the antics they staged, kicking, biting and indulging in all the tricks that are known to be utterly in defiance of the rules. There were no rules in this bout for as has been said, it was to the finish, and the finish found Kalaher down for the count of ten and Lamiell the proud winner.

Joe Kelly's chalk talk helped keep interest alive as he portrayed various interesting themes in snappy sketches to the accompaniment of a line of chatter distinctively his own. His subjects were, quite appropriately, the officers, and so he rambled on from jam to doughnuts, bringing a laugh with each new sketch. As an encore he drew a likeness of the Colonel, and there follows an extract from notes taken of the remarks heard as he busily plied his crayon: "Picture of old woof-woof;" "Oh, I know the boys are all right;" "Look at the ears on him;" "Don't give him that much space;" "Here he comes, Kelly;" "Attention;" "Don't forget Shafter;" "Oh, that flatters him;" "His ears are too short;" "Where's his tail?" "Woof-woof!" "Let's hear him bark once;" "Joe, you ought to get a million for that;" "He ought to get the brig;" "He would if the Colonel saw it;" "Ten days extra duty;" No more Aix-les-Bains for you, Kelly," and the picture was finished.

Bob Barrington of Supply Company did his bit with the German politician's speech and a Hebrew impersonation.

The evening was almost spent and while the B Battery quartette was being rounded up, final preparations were made. A clock dial had been fashioned from card-board with the sector from eleven to twelve removed. Hands were placed on the clock and a light was arranged to shine through the opening, in order to mark the last five minutes of the year. While the room was dark, all was made ready and at 11:55 the light behind the clock appeared as the boys began to sing, "The Gypsy Love Song." All was dark except for the illumination behind the clock and quiet reigned everywhere except for the singing. Minute by minute the hands crept toward twelve and ten seconds after the last note of the singing, twelve strokes chimed out in slow succession and so intense was the silence that there seemed to be a strange pall over all—as though everyone was counting the strokes as they rang out one by one, afraid almost to breathe for fear of breaking the spell, until upon the last stroke a shot was fired in the wings and the buglers played "To The Colors." Every man stood at attention throughout this and when it was finished, the quartette burst into another song, but was drowned by the howling confusion that prevailed as eager New Year's greetings became general. Boys danced with one another in sheer abandon, everyone was laughing and shouting and they were not the same fellows who only the day before had been wishing themselves home and complaining about being in France.

And so ended B Battery's New Year's Eve in France, but as the men climbed the hill to camp there was a consensus of opinion that this had been B Battery's best New Year's eve.

Going Up

THERE was perhaps only one time when B Battery on the march did not resemble a military organization. That time was the day the Battery along with Batteries A and C and Headquarters Company marched out of "Pneumonia Hollow" in France on their way to the first gun positions on the front.

The four outfits looked more like a gypsy caravan than a battalion of field artillery. The men who went carried with them various articles of clothing and eats, blankets and other equipment and this stuff was all piled onto the gun carriages and wagons. The fourgon wagon, carrying the Battery's special detail instruments and other supplies upset under its load before the parade got out of the hollow onto the main road.

Blanket rolls went into the mud and the wagon had

to be unloaded. Captain Hollenbeck, Sergeant Pearl Wood and Bob Barrington rode on an army buckboard that was piled high with junk. The horses were weighed down with extra baggage and there was not enough room on the carriages for the men to ride.

The boys who didn't go to the front that day lined the road going out of camp and laughed at the caravan. Nobody knew how deep the departing soldiers were going to get into the fight and yet there wasn't a serious good-bye uttered. The procession was funny to everybody and the thought of dodging German high explosives that night didn't worry Sergeants Lynch, Newman, Dunn and the rest half so much as the question "was everything going to ride all right."

The Battery never looked so unmilitary as on that day.



THE BOAR HUNT IN FRANCE

THE night is dark, bitter cold and a drizzling rain is falling. Down in the French village the clock in the church tower booms the hour of two. In B Battery's billets on the hill-side, above Rambluzin, a candle-light flickers. A solitary figure clambers shiveringly out of bed and pulls on a pair of boots. He makes his way to several other bunks and in a few moments five other figures wrapped in their great coats, rifles on their shoulders and pistols in their pockets, steal stealthily into the night.

Who can they be? What is their object? Not a midnight raid. No; surely not, for the war is over. Ah! Now it comes out, they are the Battery's mighty hunters and their game is the wild boar that roams the fields of northern France. Closer inspection reveals the faces of the mighty quintette.

They're headed by Corporal R. W. Scott, and John Jackson, Art Possehl, L. D. Clark and Earl Davidson make up the rest of the party. The gloom of the night is positively impenetrable, the cold numbing and the footing up hill and down is rough, but it doesn't daunt their stout hearts. The lust of the trail is theirs. Three miles away lies a small pond; and it is their destination. Here the boars come for a drink. They had dope on this from the best authority.

Three o'clock finds them at the pond. Scotty assembles them for final instructions, cautions them to be absolutely quiet and ever on the alert. Then they are posted. Jackson takes one end of the pond, Possehl the other. Clark and Davidson are on either side and Scotty places himself in reserve.

They lie in wait for their prey. Orders are strict, no smoking, absolute quiet and caution. Above all they are not to fire at the first sight of a boar. They must wait, constrain themselves even though their fingers be itching on the trigger. Wait until the boar has started to drink, wait until the boar is lapping the water—then. Ah! The great moment—fill his dirty hide with lead.

Four o'clock comes but no boars.

Only the grit of a pioneer holds them to their task. J. M. Jackson's feet are nearly frozen and he must remove his boots to ease the pain. Once he believed he saw an animal go for a drink. Possehl and Scotty are called into conference and the trio investigate, but alas, it was only a vision.

Five o'clock finds their patience wavering. Consultation was held and a strategic retreat to the camp was decided upon. Possehl held that they had come too early. Scotty said not early enough, that a wild boar drank around midnight.

They returned foot-sore, weary and hungry, but a good breakfast of oatmeal, coffee and bacon put them all in better spirits. For more than a week though, they were subjected to a continuous annoyance by the rest of the Battery men who insisted on making a noise resembling a wild boar.

This was only one of the many boar hunts that the men of the Battery engaged in after the war in France. Fred Clark, Fred Robinson, Carl Schrank, M. M. Shere, J. D. Cochran, A. D. Borden, E. S. Sanders, and Miles Rubright were some who engaged in this kingly sport. "Sleuth" Nick Carson, got the dope from a Frenchman as to the best method of hunting boars. The French go out in parties of about twenty-five, with as many dogs and beat the brush. The Battery didn't have dogs but, they did go out twenty-five strong, armed with rifles, pistols and clubs.

On one occasion, Ross Kalaher and Dick Lavery went out. Ross did see a wild boar, but one look was enough. Ross started back for camp double time, and the boar started in the other direction.

Fred Robinson, while on a hunt, one day, caught sight of three deers and became so excited he forgot to shoot.

To "Sleuth" Carson and Lewis "Fish" Moore goes the honor of being the first Battery men to ever see a boar. To "Fish" goes the highest honor of all. He was the only man to kill one and for one meal the Battery had fresh pork. A welcome change from beef. All hail to the mightiest hunter of them all—"Fish" Moore.

Christian "Shorty" Morgensen, "Uncle" Joe Stoneberger and "Fish" started on a hunt one day, and for hours without success they pursued the elusive wild pig.

Shorty and Joe returned to camp, but not "Fish." His determination as a hunter was worthy of Daniel Boone. "Fish" is plodding silently along, his rifle in the crook of his arm. A slight rustle in the bushes causes him to turn, and there running through the undergrowth is his quarry. In less time than it takes to tell a bead is drawn and a bullet speeds on its way and finds a lodging in the brain of the boar. Moore had killed the Battery's first boar. It weighed about two hundred and fifty pounds and it was necessary to summon help from the Battery to bring it in. Robinson, Rubright, Reynolds, Shepherd, Charley Brewer, Red Hogue and Rogers

volunteered and between them they managed to drag it in.

The entire Battery viewed the remains and Moore was hailed as a conquering hero. "Jolly" Hull and "Ike" Spicer skinned and dressed it. The Battery ate and relished it, and in Easton, Pa., in the home of L. W.

Moore is a pelt—a trophy attesting the prowess of Lewis.

Shortly after this an order was posted, saying that the French hunting season had closed, so that boar hunting became a lost art.

Information

"HEY, Youngs, when's pay day? Any mail today? Did I get a letter? No!—Well I don't see where my mail is; they say they are writing at home." (Goes away grumbling, thinking he is a very unfortunate chap.)
—next man:

"How about that Liberty bond of mine, mother says she hasn't received it yet? What! She will? Well when, I'd like to know, I finished paying for it last month? You don't need to get peeved about it, I was only askin' you. (In a modified tone)—I'd forgotten it takes so darned long for mail to come across."

"When am I due for guard? Tonight? I was just on about seven days ago. How often is guard coming now, every week? Is Tom on tonight, too? That's funny, he was on with me the last time. How many men are standin' guard now? Don't seem to me we should catch guard so often then. Yes and I know a couple of fellows right in my tent that haven't stood a guard since they have been in this camp." (Walks away satisfied he has shown the clerk up.)

"What's the chance of gettin' a pass to town tomorrow? Why not? The other batteries are gettin' them whenever they want 'em. That's always my luck,—S. O. L. This is the damndest battery I ever saw, regular boy scout outfit. Bet if I could get a transfer I'd get into a regular organization. When are we goin' to move, Corp? They say we are goin' to the front to back up our own doughboys, is that so? Do we get all new American harness and horses? Wonder when we'll turn in our French stuff? Is there a "Y" in the next town? What can you get there? Wonder if they have any chocolate? What kind, U. S. or French? Don't like that French chocolate."

"When will we get our furloughs? We've been over here four months now. How'll you run that anyway? Us old fellows will get them first won't we? Anyhow I didn't have one at Sheridan, you know, and some of the fellows had one at Ft. Ben and there too. Don't see how the deuce they pull it,—I never could. You won't forget to put me at the head of the list will you? Oui, merci!" (Walks away with visions of a trip to Paris or Aix les Bains within the next week.)

"Well, what do you think of the war, Youngs? Think the Kaiser's about done, don't you? What do you think of this peace talk, anything to it? Suppose they'll sign that armistice?"

Later—(11:15 A. M., the armistice effective from 11:00 A. M.)

"Any news as to what they are going to do with us? Suppose we'll be home by Christmas? Won't that be great? When you goin' to start to make out discharges? I'll take mine now. Wonder when Poling's goin' to call in the gas masks and tin hats, we don't need the blamed things any more."

"Wonder what boat we'll go back on? Suppose we'll sail from Marseilles or is that just a rumor? You say you heard Eckert say that he heard Captain Snow tell some of the fellows that Major Kavenagh had phoned to him that we might? That sounds pretty good, guess I'll go down and spread that to the boys. By the way, there didn't a package come in for me today, did there? Wonder where that is? The last time I heard from Bess she said she was going to try to send me one. There goes soup call, wonder what Curry's got for mess?"

Which Way

BATTERY boys were in box cars on the way from La Havre, France to Bordeaux. They were tired of the army and war in France when the train pulled in along side a train load of cattle cars. The cows were moaning about the army too.

Martin Shere looked out of the side door of the car in which he was traveling and shouted over to the cows, "Hello fellows, which way are you going?"

Captain Kinsell

CAPTAIN Kinsell of Battery C was in command of the 1st Battalion 134th regiment while B Battery was on the front above Vigneulles. Here's to Captain Kinsell. He was out there every day and he helped a whole lot in the work of the different batteries, their fire and so on. Kinsell was continually going forward to the doughboy trenches and beyond to observe fire, etc.

Furloughs

BBATTERY was in France just six months when the first men were given furloughs. That was at Christmas time while the Battery lay up in a woods south of Verdun waiting to go home. Sergeant Roscoe Poling, and Bob Newman, Corporals Joe Kelly and Don Northrup, Jimmie Bennett, Jimmie Hogue, Henry Bittinger and Gust Trekal were the lucky birds to go on the first leaves. The names were picked out of a hat and the boys were started off one night in trucks for a seven day stay at Aix Les Bains in the French Alps.

They went to St. Mihiel in a truck and from there to the famous French boiling out resort by train.

All but one of them went. Joe Kelly got off the train at St. Mihiel and went to Paris and Le Mans where the Akron Infantry companies were reported in camp.

Roscoe Poling was the star of that picnic. He climbed mountains, went skiing and took baths in the same pools where ancient kings and queens had once splashed about. "I had a bath in the same pool where Diana bathed," Roscoe told the rest of the boys after he got back. Bob Newman, Hogue, Bennett and the rest got acquainted with one of the hotel men there who had been in America for a long time in the restaurant business. The boys succeeded in interesting the ex-American in affairs at home so much they were able to eat and drink around the hotel on their faces.

They left Aix Les Bains with the good will of everybody around the resort and told the ex-American they would pay him for the feeds he had provided after they returned to the States.

Captain Norton

A CONSIDERATE old timer of the officers' row whom B Batterymen always had a warm spot for was Captain Norton, adjutant of the 1st Battalion of the 134th F. A. when the war ended. Captain Norton went into the field a second lieutenant when the National Guard went to Mexico in 1916. He stuck to the old layout through all the fat and lean days of the border, Camp Sheridan and "over there."

The Batterymen got their first close-up impression of him at Cestas, France, when he was given charge of Batteries A and B in that place. There was a drill program out there, but its application and enforcement

by Captain Norton was not such as to prevent the boys from having a little fun and from seeing Bordeaux and other neighboring towns. The men prospered at Cestas under Captain Norton.

Shortly after the armistice while the Battery was awaiting sailing orders in France, Captain Norton was given charge of Battery B while the Battery Commander William Leahy attended school in another camp. Here the men got better acquainted with Captain Norton and when he left nearly every man in the Battery was his personal friend. Norton at least made them feel that way.

A Close Call

THE old border soldiers of B Battery once they were sure that General Villa was not in Northern Mexico used to feel safe in going over to Jaurez, the famous Mexican race track town lying across the Rio Grande river from El Paso, Texas.

One Sunday shortly after B Battery arrived in Texas, Clarence R. Foust and Bill Kelly went over to Jaurez and finding the town an easy one to get around in decided to take a few pictures. Despite a strict order against

the carrying of cameras into Mexico the two Battery soldiers had taken some pictures and were about to start home when two Mexican soldiers arrested them. Foust was the lawyer and Bill Kelly the business man in that situation and between them they argued the "Mex" into releasing them on payment of a bribe of twenty-five cents. The incident happened a few yards from the front of the notorious Jaurez jail where at that time no foreigner confined ever came out in the same health he went in.

Do you remember the first night Lieut. Myers stood Retreat?

Do you remember when Art Faulkner looked through the wrong end of the panoramic sight?

Le Lion de Angers

THE morning of February 4, found B Battery cocked and primed for the move westward. They knew not where they were going, but the rumor had been going round that Le Lion de Angers was to be the destination. Maps were consulted to ascertain how near it was to the coast and it was found that it was a disappointingly long distance from the little town of Le Lion to that longed-for shoreline from which they were to depart for home.

At nine o'clock the column was under way and as they passed the band they heard "Home Sweet Home" played for the first time since leaving the States. The Colonel stood by to see the boys off and it was said by many that he had the widest grin on his face that morning that had ever been seen. Eighteen long, slippery kilometers and the scattered buildings of Bannocourt hove in view and upon halting packs were deposited with alacrity and the inevitable mess line was formed. It was with difficulty that "Mike" Green restrained the boys, so eager were they to get their mess kits underneath the soup ladle, but eventually George Curry passed the high sign and the fun was on. No one knows who ate all the beans that day, but twenty gallons disappeared in an incredibly short time.

About two o'clock the 135th pulled out and the train for the 134th was spotted. With their customary facility, baggage and other impediments were loaded and by four o'clock all was set, straw was scattered about the car floors and as many as could find room had settled themselves in as comfortable positions as was possible with thirty-five to forty in the historic "40 hommes, 8 chevaux."

After what seemed an interminable long time a sense of motion was felt and it became evident that at last they were moving, but there was so much backing and bucking and switching around that it was hard to tell whether the train was moving forward or backward. As darkness fell shortly afterward there was no sense of location or direction and as early in the evening as 7:30, many of the fellows had tucked their knees under their chins in an endeavor to sleep and at the same time allow room for his neighbor.

It was a miserable night and was followed by three miserable days and three more uncomfortable nights, but on Saturday, February 8, after a night spent on a siding in Segre, the train rolled into the little village of Le Lion and the tired and dirty bunch detrained. On the platform Mr. Stinson, who many of the boys remembered from Camp Sheridan, had with the aid of two young ladies set up a few cocoa boilers and as the boys piled out of the cars, they quickly spied the forming line and hastily getting out their mess-cups took their places in the ever-lengthening line. If the Y. M. ever did anything for B Battery or the 134th, it was on this morning,

for hungry after a fast of practically four days during which some of the boys had not tasted anything warm except coffee, the cocoa and cakes were indeed welcome.

As quickly as possible the detachments were formed according to their assignments to billets and under the guidance of the men who had been sent ahead to assist the town major, were taken to their respective dwellings. To B Battery fell the Chateau du Mas of which more is said in another part of this book.

That night, although weary and worn from the trip, the town was full of boys who were down to test the village's vin blanc, and stroll about on tours of inspection. The streets were cleared early, however, and the M. P. stationed there had little trouble with loiterers after nine o'clock.



Now while the boys are taking advantage of the opportunity to sleep in on Sunday morning, it may be well to slip out and look about the town. It is found to be very clean and well ordered, a condition apparently peculiar to this section of France; at least it had never been experienced in the portion that had just been left. The town may be said to have been bounded on one

side by the railroad and the other side by the Mayenne river. The railroad was a part of the P. L. & M. system which led in one direction to Segre and to Chateau Gontier and in the other direction to the city of Angers. Radiating from the village were the roads to Chateau Gontier and to Angers. Excellent macadamized highways they were, the former absolutely straight leading into Chateau Gontier without a single turn. The other made one bend of about fifteen degrees, but was perfectly smooth and led through some very beautiful country. The river apparently was at high water, but flowed lazily along as though in quiet accord with the other surroundings. As has been said, the town was clean, the buildings were well kept and those streets that were not paved with cobble stone were macadamized or in an improved condition. Shops lined the main thoroughfare and strangely enough, there were to be found in these little stores, articles at prices which had not been inflated on account of the presence of the A. E. F.

The people were hospitable and many strong friendships were formed between them and the boys during their stay there. It was not uncommon for members of the Battery to go out to spend the evening with a

French family and many pleasant times have been recounted by those who were fortunate enough to form these acquaintances.

On Sunday morning the town's people were to be seen going to church, clad in their native costume, which to many was very quaint and unusual; the women wearing their small lace caps and the men clad in their Sunday best down to their highly polished wooden shoes. About the time church services were over, small groups of men from the Battery and regiment had begun to congregate on the corners or in front of the shops and it was a motley throng that was to be seen on the street as the church people assembled in little groups discussing perhaps the weather, or politics, or any subject under the sun. This was but a replica of the Sundays that followed except that as time went on, some of the boys attended the church and during the last days of the Battery's stay there, some of the boys sang in the choir.

With the approach of Monday drill schedules appeared and hikes and clean-up campaigns were the order of the day. Following a day of the ordinary routine the boys would all assemble in the town at night where they would visit the Hotel de Les Voyageurs and feed up on pomme de terre or eggs and other delicacies which they had been unable to get during the past four or five months.

On Friday the regular market took place, which provided another interesting sight. Along a side street which provided considerable space between the curbing and the buildings, numerous stalls were erected each week where wares of all descriptions were displayed. Shoes from the very tiniest up to the largest possible sizes, both leather and wooden; shawls, knitted goods, in fact, everything in the dry goods line was to be had. The people of the village assembled on market day and in the place of money, the usual medium of exchange, produce or whatever the respective individual had was bartered in exchange for the wares for sale at the market.

On Sundays the band gave concerts before the Hotel de Ville whenever the weather was favorable and they were enthusiastically received by the natives of the village. It may not be said how the men of the regiment felt about these concerts and it is left to the reader to consult an acquaintance who was there for information on this point. It did, however, serve to break the monotony and provided a method whereby to while away an otherwise unoccupied Sunday afternoon.

As time went on inspections became practically habitual and later decootieizing became the popular topic for conversation. Trucks were secured from brigade and as many as possible were taken to Angers where they went

through the process of being scoured while their clothing from socks to overseas cap was boiled in live steam. At last Major Collins was satisfied that all the live stock had been annihilated and area inspectors arrived with the avowed purpose of locating every lurking cootie that might have escaped the vulcanizer through which the clothing had been put. At the same time inspectors came down to assure themselves that the boys had enough luggage and there was considerable activity in producing the required amount of shirts, socks, etc., to satisfy the eagle eye of some "shave-tail." Suffice it to say that they got by and the momentous day arrived when the announcement was made that the Battery with the rest of the regiment was to leave for Brest.

On Thursday night, March 6, the boys visited the town to bid farewell to their numerous friends and incidentally to partake of their last portion of vin blanc and pomme de terre served by the French. At the Cafe de la Gare, Fitzpatrick's Jazz band held forth and inspired by liquid refreshments at the expense of the proprietor

at regular fifteen minute intervals, they waxed exceedingly voluminous if not harmonious, but the curfew rings early in the army and at nine o'clock the concert was over, and those who had no place to get under cover had but to return to their billets and rest up for the hike which was to take them to Chateau Gontier, and the train.

On the morning of the 7th, reveille was early and breakfasts were eaten before daylight. Packs were rolled, billets were swept and carefully policed, and at seven o'clock the entire regiment was assembled along the road between the river and the billets in which the second battalion had been located. All packs had been loaded onto trucks and the band preceded the regiment by truck in order to meet the boys at Chateau Gontier and escort them in triumphal procession from the edge of the village to the railway. The hike was a long one, twenty-two kilometers, but without packs and with the knowledge that it was another step toward home, it was anything, but a hardship and as they were met on the outskirts of Gontier by the Colonel and his host of musicians, they swung into the characteristic stride of the American soldier and reached the station, a little tired perhaps, but a happy bunch!

This is to be no eulogy on the village of Le Lion, but if there was any village in France in which the Battery was billeted where things approximated what they were accustomed to at home, and which provided the atmosphere of content as nearly as it was possible to be realized in France, it was the little village of Le Lion de Angers, Maine et Loire.



The Army of Occupation

IT may have been just a coincidence, but it is worthy of note that three of the four former B Batterymen who were known to have been left in France on duty when the regiment left for America, were married men. In justice to the disappointed wives it might be said that it is not known that they all elected to stay away a little longer, but—well, there were single men who—but that's getting away from the subject.

In one case, that of Lieutenant Lee Moore, the trip to Germany and the subsequent sojourn in that country was made at his own request. Oh! no, he didn't specify in his application for a commission in the regular army, that he wished to go to Germany. The lieutenant was probably thinking of a place in the Army of Occupation that occupied Camp Taylor or some other camp near Cincinnati, Ohio. The application was approved and the applicant assigned to the Army of Occupation before he realized that he had been grossly misunderstood.

When Jack Hiemel was told that the homecoming of his regiment would in no way affect his continuing to serve his country, it could hardly be said that he was greatly enthused. An order retaining all veterinarians for duty with the Army of Occupation came too late to allow Jack to send his regrets and claim exemption.

Harry Williams, who left B Battery at Camp Sheridan to go overseas with a detachment of mechanics, was still boring cylinders and cutting shafts in some shop near Issoudun, France, when his former "playmates" came home. Down in Barberton, Ohio, Harry Jr. was anxiously awaiting the arrival of the Papa that he had never seen.

Of course the single men might possibly be excused if they had easy jobs and elected to stay "over there" a little longer, for it must be admitted that if one had the time there were plenty of amusements to be enjoyed in some cities the "mademoiselles" were not at all hard to look at.

Whistling Jake

ALTHOUGH B Battery had its share of singers, the musical talent of the outfit was not entirely confined to singing. There were the famous ukelele players, Holton Ford and Freddie Exner who could be heard quite often strumming some Hawaiian tune. Then the piano players too, furnished music whenever a piano could be found to play upon. In this line Percy Harris, "Tub" Lamiell and "Bunker-Bean" Ford furnished most of the amusement.

The most unique entertainment though, was furnished by the famous whistler, Edward Jacobs. For silver-throated, triple-tongued whistling Jake had the vaudevillian Kellog sounding like a one-lunged recruit. Whistling was Jake's one hobby; a sort of an accomplishment with him. Although he no doubt enjoyed the singing of the other boys, he never broke into song himself.

Jake could be heard whistling as he got out of his bunk in the morning, on his way to mess and on some occasions even while he was eating. In fact it was

seldom that one saw Eddie when he wasn't whistling.

His extensive repertoire included such masterpieces as: "The Rosary," "Poet and Peasant," and selections from such operas as "Il Trovatore" and "Rigoletto." These latter selections were among his favorites, but Jake was able to whistle the latest popular just as well as some of the old favorites.

Since he would whistle under any and all circumstances he often heard sarcastic remarks regarding his efforts but undaunted, Jake whistled on, only changing his tune in an effort to soothe the dissatisfied ones.

The journey home was a heart-breaker for Jacobs. Coming, as he did, on a battle-ship, he was forbidden, by a standing order in the navy, from whistling. That was one order that Jake said was a disgrace to the service.

After arriving in the U. S. A. though, Jake gave vent to his pent-up feelings and such whistling as was heard in B Battery at Camp Stuart is seldom heard anywhere.

Curry's Way

ONE of the Ohio papers carried a story one time about Ralph Curry and his B Battery kitchen. The story quoted Curry as saying his cooks could make six-hundred doughnuts from a bucketful of sweet dough. Some yap

from a Toledo hotel read the story and wrote to ask Curry how it could be done. Ralph answered the Toledo cook and told him he could do it by getting a big enough bucket of dough and by making the doughnuts smaller.

Delousing

MUCH was printed in the newspapers during the war and the subsequent demobilization, of the famous and erstwhile troublesome *Cootie*—his haunts and habits, but, of the processes of elimination too little has been brought to the public attention. There were men in "B" Battery who were ready to swear that the eradication was much worse than the occupation.

B Battery's first experience with one of these "infernal machines" came while the fellows were enjoying the hospitality of Baron Chalet at Chateau du Mas. Orders came from General Headquarters that every man before loading on a ship had to undergo the "delousing" process. The nearest delousing outfit being on the outskirts of Angers, arrangements were made to haul the men to that place to undergo the ordeal.

Everything in a man's possession, with the exception of leather and metal, was supposed to enter the steam chamber while the man himself took a hot bath using kerosene soap. Section by section the battery journeyed to Angers and returned looking like Rip van Winkle

after his memorable sojourn into the Catskills. Truly the old expression, "Something that the cat dragged in" could well have been applied to B Battery when



all were through. Blouses were shrunk out of all proportion; breeches and caps were wrinkled and discolored beyond recognition while overcoats were impossible. The only things that ever came through the operation with any semblance of their former condition were the blankets and packs.

Had the friends and relatives of Steve Marvin, Percy Harris, Oda Reynolds, Frank (Skeets) Werner and Bill

Murphy seen them after their return from Angers that day, it is doubtful if they would have recognized them. Of course, these were only a few of the worst but the entire battery bore the semblance of a salvage dump on the front.

Personal pride and a few orders soon brightened up the uniforms again. Roscoe, the able Q. M. Sergeant, soon had a few new outfits which he issued out with his usual reserve. A pressing establishment was installed in the basement of the chateau and the wrinkled uniforms were soon pressed into shape again.

Again at Brest a few were subjected, quite voluntarily, to the decootieizing process, for while it was not made compulsory, some felt the need of an elimination of the obnoxious "tickling" sensation on their anatomy.

Leaving the ship at Newport News no one thought of cooties. In fact, had every man been covered with them he would have forgotten them in the joy of being *Home*. About the third day in Camp Stuart though, the battery again received orders to have their belongings "par boiled." By this time most of the fellows had learned ways of evading the worst of the consequences of the trip to the steam chamber. By carefully folding the clothing before placing it on the hangers much of the wrinkling could be avoided. The second compulsory excursion through the "clothes butchery" left the battery in a little better shape than the previous trip. Fred Robinson, Fred Cunningham and Carl Schrank may take exceptions to the foregoing statement but the battery as a whole made a more presentable appearance.

The huge laundry and pressing establishment of the camp was at the battery's disposal for the rejuvenation of the uniforms and so with the aid of a few articles issued by the genial Quartermaster Sergeant the battery assumed a fair appearance for the trip and subsequent parades in Cleveland, Akron and Columbus.

Cooties surely must be classed as one of the greatest expenses of the war, for the eradication of them cost the government countless thousands of dollars for new uniforms, to say nothing of the gasoline used to operate the delouser and the kerosene used for bathing.

English and French

A GREAT many times in France when a B Battery soldier met a French soldier and opened a conversation in A. E. F. French, the Frenchman would answer him back in good English. This always embarrassed the boys.

One day Howard Miller saw a Frenchman with a

souvenir he wanted and proceeded to inquire about it. Howard employed a mixture of bad English and worse French in his conversation while the Frenchman stood listening, stupid looking. After Miller finished, the Frenchman said, "Sure son, you can have it. What the hell do you want it for?"

"Louise"



THE Battery may forget Lion de Angers, but who cannot picture on the instant the charming little figure and saucy eyes of "petite mademoiselle Louise" of the "Hotel de la Gare."

Do you fail to recall the little public room with the long table down the center and the row of small tables on one side broken to allow space for the tinkling automatic piano.

And Louise! Did we not fall in love with her at first sight. Louise! She had smiles for all, and kisses for a favored few. 'Twas a good thing she was not a grown-up young lady. How many broken heads and black eyes might have resulted from our rivalry.

As it was, we went to any lengths to win her affection. We stood for hours in the Y. M. C. A. canteen-line to buy a cake of chocolate or a box of cakes, and straight-way marched up to the cafe and presented them to Louise, with our most courtly manners. Our French was A. E. F., but we all learned to say "Louise, tres joli; je vous aime; je vous adore."

Camp Pontenazen

AFTER all that had been published in the newspapers about the unsanitary conditions at Brest, B Battery-men were somewhat surprised to find things as good as they were there. For months the newspapers had been printing stories about the mud and filth abounding in the embarkation camps there. When, after the long weary hike, the Battery finally landed at the Pontenazen Camp, they found the streets all boarded with "duck" walks and the mess-halls all covered. True, it was all new lumber that appeared in these two utilities, thus giving evidence that they were recent improvements, but, as far as B Battery was concerned, Brest was an agreeable surprise.

No doubt life in that camp for any length of time would have become very monotonous. The tents that the Battery lived in were not of the best quality and in several sections it was necessary for the fellows to sleep under their cots to avoid the incessant rain, but had they remained for any length of time in the camp, that could have easily been adjusted.

Although the stay in Camp Pontenazen was not a lengthy one, it was long enough to allow most of the Battery-men the privilege (?) of serving on one of the famous Brest details. These details worked day and night in keeping the camp in condition and those who escaped one of them were lucky indeed. During B Battery's four-day sojourn there, it was very few who escaped a detail of some kind.

The journey from Camp Pontenazen to the docks—although in reality somewhat longer—seemed much shorter, than the hike from the train to the camp, to the homeward bound B Battery-men.

Brest

AFTER the last short ride on French railroads that landed B Battery in Brest and after that memorable first meal in that city the men were ready to drop into the billets located nearby close both to the railroad and the docks, but such was not for them.

About noon the packs were again slung and a hike started that might have been pleasing to a Cook tourist who had all the time he wanted, but to the Battery-men who were supposed to keep going in absolute ignorance of the quaint surroundings, it was an awful strain. Through the narrow streets of Brest where the continuous rain kept a steady stream of water flowing over the cobblestone paving and where the children with their funny wooden shoes rattled over the rough side walks. In and

out around the high, narrow buildings the column went always upward. In some cases the streets were at an angle of as much as fifty degrees.

Past Camp Lincoln they kept on their way, now on board-walk, now in mud, but always upward until at last after a five mile hike with few rests the top was reached and by descending a slope much more gradual than the one just ascended the embarkation camp was reached. Past hundreds of billets the Battery kept going expecting at each turn to be assigned to one of them, but not until all the wooden barracks were passed did the command "Halt" come in front of several square miles of tents.

U. S. S. New Hampshire

AFTER the impressions of ocean travel formed by the B Batterymen on the trip to France on board the cattle ship "Nestor," it was not with the fondest anticipation that they awaited the announcement of the name of the ship which was to bring them home. All felt confident that it could not be the same ship, the "Nestor," that would be the carrier on this journey, for it was estimated that in the nine months that had elapsed since the trip from the U. S. A., surely the old tub had fallen apart.

On the morning of March 12th, then, when the Battery finally left Brest on board the little lighter, bound for the majestic looking fleet of American battleships about a mile out in the harbor it was in a very happy mood. And why not? Were they not homeward bound and destined to make the trip on one of those graceful looking vessels just ahead, rather than one of the clumsy looking freighters anchored back in the harbor?

It was not definitely known which of the huge iron "seawagons" was to be honored by B Battery's company to America, and for that matter it was of little importance. But when the lighter pulled up alongside the U. S. S. New Hampshire, it was seen at once that a different journey



was in store. The lighter had no sooner thrown out its "small line," than shouts of "Howdy" and welcoming jibes from the neatly clad "Gobs" assured the Batterymen that they were to meet a genial crew.

Some difficulty in making the lighter fast caused a delay of about a half hour in unloading during which time the Batterymen amused themselves and the sailors by throwing their Red Cross sox, containing jam and tobacco, on deck, trying to ring a "gobbies" neck with them. The men were friends before they ever stepped on the plank of the New Hampshire. In fact some were even calling each other by their first names before the gang-plank was fixed and Boatswain Foley yelled "Come on."

After coming on board and storing their packs in what seemed to them the bottom of the ocean, the homeward bound soldiers were given hammocks and



assigned hooks on which to hang them. By this time the anchor was up and the ship under way. It was about three P. M. and the receding shores of France presented a beautiful aspect in the golden rays of the afternoon sun.

Of course the first day found some of the Batterymen, victims of the dreaded "mal de mer," but it was a small "some," and with a very few exceptions—all were up and going on the second day out.

On the third day the "Range Finder," of which more anon, announced an entertainment for the soldiers and crew aboard, thus, further proving the spirit of "camaradiere" existing between the soldiers and "Gobbies."

Some of the Batterymen took part in this entertainment which consisted of boxing, singing and speaking and a very appreciative audience pronounced it a great success.

The "Range Finder," the little paper which announced the smoker, as the entertainment was called, made its first appearance the second day out. It was a little two-page paper about six inches square printed on the ship's press. For six days it published the, "up to the minute" news taken from the wireless, and thereafter, kept the men interested with its yarns of the sea and giving the ship's position in the Atlantic, every day.

To the B Batterymen and other soldiers on the ship to whom the opportunity of "touring" (used advisedly) the ship was presented the New Hampshire was one of the wonders of the age. None of the men ever thought there was so much machinery on a ship. The entire bottom of the cruiser was full of motors, dynamos and machinery. The huge guns, which almost everyone inspected were also a cause for wonderment. The artillerymen so used to their 75's guns could hardly fathom these huge twelve inch rifles.

The meals were beyond reproach and the sleeping quarters, although somewhat crowded, were much better than those used in the trip to France.



The moving pictures every afternoon and evening were a treat to the fellows and the canteen which sold

the most appetizing apples and candy was much patronized.

The second Friday out, and another, a farewell Smoker was announced, but inclement weather caused its postponement until Saturday afternoon. It, also, was a grand success and was very heartily received by the enthusiastic audience of soldiers and sailors. Another affair was given by the Chief Petty Officers for the Sergeants on board that same night and those attending pronounced it, as everything else on the New Hampshire, "un beau ideal."

When the "Range Finder" announced on the eleventh day that it was only about two hundred and fifty miles to "God's Country," every soldier on board would have been glad to reassure Captain McLean, the genial skipper, upon his hope, vouchsafed in the first issue of the "Range Finder." Surely their homecoming dated from the time they arrived on board the New Hampshire. A crew of gentlemen on a good old ship—we salute them always.

America

UPON landing at the pier in Newport News the feeling of being absolutely at home had not yet struck the returning B Battery men, but by the time they had walked through the "Welcome" arch and out on the streets of the city, the inhabitants had reassured them.

It was hardly to be expected that the people of that city would go to any trouble to welcome anyone so common as the homecoming Yanks must have been to them. Ships arriving every day brought in another detachment of the A. E. F. and one would think that they would have become very tired of cheering a bunch of strange boys every day, but such was not the case by any means. The people of Newport News, the first Americans to see the returning B Battery men, tendered them a very hearty welcome and helped wonderfully to shorten the long hike to Camp Stuart, about four miles away.

The delegation of Ohio folks who were in the East to welcome the homecoming 37th Division were the audience for a review of the 62nd Brigade on the third day at the camp. Lieutenant Governor Brown who was the chair-

man of the delegation spoke on behalf of the Ohio people, welcoming the men back to their former homes.

Newport News was favored by visits from a great many of the Battery men who almost exhausted the supply of ice cream and other delicacies not found in France. The theatres too, offered a means of amusement that had been denied them for a long time and every night would find some of the fellows in the ticket line of some theatre.

The most noteworthy thing of the entire stay at Camp Stuart was the mess. It was the most luxurious and extravagant that it had ever been B Battery's privilege to partake of, anywhere. In a vain effort to spend the mess-fund that had accumulated in France, Mess Sergeant Outland served ice cream several times and no meal was prepared without some sort of fruit for desert.

Camp Stuart was pronounced by B Battery as one of the best they had ever been privileged to visit.

"A Cross de Sea"

THE Ohio artillery batteries backed up a division of American negroes during the first days on the line. The colored boys were good fighters but they were better at play and the battery men heard more funny comments on the war and the soldiers than they had heard any place before.

A big Tennessee negro was telling Don Scott and Larry Fetch one day about the cross of war and the rest of the hero medals.

"Brother," he said, "you can keep yo' Cross o' War and yo' Victor' Cross; what ah wants is across the sea."



WE'RE home. Our O.D.'s are laid aside and forgotten. The old gas mask that used to drag at our necks and the tin derby that had so many uses—where are they? A mess kit is nothing now but a memory, and a pair of hob nails are worthy of a place in the Smithsonian Institute. We think of Fort Ben, but mostly of Indianapolis. Thoughts of Camp Sheridan are lost in thoughts of friends made in Montgomery. Memories of the good ship "Nestor" are sweetened by memories of the return trip on the U. S. S. "New Hampshire."

At times when we meet some of the "old sweats" we think of those times we worked together and played together during the months in training but more often our "Do you remember's" take us across the Atlantic to France.

It isn't the hardships we think of now. One forgets the petty things that used to bother us and we remember only the places and incidents that we choose to remember.

Do you remember the trip through England, with its beautiful hedged fields and the lazy rivers? Can you forget the first experiences with "40 Hommes—8 Chevaux?" Who is there that would forget Cestas—the wonderful weather and the privileges we enjoyed there—the first vin blanc and the struggle with the new language?

When you think of Camp de Souge you almost forgot the sand and the grimy dust and the long days of drill. Martignas, the little village below the balloon school holds memories for some of us that we would not want to forget. Remember the walk into St. Medard through the hamlets with their pink and lavender and blue stucco

houses; fancy, musical comedy houses that would look out of place over here? Back there in la belle France they are in their proper setting amid acres of vineyards in the valleys between the hills of France.

You haven't forgotten your first impressions of war scarred France? Revigny, and the cellars in ruined Laimont where we lay in reserve before going to the front? And oh, the number of just such villages we saw afterward?

Do you still remember the camp beyond Pompey in the foothills of the Vosges Mountains, where we slept a couple nights on shelves cut into the hillsides?

Do you remember our first position on the Marbache sector near St. Genevieve? At our feet spread one of the characteristic panoramas of France. The tile roofs of Ville-a-Val showing rose colored in the sunlight and the stone of the church spire rising out of the autumn trees? Off to our right the poplar lined Moselle unwound itself like a silver thread. Farther to our right lay Mont St. Jeanne, with Pont a Mousson at the foot, and on the crest the monument to Jeanne d'Arc.

Millery, our first echelon, brings back to mind the beautiful refugee from Metz. Surely there is nothing one would rather think of in connection with Millery than the blond beauty who was held a prisoner in Metz for six months.

Camp Quest, where we rested after leaving the Marbache sector—beautiful with its red and yellow autumn woods—brings back the memory of the night ride to Apremont and its ruins and the old German dugouts on the hill.

La Ferme St. Louis in the Pannes sector above Vigneulles holds the best memories of the war for those who were there. The long uncertain hours and the hard work; the mud and the inconveniences were all tempered by the excitement and the feeling of satisfaction that goes with a job well done. But always you will think of the eleventh day of November, when the armistice was signed, when you think of our positions in the woods of the St. Louis Farm.

Possibly our time spent on the front was neither as long nor as spectacular as some other outfits, but our work was efficiently done and our most sincere commendations came neither from Division nor Corps Commanders, but were given freely and verbally by the doughboys as they returned back from the lines after we had fired a barrage. And they hollered in to us where we were cleaning our guns, "You placed 'em right where we wanted 'em, Buddy. Good work!" Didn't it always make you a little more than proud of your outfit, your officers and yourself, that you could "place 'em right where they wanted 'em?"

Crowning a period of work and excitement came the order one midnight to move. Do you remember? We were going to parade in Washington on Christmas Day then, and we all felt in mighty good spirits that night as we followed our guns back over the road to Vigneulles, where our echelon was. When the men in echelon were not busy hauling ammunition up to the positions or doing other work which was necessary behind the line, there were always interesting things to see and interesting places to go—Hattonchattel and the German camp near Heudicourt "Wilhelmstrasse."

Next came the time of waiting. First Camp Mariaux, and then Camp du Chanois, on the opposite hill. Days, weeks, nearly three months passed. Three months of rumors. Three months of monotony, broken only now and then by such things as Judge Chapman's Court or the Buck Privates Association and the Christmas Show. Not so bad, were they? Those days back on the hill that God forgot. If we had not been anxious to move, we would have enjoyed our time spent on the hill above Rambluzin. It was a beautiful time of the year when we got there. The trees across the valley were all manner of purples—red purple and a beautiful rich purple with a blue cast for the shadows. The occasional splotches of Van Dyke brown were lined decoratively by the forms of the trunks of the trees. At our feet Rambluzin looking ever so picturesque against the background of the hills and the woods.

Rumors finally began to materialize. Our horses were turned in and our materiel followed. We were turned over to the SOS and finally back to our own division. That really was one of our proudest moments. Denied the chance to fight behind our own infantry time after time, we were at last privileged to join our division to go home and every man was proud to see the

Divisional Insignia on his left sleeve above his service stripe.

At last came moving orders and another ride a la "40 Hommes—8 Chevaux." Who will forget that ride and the "Battle of Bourges?" The end of our journey found us at Le Lion de Angers—near Angers in the Le Mans district.

The time spent at the Chateau du Mas with inspections of all sorts and nightly excursions into Le Lion de Angers when we dined on pomme de terre and vin blanc, and where some of us made violent love to petite Louise at the Hotel de la Gare—good times those, which came to an end by our short stay at Brest, where we were inspected again and again.

Finally came that day of days, when on the twelfth of March we loaded onto the U. S. S. "New Hampshire" from the lighter; then followed twelve wonderful days and twelve crowded nights, when we slept in three tiers of packed humanity only to be awakened by the mentors morning song—"Rise and shine, soldier. Up all hammocks."

True, it was with fine feeling we boarded the boat on the twelfth of March, but it was finer—a much finer one, when we disembarked shortly after mess on the twenty-fourth of March.

Remember those parades through Cleveland, Akron and Columbus, after our short stay at Camp Stuart? Remember them? Those last long miles—helmets, gas masks and packs? Don't you wish you could forget them?

After satisfying the vanity of "the powers that be" came Camp Sherman. The last five days, finally the last day, the last sleep on an army cot, the last meal, the last formation, the wonderful feel of the paper our discharges were written on, and then—free men! civilians! We belonged to ourselves once more.

Do you still remember how your trousers flapped around your ankles those first few days, and how funny it seemed to be in "civies" once more?

And now we're a long time out. You'll admit that was a wonderful bunch to soldier with—a fine loyal set of men. Friendships made as those were made—under conditions that bring out the worst as well as the best in a man—are friendships never to be forgotten. We belong to a fraternity with no secret codes or signs, but always on the honor of a gentleman and it will do well to remember that we are still members of "B" Battery.

Fish Cliff Schnake trying to make a watch crystal out of a beer bottle on the first front.

* * * *

Fish Geo. Fox when he got measured for a saddle at Souge.

* * * *

Do you remember Kavenagh's birthday party?

Camp Sherman

CAMP Sherman at last, and a tired and worn crowd it was that piled so eagerly off the tourist sleepers at five A. M. that morning, welcoming a promise of rest after the series of parades that had just been completed. Packs were made and soon the boys were on their way, whither no one knew, but each had visions of a good breakfast at the end of the last full pack hike.

And then the barracks, the familiar, long, two-story, wooden buildings with room for over a hundred men each. The barracks were quickly assigned and within were iron cots with well filled ticks atop of them, an inviting sight to be sure. Packs, belts and overcoats were quickly disposed of and mess-kits began to rattle as the cry of "When do we eat?" passed from mouth to mouth. Breakfast, in regular style, was soon dispatched and long before noon the Battery clerks were becoming acquainted with the task of demobilization which confronted them. Here was the beginning of the end.

What a mess of papers there was; physical examination slips, transportation slips, insurance slips, certificates of discharges—and the discharges themselves, each requiring the signature of the man for whom it was made; while there were other records to be filled out besides, in order that the usual amount of red tape might be used. Too, there were the payrolls, but these were handled by



Regimental Headquarters, and the Batterymen had but to sign. Youngs impressed many into service and as a result Monday night a full twelve hours ahead of the time limit, the papers of the Battery were ready for the final inspection.

On Monday came the physical examination and that evening nothing remained to be done but to await the time

when the word should be given to fall in, in payroll formation, for the last time.

There ensued a seemingly interminable period of waiting, but Wednesday brought definite advice that on the morrow, was the reckoning and along with it came the word to turn in ticks and blankets, leaving only the



mess-kits and personal property of the men, as all other equipment had been turned in to Poling two days prior to this time.

Wednesday night was spent "full-pack" with only overcoats for covering, but no one seemed to mind—for it was the last night in the army.

Thursday morning gave promise of rain, which was fulfilled later but it would have taken something more than rain to dampen the spirits of the boys that morning. Breakfast was quickly finished, mess-kits were given up and the fellows fell to, to police up the barracks. Floors were swept, stoves were cleaned out and everything left spick and span, as things always were when the Battery left them.

At eight-thirty the Battery fell in payroll formation, and shortly thereafter they "squads righted" and were off. Arrived about nine o'clock at the indicated building, there occurred a wait and during this time advantage was taken of the army's last hand-out. Sandwiches and coffee were being served nearby and a line soon formed as the boys learned of the "free eats." It was not long, however, in actual time at least—although to most of them it seemed an age—before the Battery's turn came, and filing into the building each man received his final pay, plus sixty dollars bonus and travel pay to place of enlistment, and his discharge, and then into the open air—free men again. Civilians!

Harry the Joker

LIEUTENANT Harry Hosback and another officer watched an air battle in France one day. They saw the German plane finally beaten and watched it as it rolled over and started downward. Something fell out of the

machine as it turned over and the other officer remarked that the Ford engine was falling out of the plane. "Nope," said Hosback, "if it was a Ford you could hear it rattle."

The Last Day

WHEN the order came to B Battery to separate the organization into units which were to be discharged at different camps in America there was a busy day ahead for the men in charge of the paper work of the Battery. This order came at Le Lion de Angers and for two nights and two days Earl Youngs, Bill Summers and any one else that could be impressed into service worked diligently in getting the different sailing lists and payrolls made up. There were five of each of these so there was little rest for the boys on the job from the time they started until two days before the Battery left for Brest when the lists were completed and taken to regimental headquarters about three o'clock in the morning.

Upon arriving at Brest the detachments were separated and each one was handled as a unit. It was the intention to have every man discharged as near to his home as possible. Hence, the men living in the eastern part of the states were assigned to an eastern camp, Camp Upton or Camp Dix; the men from the south to Camp Green, S. C., while the western men were to go to Camp Taylor to spend their last days in the army. These four detachments took only about thirty percent of the Batterymen which left about one-hundred twenty-five men to be discharged in the Ohio Camp—Camp Sherman. The history of the Battery from Brest until they reached civilian life concerns only this Ohio detachment.

When the Camp Sherman detachment was called out, on the morning of March 12th to embark for America, there were about seventy-five B Batterymen who would have been willing to claim Ohio as their home, whereas they lived either in the east, south, or west, and were bound for the demobilization camp nearest their homes. The thought of B Battery being split up before leaving France did not appeal to them for these unlucky fellows were doomed to wait for another ship to carry them back to God's country, and the date of its leaving was quite unknown to them.

For seven more days of rain, mud and details the remaining detachments navigated around the Brest camp, every morning expecting to receive word to embark for home.

After weathering all the "flu" epidemics and infantile paralysis scares it remained for this camp to boost the

hospital list for B Battery. Before the Camp Green and Camp Taylor detachments were started on their way, Dave Smith, J. N. Shere, Sam Bowman and about four others were sent to the "base" for treatment. The dampness proved too much for them and grip germs found a home.

The President Grant cleared Brest on the afternoon of the 19th of March carrying about forty-eight hundred soldiers, homeward bound and among these were B Battery's Camp Green and Camp Taylor detachments. After fourteen days of ocean travel, two of which were days of storms and squalls, the transport landed at Newport News. The journey across had been an enjoyable one on a comfortable ship and everyone greeted the faithful Newport News welcomers with smiles.

From April 2nd to 11th these men enjoyed and endured the same privileges and routine as the Camp Sherman detachment that had but recently left Camp Stuart.

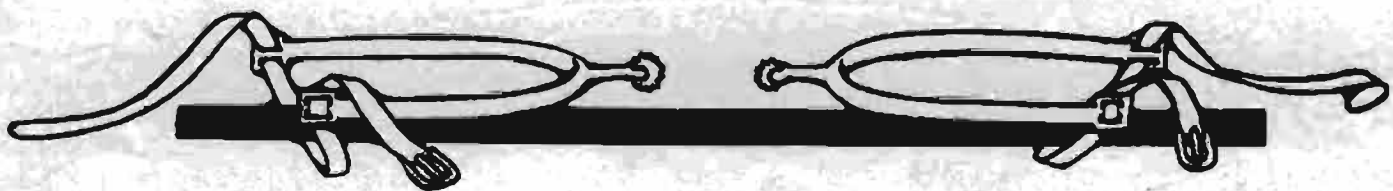
It was discovered, as soon as they arrived in the Newport News Camp, that it was impossible to carry out the original plan and be discharged near their home, so the Batterymen were quite disgusted for on the 11th they climbed on a train bound for Camp Sherman.

A detachment was formed of all men living in Illinois but B Battery's contingency could hardly be classed as a detachment for it only contained one man—M. M. Shere. He left Camp Stuart at the same time as the other Camp Taylor and Green detachments and was discharged from the service on the same day.

After the usual "red tape" and paper work these detachments were all sent happily on their way as civilians April 17th, just seven days after the Camp Sherman detachment.

The forty odd men in the Camp Taylor detachment were the only ones to eventually arrive at and be discharged from the camp to which they had been assigned. They arrived in Camp Taylor on the same day as the Camp Green boys did in Camp Sherman and were discharged on the same day but nearer home.

Three days after the Camp Taylor and Camp Green detachments left Brest, orders were received for the remaining detachments of B Battery to embark, so, more than three weeks after the first Batterymen had



left France the last detachment sailed. This last contingency contained the men bound for Camps Dix and Upton. These men had the honor of returning on one of the largest transports afloat, the Aquatania.

These detachments too, had a very enjoyable trip across the Atlantic. The big ship carried over five thousand soldiers and five hundred civilians on this trip and among the civilians were many notables including Sir Thomas Lipton and Mrs. E. H. Southern (Julia Marlow). During the journey two smokers were held on board for the men, and, as they say in the Owen County Mullen Leaf—Mike Green's favorite paper—"a good time was had by all."

Just seven days after leaving France these men were in Camp Mills awaiting orders to go to their separate camps for demobilization. Orders to that effect never came however, and so, after sixteen days of anxiety

spent in the New Jersey camp, these detachments were also sent to Camp Sherman to be mustered out.

It will always be a regret to the men of B Battery that they could not have been together during the last days of its career, inasmuch as they were all eventually sent to the same camp for demobilization. It is only another story of a break in the red tape that marked every movement of the Battery.

April 24th saw the last physically fit B Batterymen discharged from the service, and with the exception of about ten men, the old organization was again in civilian clothes. The unlucky boys, who had contracted slight cases of pneumonia or bronchitis were held in France, and returned one by one until the middle of June when the return of Miles Rubright marked the last uniformed B Batterymen's entrance to Akron.

B Battery's Citations

ALTHOUGH they were included in the citations given to the regiment as a whole, it is none of these that will be the most cherished by the Batterymen in their memories of the activities in France.

Under this same cover there is a citation that all in the entire regiment should be proud of. It is an official looking affair and can be kept for reference, in the years to come, but to some of the Batterymen such a document is entirely unnecessary. To the men on the gun-crews at the last front in France, memory will serve to recall B Battery's citation.

It was from the doughboys of the 33rd and the 28th Divisions that this citation came. It wasn't a lengthy treatise on the merits of the organization, but it meant more to the men at the guns than a dozen official papers from some general. It was a sincere and earnest statement of their opinion of the work of B Battery and who is in a better position to deal out citations to a Battery of light artillery than the men who go over the top under their fire?

In the early morning, after a barrage had been thrown over, sometimes for two or three hours or more, the fellows would see a column of men coming down the road past the gun positions. This was always a signal to cease work on cleaning the gun and assemble on the edge of the road. As the marching column came nearer the Batterymen could see just what the morning's catch had been—in Huns. In passing the Battery position, the infantrymen in charge of the prisoners would invariably shout some such thing as:

"Nice work, fellows." "Good barrage." "Best we ever went over under." "We can count on you." or some such highly complimentary expression.

Those doughboys didn't know how much those good-natured remarks meant to the fellows working on the guns. To them, whose slightest mistake might mean the lives of a dozen men in the trenches this was indeed a citation and it oftentimes lifted a weight from the minds of the artillerymen.



Contentment

ANY one familiar with the army will naturally scoff at the idea of the existence of such a thing as a contented military organization unless they were with B Battery on the front.

It was an exception to be sure, for as a rule B Battery was never content with anything. In the face of momentary danger it may seem rather strange that the fellows were so well satisfied, but therein lies a tale and not a "detail" either. With so many things around that they could have easily complained of, they seemed to forget them in the contentment over what wasn't there.

There were no buglers so therefore no calls. There were no formations to stand and there was no Colonel to issue orders. What more could the boys have asked? What more could have added to the absolute contentment of the Batterymen? Back at the echelon there were a few calls, but after the first day the formations were dispensed with. If there were any complaints thought of, they were forgotten in the excitement of dodging "whizz-bangs" and watching for enemy aircraft.

There was surely plenty of excitement for all in those days, from the Battery commander to the man who drove the ration cart there were thrillers enough to satisfy the most enthusiastic "dare-devil" movie fan. The charm of battle carried the boys from the old formal army life to a regular carnival of thrills.

At the gun positions the gun-crews would get up at all hours to fire a barrage while the fellows from the echelon carried the ammunition over the shell-torn roads to the dumps for the cannoneers to take to their respective guns. Every man would have balked and squawked at any other time in their career, but at the front amid all

the excitement of the battle. Most of the Batterymen can and will look back to the days on the late western front as their best in the army. Those days were not numerous enough.

Thanks to Cooks Sedberry, Capron and Mason and to Mess Sergeant Curry, the eats were all that could be expected under the conditions. On several occasions they brought hot coffee and bacon sandwiches to the men, who were doggedly serving their guns for a long period of time. When a barrage was being thrown over in the early morning and the order "Cease firing" seemed a long way off, the old kitchen crew certainly made themselves solid with the boys by the serving of the two above-named army delicacies.

The quarters, too, were as good as the fellows had expected to find after the stories they had heard of the living conditions at the front. Of course at the gun positions there was a certain amount of water and rats to contend with, but the boys managed to get some sleep now and then. At the echelon the quarters were good and there was a general feeling of content there, too. In one of the nearby towns there was a Y. M. C. A. canteen and since there were no general orders prohibiting it, many of the Batterymen paid this place a visit on several occasions.

There were no officers save the Battery's own staff, and they were too busy to bother about issuing the sort of disciplinary orders that go to make a discontented organization.

Considering the absence of so many of the obnoxious elements of the usual army life, it is not so strange after all that B Battery was content on the front.

Home

SEARCH this book from cover to cover and you will find that if one idea, one subject predominates, it is—"HOME."

Learned men have said that "Home" is an abode, the place where one lives, but it is more than that. Men—soldiers, have lived in camps for months, have camped in pup tents on a steep hillside, have slept in cellars or cootie-infested billets which they were wont to call "HOME"—but that was not home.

It were better then to say that "Home" is where the heart is; that bodily occupation alone means nothing.

And B Batterymen have come to know, as never before, the true significance of "Home." In France, in camps, in billets and in the trenches, "Home" came to mean more to them than a place to "hang their hats." They learned that instead of being the commonplace, the

ordinary, the matter-of-fact habitat it was once considered, it had become a place of beauty, dreamed of, longed for and pictured in a million ways in contrast to the cheerless, lightless and fireless places many of them knew through long months of hard gruelling work, on the front or back of the lines.

To these men, "Home" meant all that there is in life to wish for—to them going "Home" meant the realization of the greatest desire of their lives and "Home" to them meant the United States of America.

Each man, of course pictured his home, some village, some city, but to all "Home" was the good old U. S. A. which meant everything that seemed to be worth while, and in them awakened a new patriotism and a new pride in the greatest nation extant—the United States—THEIR HOME.

The Medics

THE Hospital Corps of the First Ohio Field Artillery was organized in November, 1915, by Dr. Edward W. Barton, the Bn. Surgeon. The original members were Sergeant Earl Briggs, Sergeant H. W. Barton, Privates Alspach, Luce, Banker, Pinkerton, Case, Timmis, Freeman, Willford, Rafeld, Bevington, Yontz, Weiss, King, Berry and Mauross. From this number the ones who answered the border call were Sergeant Briggs, Sergeant Barton, Privates Alspach, Weiss, Rafeld, Willford, King, Berry, Yontz, Bevington and Mauross and from these, L. L. King, Jno. Berry, Earl Willford and Mauross were discharged after the physical examination at Columbus, joining the famous Grand Army of the Rejected.

Dr. E. W. Barton, holding commission as 1st Lieutenant in the Medical Corps, left Akron, June 25, with most of his corps for Columbus and they were the first contingent of Ohio troops to move toward Columbus, the state center of mobilization in answer to the Mexican call, preceding the Infantry and Artillery, joined B Battery and Brigade Headquarters at Briggsdale—the Bn. Hq. This gave them an opportunity to stock up thoroughly with iodine and C C pills in readiness for the advent of the Akron bunch ten days later.

The hospital was placed in the center at one side of the camp at the edge of the golf grounds.

Dr. H. Barton and Eldon Bevington were detailed by Lieutenant Barton to stay with Battery B and examine recruits taken on during that interval at Battery B's armory, rejoining the Hospital Corps when Battery B left for Camp Willis on July 4.

The two months following, at Camp Willis, were busy ones for the corps—small pox, vaccinations, injecting typhoid serum, and the taking care of the sick artillerymen resulting from these, kept all busy, so busy that all the Hospital Corps men felt they had little time to groom their own horses on the picket line, which worried the Headquarter men terribly. Caring for Nolly's bruised leg, handsome Dan Carroll's knee, Hol Jay's broken leg helped fill in time and gave practice to the men. The most common episode was the bringing in of an artilleryman, bruised on the picket line, by a restive steed. Among the chief thrills of camp life was the breaking in of young horses from the farms and making good artillery horses of them.

The hospital also supplied the elements of an embryonic Y. M. C. A., relieving the artillerymen who felt the need of it, of the arduousness of drill. They would limp over to the hospital with one hand over their stomach and if iodine was not forthcoming, a spoonful of castor oil was. George Wright would ask for heart-balm in the shape of a C C pill. Fred Seiberling specialized on epsom salts in a tincup. Eddie Romily would come over to see if we had any medicine to make him last longer.

One of the big events to the Hospital Corps was the tonsil party, when Dr. Barton had his nurse, Miss Nold, come from Akron and they relieved about two score of artillerymen of their tonsils and adenoids, thus removing many sore throats from future sick calls.

It might be related here at the assistance rendered by Miss Nold at these operations was the only instance of Battery B having a young lady member. (Shafter and the tonsils. The CO still declares, etc.)



The Hospital Corps was frequently consulted at Camp Willis by Battery B men as to how they could increase weight or height in order to pass the final exam. to go to the border. They were also questioned as to how they could camouflage a weak heart in order to be discharged and not go to the border. These, however, were in the great minority, because Battery B men were practically unanimous in being

proved that they were physically fit and all were anxious for active service.

After arrival at Camp Pershing the work of making camp consisted of grubbing out cactus, Spanish bayonets and mesquite bushes. This stirred up a horde of vicious insects as Texas is noted even in song as being favored—"Horns on the flowers, and horns on the toads, and hell fire in the tail of the scorpion," and opened up a new and unknown danger to the tenderfeet from Ohio. Many casualties were each day brought to the hospital and following the casualty would come a second Battery B man bearing the insect responsible, between two sticks, or in an empty "gold fish" can.

Among the notable cases was Roland Thompson, who exhibited a beautiful sample of what a strong and husky scorpion could do, over his right eye. This confined him to the camp hospital at Fort Bliss for several weeks, until Tommy figured all the cactus was cleared away.

Do you remember the Mexican who sang "Oh! Marie" in El Paso?

* * * *

Do you remember the guard-mount music at Camp Sheridan?

THE MUSIC COUNTER



ALL THE OLD · POPULAR · COMIC ·
SENTIMENTAL SONGS & SINGERS ·



Army Lines

When you joined the army say, do you recall that early day,
When you lined up for inspection physical,
And Doc Barton took your size, from your arches to your eyes
And pronounced you fit for service, 'twas hard lines.

And the next day after that, bet you'd rather faced a gat,
Than that anti-toxin needle terrifying,
And the anti-smallpox germ, made your left arm quite infirm
And you got them both by waiting in a line.

Then you lined up to be mustered and old woof woof got you flustered,
With his basso and his military bearing
But you were getting just a taste, of the time you'd have to waste
While you doggedly stood waiting in a line.

For from reveille to taps, often cutting short your naps,
You'd fall in and answer "here" with hesitation.
Whether drill call or retreat, the whistle brot you to your feet,
And you'd shuffle slowly out to fall in line.

In mess line you'd sprightly step, getting there with snap and pep
For the first ones through the line would cop the seconds,
And then line up near a tub, while some rookie'd slowly rub,
His mess-kit while you stood there in the line.

How those Saturday inspections hurried you to make connections
To be ready for the C. O's. eagle eye.
Then the Colonel came along, quick to single out each wrong
And Doc Barton paid his usual respects.

Or the R. A. Poling line, where you drew dog tag twine
A heavy pair of hobnails or some laces,
Or to the canteen you'd go, spending all your hard earned dough
But you'd have to wait your turn there in a line.

You'll recall the picket line, often muddy, never fine
And those ugly brutes' propensities for kicking.
And most popular of sports—Marshall Sheets and his cohorts,
The fistic bouts staged on the picket line.

Often Y. M. C. A. lines found you planning awful crimes
When some shavetail went ahead to buy supplies.
Took advantage of his bars, buying candy and cigars
While enlisted men stood waiting in the line.

Many miles on railroad lines, in a dozen different climes
Tourist sleepers or the forty hommes per.
While Montgomery street car lines, ninety years behind the times
Had forty hommes per beat by a mile.

Phone lines too corralled a share of funds of the flappers there,
As they pulled the old, old stall and got it by.
Told that little girl in town, "I'm on guard and can't come down,"
What a blessing, then, there were those blooming lines.

There were other lines as well, that you've often wished in h...
Where you fell in to get half an hour gas practice
But why explain, for you who did it shall always have the credit
And leave the tale for you to do the telling.

There were sick lines every morning; for the men who'd taken warning,
Of a detail they had heard would be forthcoming.
So they drew their C. C. pills, cure for any human ills,
And light duty saved them blisters many times.

There were lines one found amusing, lines of shelter tents confusing,
On a dark night one's own tent was hard to find.
In the wrong tent you'd blunder, cuss-words greet you and you'd ponder
On the uselessness of all these blasted lines.

Over there on all the roads, lines of trucks with heavy loads
Where on the front in terms quite military,
One conversed of lines of guns, lines of fire toward the Huns
And you never could escape them if you tried.

Oh! The lines from home that came, nothing else was quite the same,
Telling you of "check enclosed" or "package sent"
And the lines that you returned, for you knew that they were earned,
Here for once you found some merit in a "line."

There's a line we 'most forgot, our good fortune that we thought
Of the line that calls us once each month, no more.
'Tis the pay line we would mention, you'll admit it needs attention
Reviving games of poker and crap galore.

So we found lines to the last, some were slow and some were fast,
There were short ones, and some extremely long,
But we forget the lines bemoaned, many times where'er we roamed
They're lost in memory of that "B" line home.



The Battery "Hymn"

On the trip to France on the Nestor when everyone was singing to try to forget their sickness. Captain Kavenagh introduced the song that was destined to become the favorite of the Battery and regiment. He had heard it while at Fort Sill, Okla., and had considered it the sort of song that B Battery needed. The captain remembered only two verses at the time, but the remainder came to him later and as fast as he remembered them the quartette memorized and sang them.

It was known as the "Artillery" song and when or wherever the boys got together for a little song-fest, the old favorite was always called for by some one in the crowd.

Captain Kavenagh's memory proved so efficient in this case that owing to lack of space only a small number of the verses he thought of can be printed here.

To the tune "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder."

When you're lying in the rain
 With some shrapnel in your brain,
 Then you'll never see your sweetheart anymore.
 When the red gap in your jacket
 Shows that Heinie has your bracket,
 Then you'll never see your sweetheart anymore.

Chorus—

When the guns are roaring yonder
 When the guns are roaring yonder,
 When the guns are roaring yonder
 When the guns are roaring yonder we'll be there.

When the Huns have your deflection
 And you've lost your old first section
 Then you'll never see the gun-crew anymore
 When the mustard gas is lurking
 And your gas-mask isn't working
 Then you'll never need a gas mask anymore.

Chorus—

When the guns are roaring yonder
 When the guns are roaring yonder
 When the guns are roaring yonder
 (Base)—Fall in. Call off; (Lead) One;
 (Tenor)—Two; (Baritone)—Three; (Base)—Four.
 When the guns are roaring yonder we'll be there.

When your ammunition train
Is shot to hell and back again
Then you'll never see your caissons anymore
When the shells that burst like thunder
Shoot the old wheel team from under
Then you'll never see the driver anymore.

Chorus—

(Base)—Cease firing; (Lead)—Break station;
(Tenor)—March order; (Baritone)—Good-bye;
When the guns are roaring yonder we'll be there.

When we've drunk our last French booze
And we're on our homeward cruise
To our sweethearts waiting there upon the shore,
When we each have our discharge
And they turn us loose at large
Then we'll never join the army anymore.

Chorus—

(Lead)—Train for; (Tenor)—Cleveland, Akron;
(Baritone)—Canton, Barberton; (Base)—All aboard.
While the guns were roaring yonder we were there.

On the ship—

When the ship begins to roll
And you're lying in the hole
And your bunk commences dancing o'er the floor
When the fish have got your dinner
And your stomach's getting thinner
Then you'll never eat that mutton anymore.

Chorus—

When the waves start rolling higher,—etc.
(Lead)—All out life-boat drill; (Tenor)—Adjust belts;
(Baritone)—Stand in line; (Base)—Details report.

Madelon

Pour le repose, le plaisir du militaire
 Il est la bas, a deux pas de la foret,
 Une maison aux murs tout couverts de lierre,
 Aux Tourlourous c'est le nom de cabaret.
 La servante est jeune et gentille,
 Legere comme up papillon,
 Comme son vin son oeil petille,
 Nous l'appelons la Madelon;
 Nous en revons la nuit, nous y pensons le jour,
 Ce n'est que Madelon, mais pour nous c'est l'amour.

Chorus— Quand Madelon vient nous servir a boire,
 Sous la tonnelle on frole son jupon,
 Et chacun lui raconte une histoire,
 Une histoire a sa façon.
 La Madelon pour nous c'est pas severe,
 Quand on lui prend la taille ou le menton—
 Elle rit, c'est tout l'mal qu'ell' sait faire,
 Madelon—Madelon—Madelon.

Thus was the now famous French popular war song heard by the Battery men when they first landed in that land of war and wine. It could be heard on all sides, sung by all classes of people, evidently for the benefit of the Americans who were known to be lovers of music. "Madelon" was practically the first attempt at anything singable in the ragtime tempo and the French who had so long listened to the creations of Irving Berlin without knowing what they were about were more than proud of their countryman's accomplishment.

For a long time the words and meaning of the song were mysteries to the fellows and they were content to whistle the very catchy tune. The popularity of the song with the Americans grew to such an extent that there were English versions written by every presuming interpreter in the A. E. F. The publishers adopted one of these and had it printed to the same music, but it was a sad disappointment for the song did not sound half so catchy with the English words.

When the soldiers are to take some days of rest,
 And between friends enjoy a little Chopin.
 Where do they go? To that place near a forest
 "Sammies' Resort" is the name of the Inn.
 The servant is young and very nice,
 She's quick like a little demon,
 Her eyes are bright and full of malice
 And we all call her Madelon;
 We dream of her at night, all day we think of her;
 For us it's Madelon, Madelon, forever.

Chorus— When Madelon comes out to serve us wine
 Soon all the boys love the sight of her skirt;
 Everyone wants to tell her how she's fine;
 And at once begin to flirt.
 Dear Madelon with us is not severe,
 She never tries to preach us a sermon;
 No, she smiles, she's always full of cheer,
 Madelon—Madelon—Madelon.

To say that it was a liberal translation would be no more than fair to the French author, for according to B Battery linguists the American version loses the trend of the little story altogether at times. There are four verses to the song and to hear a Frenchman sing them all is indeed a treat for they sing just as they would tell a story.

When out on hikes through the little French towns it was always a pleasure to start whistling or singing "Madelon" and watch the smiling faces of the people who were delighted to think that their favorite song was liked by the Americans.

The English version as printed by the publishers, aside from being a liberal and therefore very poor translation, even lost the meter and made it very difficult for the singer to get all the words in without changing the music; a liberty that was taken by all entertainers who sang it.

Another verse tells of the liberality of "Madelon" with her kisses and of the innocence of them inasmuch as the boys shut their eyes and imagine that they are kissing the "girl back home." Still another stanza tell of the fate of those who wish to become serious with the young lady of the song who cannot marry one soldier for she loves "tout le regiment," the entire regiment.

Had there been any possible way for the Battery men to learn the French words without missing any meals there is no doubt that "Madelon" would have been the most popular song the Battery ever sang. As it was everybody knew the music and whistled it but the words in French included some very difficult abbreviations and the English version was considered unmusical so there was nothing left to do but whistle it and B Battery did that.

Ohio

Ohio—Ohio—The hills send back the cry,
 "We're here to do or die,"
 Ohio—Ohio—We'll win the war
 Or know the reason why.

And when we win the war
 We'll buy a keg of booze,
 And we'll drink to old Ohio
 'Till we wobble in our shoes.
 "Ohio—Ohio—we'll win the war
 Or know the reason why."

Third verse was added when the "sad news" arrived overseas in November. All other claims to the authorship of this verse notwithstanding; the Red Guidon stands ready to prove that it was originated in B Battery.

And since we've won the war,
 We'll buy a case of pop,
 For the slackers voted Ohio dry
 While we went over the top.

A Soldier's Rubaiyat

Awake! before it yet is light—
The bugle's blast has scattered into flight
Our slumbers—and banished
All hope of rest until another night.

A book of regulations 'neath the bough
A canteen full of water, hard-tack, chow—
And thou, oh, my Commander,
To tell me what to do—and how?

Some for the training at the schools; and some
Sigh for the all-absorbing task to come.
Ah! take the training that they gave you—
It will help to total up the sum.

Ah, Love! If you were here—but to inspire,
When nought in life ere seems complete entire—
To talk to me—to let me press you close—
There's nothing, nothing nearer heart's desire.

A million men—A momentary taste
Of Prussianism and Kultur gone to waste.
And, lo! the crippled monarch has now reached
Limitless atrocities. Enlist! make haste!!

Time Enough

When the last "H.E." has exploded
And the command "march order's" gone down;
When the last "seventy-five" has been limbered
And we've passed through our last French town—

When the last guard's been done and forgotten
And the last scurvy horse has been groomed,
When the last "barrage C" has been sounded
And the very last "heavy" has boomed—

When we've had our last mess of hot bean soup
And the very last mess kit is washed;
When we've heard our last army rumor
And France has been purged of the Boche—

When the sea is all purple and copper,
And the sun rides the waves in the west
When the stern of the boat's in a shadow
And the salt and the spray add a zest—

Then it's time to start thinking of home folks
And time to start thinking of her;
When you've laid down your O.D. for blue serge
And time starts from "Apres la guerre."



THE GIRL BACK HOME



J

A drizzling rain is falling, little pools of water dance,
It's such a rain as only falls upon the roads of France.
With tall Lombardy poplars looming black against the sky
The cobblestones are rattling, for artillery's passing by.
I'm sitting in the saddle, and I'm tired, and wet and cold;
There's twelve more kilos still to go—the night is ages old.
And as I sit aswaying, waiting the break of day,
I'm only there in body, for my thoughts are far away

To—

The library is cozy, the fire is gleaming red,
I'm sitting on a pillow and there's one behind my head;
And playing the piano, the while my fancies roam,
The lamp-light gleaming in her hair—

The girl back home.

A tallow candle flickers and the dim half-light reveals
A dug-out far below the ground where daylight never steals.
A German "H. E." bursts close by and somewhere overhead
A huge rat scampers on a beam, there's another on my bed,
A gas gong in the corner and a blanket on the door,
With helmets hung along the walls, and hob-nails on the floor.
I'm sitting in a corner with my feet propped on a chair,
I don't hear my bunkie snoring, for my thoughts are over,

Where—

A yellow moon is hanging in a cloudless summer sky,
And tiny lights are bobbing as canoes go drifting by.
And sitting by me on the pier where the water turns to foam,
While the orchestra is throbbing—

Is—

The girl back home.

Those Y. M. C. A. Song Books

IN almost every camp that B Battery ever inhabited they put in their appearance, those "Y" song books. From the border camp at El Paso to France and back again to the good old U. S. A., they were to be found wherever there was a Y. M. C. A., within walking distance. Chaplain Atkinson tended to that. He always had a few in his pockets.

They were most profuse on the transports and overseas. Hardly had the boys stepped on the "Nestor" than the "Y" man on board, with the able assistance of the chaplain, was passing out the little pamphlets containing such thrillers as "Over There," "Liberty Bell," "Pack Up Your Troubles," and a few others. That first issue went for the purpose of mess-kit towels which were very scarce at the time. Subsequent issues served no better purpose for truly the song book failed to make the desired impression on B Battery.

It must have been rather discouraging to the Major to invariably hear the fellows singing such things as "Boom-boom, that's the Latrine R-a-a-g," and "When we get back from Germany," from between the covers of his cherished song book, when he knew that "Keep the Home Fires Burning" and "Onward Christian Soldiers" were printed there instead.

Although very good for community gatherings, etc., the songs in the "Y" book were not expressive enough for the Battery men. Then those songs were common too, and if there was any one thing that B Battery insisted on more than another, it was individuality.

When the "Y" men overseas would offer "Skeets" Werner, "Tub" Lamiell, "Mutt" Bausman and the rest of the Battery songsters a song book they would politely request their share of books in writing paper.

It might be interesting to note that the last "Y" song book to appear in the Battery came on the last day

at Camp Sherman, just before B Battery became "civilianized."

MUSIC—Oh! How I hate to get up in the morning—

What is the use of holding the Battery buglers for all the morning's sleep we didn't get in the army. There wasn't a soldier who ever stood muster in B Battery who loved his morning's nap better than Glen "Rakestraw" Helsel of the bugle corps of B Battery.

Hsel explains something we might have suspected all along. "They made us blow first call in the morning," said Helsel, one day. "We never would have blown a call before breakfast if the Old Man would have left us alone. If we'd had our way we'd have blown just three calls, mess call, recall and payday," insisted "Rakestraw."

George Stagg, Harry Fouts and Glenn Helsel probably blew the Battery out of bed more times than any other Battery buglers. Wendell Norris, Babe Hunsicker and Bill Snyder the Battery's border buglers were next in rank in reference to long service. Stagg, according to the overseas Battery was the best musician of them all. Stagg, the boys used to say couldn't do anything right around the Battery until he closed his fist around his bugle and began blowing. There he was in his element, and while some of the boys could always tell at night who was blowing "taps," everybody knew when Stagg blew it.

B Battery never had a poor bugler. All the boys could play when their turn came. For little fellows, Harry Fouts and Glenn Helsel got away nicely with their work. So did Babe Hunsicker on the border.

The buglers always had to get up first in B Battery, but they were always first in the mess-line as well as in other lines.

B Battery couldn't have won the war without her buglers.

Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning,
 Gee! How I hate to get out of bed;
 But the saddest blow of all is to hear the bugle call,
 You got to get up, you got to get up;
 You got to get up this morning.
 Some day we're going to murder the bugler,
 Some day they're going to find him dead,
 We will steal into his tent some night,
 And blow him up with dynamite
 And spend the rest of our lives in bed.

Quartettes

THERE was always a good supply of singers in B Battery, but not all of them could sing together. In most of the song-fests somebody was sure to be "sour" and spoil the song.

For real harmony on the border the prize-winners were the quartette, at that time composed of Sergeant Kavenagh, Homer Davis, Russ Baer and Tommy Thompson. There were plenty of other singers at Camp Pershing and in almost every section one could hear some of the boys harmonizing on the old favorite, "When we get back from Mexico," in the evenings.

Of course, Fort Sheridan was the scene of many song-fests, for a little while. Until the sorrowful news that B Battery was not going to be mustered out everyone awoke with a song and everyone seemed to be in harmony. After the announcement of this bit of news the songsters seemed to forget their songs and no one felt in harmony with anybody or anything. It's funny how a song expresses the mood or temperament.

Who ever heard any of the Battery quartettes sing any better than on, or just before, pay-day? And surely nobody ever heard any of the boys burst into song on such occasions as, going out on a "pick and shovel" detail or the first few days on the ship bound for France.

The affair put such a damper on the musical efforts of the boys from Texas that there was little or no singing until the Battery arrived at Fort Benjamin Harrison where some new blood was instilled.

With the arrival of the bunch of recruits from Silver Lake came Tub Lamiell, Skeets Werner and "Mutt" Bausman, who, with Larry Fetch were destined to compose the old favorite overseas quartette. Tommy Thompson would, at times when he was not too busy trying to "parley" with some "madamoiselle," assist in the singing either replacing Skeets or making one of a quintette.

From Camp Sheridan to France and back these fellows sang on the least provocation. All the old favorites were dug up by Thompson and Fetch and as

many as possible of the new songs were learned from time to time. On the ship, bound for France there was always plenty of singing, after all the boys had gained their sea-legs and from that time on there were few occasions when these fellows got together that there wasn't some singing.

At Camp de Souge, as part of a regimental show they sang at all the hospitals and Y. M. C. A. huts nearby, doing their practicing in the billets where there was always an enthusiastic audience.

At the first front there used to be little song-fests down in the first section dug-out, to the accompaniment of Heinie's "tching-burnms." At the second front, when there was the least bit of time the boys used to congregate in the shanty occupied by some of the fellows—during the day. On one occasion when the second section was firing a problem by themselves, the quartette gathered around the gun and to the music of the 75's explosion they sang the Artillery song.

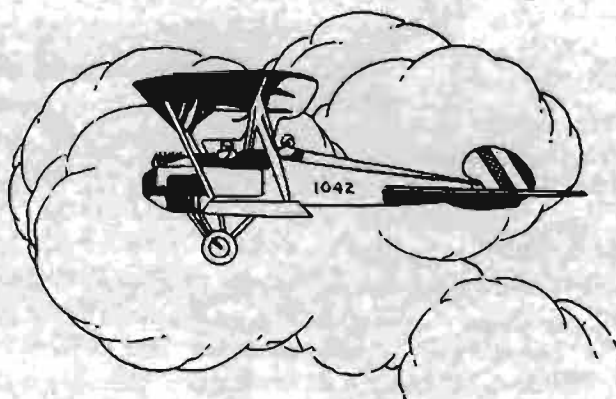
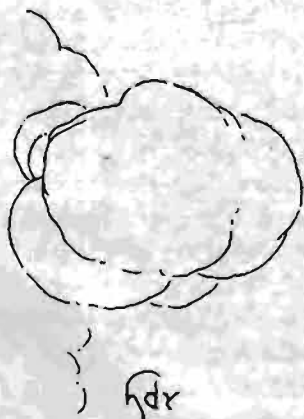
After the armistice was signed and the Battery moved back to await sailing orders, there was plenty of harmony. The Christmas show was the start of a regular season for the song birds. The regiment organized a minstrel show and B Battery's quartette was asked to join. They did.

Aside from escaping a lot of details and the monotony of waiting, the boys had a wonderful opportunity to see some of France. They were gone until the moving orders came.

Singing in the wine-rooms of Le Lion de Angers and on the boat coming home the quartette made a host of friends.

The last time the boys were together, in the service was at Camp Sherman where they sang at the hospital.

Some day it is hoped that this overseas quartette and all the others who ever entertained B Battery with their singing will get together and, as an octette or even a double octette, sing the old favorites—just for old times sake.



B Battery's Own Show

WITH all the opportunities for amateur theatricals that were afforded the Batterymen in the camps in the U. S. A., it was not until they were away over in France where there seemed to be no opportunity whatever for such a thing that the B Battery talent came to light.

Just to prove that Stewart Walker wasn't the only one who could make a theatre out of nothing and that Frank Tinney wasn't the only one who could make actors out of soldiers; the committee produced eleven acts of vaudeville that Marcus Loew would have paid thousands of dollars for—on a stage that would have made any Bakst creation look like a Ben Greet Shakespearean setting.

The audience too, was one that the management of the Palace Theatre would enjoy having in their house every night, for they certainly were appreciative. From the time "Pig" Owens stepped before the footlights until the curtain went down on the "Buckeye Four," the old billet was in an uproar of applause.

The show opened with a bang at six o'clock sharp. Art Faulkner acting as announcer in place of programs.

The first number, Wm. Owens, billed as "La Pigue Owens" Juggler Supreme, so simple yet so perfect. La Pigue's act consisted of juggling eight grains of rice. As a juggler William is "Nux Vomica." He wound up his act with an exhibition of his four trained cooties, Jim, Elizabeth, Ann and Bill.

Holton Ford and Fred Exner as the "Melody Murderers" were next on the bill. They played ukelele and mandolins made from cigar boxes with toothbrush handles as keys. Despite this they played several airs and furnished good music.

Morgan Bright "Senorita Morganita Bright" as a Spanish dancer put over the third number. "Senorita" looked and acted like a regular Spanish dancer and danced like one. The music for the dance was by Ford and Exner.

The fourth number was Norman Fuchs in a series of cartoons or chalk talks depicting incidents and characters in the Battery. One cartoon of a can of jam received especial applause from the boys.

Following the "Chalk Talks" came Corporal J. B. Michaels and Harry Harris as "Dixie Dandies" a black face act that would have made good in big time.

"Back in Berlin Center" featuring George Couchy, Howard Miller and Carl Moledor was the next offering. The above trio as rubes in Berlin Center (U. S. A.) receiving letters from soldiers' sons in France, was good and gave them the opportunity for much "hick" comedy.

The seventh number was the mystery act of the evening. "The Greek Players" with Corporal C. W. Schnake, C. E. Lamiell and "Shorty" Rogers as the exponents of the famous Greek arts. None of the above

would do as models for union suits neither would they take any prizes for physical pulchritude, but by the liberal padding of the muscles, chest and stomachs they made ideal subjects for their parts. Army underwear and socks, flour for their faces and bandages for their heads, completed the costumes. The poses shown were: "The Dying Gladiator," "The Storm," "The Wrestlers," "The Hunt," "Aphrodite at the Bath," "The Ruins of Verdun," and "The Spirit of 1919 or Homeward Bound." Schnake posed as the "Goddess of Liberty," holding a candle in a beer bottle. Shorty Rogers posed rowing a boat with "Tub" Lamiell looking through a champagne bottle for shore.

Edward Jacobs as the "Whistling Nightingale" came next. His act consisted of whistling a programme of classics and imitations. The three encores that Jake received showed his talent was appreciated.

Verne Ritter, William Summers and John Funk in the playlet, "Come Wis Me" was next. Ritter had evidently been a waiter in Atlantic City or Paris, otherwise he would not have been able to handle his part the way he did. His technique was perfect. Summers as an American soldier was typical of the American soldiers in France, both in speech and action. John Funk as a French Mademoiselle was "Tres bonne"—Ooh-la-la! She was "beaucoup tres bonne" a regular knockout and she held the audience spellbound. When it comes to makeup as a Mademoiselle, Johnny had Julian Eltinge cheated a thousand ways.

In act number ten—Sergeant "Pat" Lynch, Art Faulkner and Roland Tommy Thompson, put on the sketch, "The General's Orderly." "Pat" Lynch should have been a general in the army instead of a sergeant for he played his part to perfection, the part of a grouchy General suffering from dyspepsia and unable to appreciate jokes. Art Faulkner as Divisional Sergeant Major also approached perfection and his disposition was a counterpart of the Generals. Tommy Thompson as a Buck Private, engaged in the difficult task of trying to make the General laugh within ten minutes or being shot, played his part in a manner that would have done justice to Ed. Wynne. In the last thirty seconds, Tommy by earnest whispering in the General's ears brought the long-sought smile.

The final number was a programme by the famous Battery quartette, Lamiell, Bausman, Fetch and Werner, billed as the "Buckeye 4" A few lines of comedy helped to complete their act. Lamiell was a fat grumpy cook, Bausman a hard-boiled American colored soldier, Fetch an "Anti Swearing League" representative and Werner a French soldier. They were one of the big hits of the evening and were forced to answer to many encores.



A symphony of a million guns
 Blats out a challenge to an outraged civilization
 And a million men
 Fall forward upon their faces.
 Dead eyes hang in rows,
 Upon Nietzsche's breast
 And Nero, swathed in blood-red vapors,
 Moves a step toward sanctity.
 Rivers of the red blood of gallant men
 Flow sluggishly on
 Past the peaceful meadows
 Of northern France.
 Piles of dead men
 Lie on the battlefield of Verdun.
 Is this the price of civilization?
 War piles the piles higher.

I Don't Want Anymore Army

One of the sweet old lullabies the boys were wont to hum during the lean days in France, was "I Don't Want Anymore Army." Everybody below the rank of colonel in the 134th regiment liked that song. The boys liked to sing it and the officers who didn't dare sing it enjoyed listening to it.

The overseas quartette in the Battery introduced "I Don't Want Anymore Army" on the boat on the way to France. They knew only one verse and the two line chorus. Words for a dozen or more were written by Larry Fetch, "Skeets" Werner, Tommy Thompson, "Mutt" Bausman, "Tub" Lamiell, and the rest of the warblers. Here's the way the piece ran:

1. Details here and details there
 Nothing to eat and nothing to wear.

Chorus—

- I don't want anymore army
 Lordy how I want to go home.
2. On Saturday morning when inspection is through,
 The top sergeant says extra duty for you—*Chorus.*
3. I had lots of clothes when I started for France
 Now I have only one pair of pants—*Chorus.*
4. I joined the artillery so I could ride
 But I've walked 'round the world with a thirty inch stride—*Chorus.*
5. They gave me a horse and told me to ride
 I didn't see the shovel on the other side—*Chorus.*

B Battery Youngsters

WITH the arrival of the recruits at Camp Perry came the youngest artilleryman who ever soldiered with B Battery—Robert Wiener. By special permission of Captain Albrecht and with the consent of his parents, Bob joined the battery with a bunch of fellows almost ten years older than himself. He celebrated his seventeenth birthday in the army after reaching Ft. Benjamin Harrison.

Although young in years, Bob soon acquired a bearing that would cause the casual observer to take him for twenty-two at least. Especially in the ring with a pair of boxing gloves did Bob prove that he was no baby.

Another youngster who joined the battery at Camp Sheridan was Winfield McCracken. Red was transferred from Company B, 146th Infantry, so he could be "around the horses" as he worded it. He was senior to

Wiener by about a month and a half, but like Bob soon proved himself a man in action, if not in years. Given a pair of horses to drive and care for, Red was right in his element and there were few horses looked any better than McCrackens.

Just before the battery left for France, both of these boys were given the opportunity to get an honorable discharge because of their age and both refused, although encouraged to accept, from home.

There were several other B Batterymen who were still in their teens, among whom were "Pete" Hirleman, who joined at Sheridan, and Roy Shreve who joined at Perry and was discharged at Sheridan. Although there were several who joined the battery while under twenty years of age, Wiener and McCracken were the only ones to be discharged that young.



Fish

Fish Bill Foltz when he bought his own shoes for \$4 in Texas.

* * * *

Fish Archie Murphy when he went after the skirmish line.

* * * *

Fish Carl Schrank when he went after a jar stretcher.

* * * *

Fish Thurman Staudt trying to light a candle from a cigarette.

* * * *

Fish Norman Fuchs when he tried to get a size 4 Pistol Holster at Camp de Souge.

* * * *

Fish "Fish" Moore when he gave Bob Wiener forty-five francs for a decorated shell.

* * * *

Fish Tub Lamiell when he bought a no-good French cigarette lighter from Fetch.

* * * *

Fish Abe Frelander when he went around the corner in El Paso and lost \$8.00.

* * * *

Fish Bill Summers when a girl took his watch-chain at Bar le Duc, France.

* * * *

Fish George Cunningham when he went A.W.O.L. the day before he got his furlough.

* * * *

Fish Don Scott when he came from Omaha to join the battery.

Medics

AFTER Bevington left the detachment at Camp Perry in his search for a higher standing in Uncle Sam's organization, the two border veterans, Briggs and Weiss, remained alone. Captain Barton thought it was altogether too lonely for these two men, so he sent out a call for volunteers. The first to respond was Ed Stuart who was followed in few days by Dutch Cramer, then came along Delos Martin. The organization of five men battled along through the mud and rain for about two weeks when a very heavy shower on the 1st of June washed "Sophie" Lutz, "Susie" Steffensen and Ernest Drake into the organization. Drake did not seem very well pleased with his reception, so decided that he had better try a different branch of the service, so returned to Akron with the expectation of getting into Y. M. C. A. service.

This left the detachment with seven men to carry out the Pill-Roller work through the remaining days at Camp Perry. How did the raw recruits enjoy their entrance into the service, did I hear somebody ask? They did not do very much real kicking, although they all had sweet dreams of their little white beds at home, as they lay shivering in their cold and partially wet army blankets, after a day's work of mud-skidding was over. It was not uncommon to hear the happy expression uttered by one of the recruits, "Home was never like this," after he had eaten his mess of slum, dry bread and black coffee in mud almost knee deep.

Regardless of the dislike of the first taste of army life, they were all eager to take their first trip at the army's expense to Fort Benjamin Harrison. Fort Benjamin Harrison met with approval of all men, for any spot on earth looked good for them after their experiences in Camp Perry's sea of mud.

Shortly after the arrival at Fort Benjamin Harrison new men started to come forth to add to the list of "iodine swabbers;" first came Drake who decided that he might as well be a wearer of the "khaki" as a seller of stamps in a Y. M. C. A. hut, then the rest drifted in, in groups of two and three at a time. "Duke" Evans and Howard Miller came sneaking in one hot day and demanded entrance. The "Duke" was admitted without any argument for he looked like a very promising orderly for Captain Barton, but Miller was only fortunate enough to have nine fingers, having left the tenth one back in Cambridge, Ohio, so a waiver had to be passed on him by the surgeon general at Washington before he was admitted. "Buzzy" Havre and Jack Rose were next and were left in on their merits; "Buzzy" was Canton's leading cigar salesman and Jack was Kenmore's best soda dispenser and was acquainted with Lieutenant Alspach who was to join us later.

Captain Snow was doing some recruiting at Silver Lake at this time and evidently had the Medics in mind when he was trying to swell the numbers of the Head-quarter Company for he sent "Bob" Bond, George Tschumi and Leonard Hanson to the organization. Now Bond had been a steam fitter in civilian life and guaranteed his ability at painting and wrapping joints, so he qualified. Tschumi said he had been a boy scout in civilian life and was young and eager to learn the art of administering first aid, so he passed all the entrance barriers but Hanson was more or less undecided at the last moment, for he did not know whether he wanted to become a brother "pill pusher" or try out for the position of "crap-shooter sergeant" in one of the other organizations.

Time at Fort Ben passed rather quickly, the daily routine of litter drill, exercising horses and search for a good time at Indianapolis, made up the daily work. There was only one little diversion from the daily menu of work and that was the time when the fellows assembled and came to the conclusion that Ed Stuart needed a bath and needed it badly. So the aforesaid Stuart was rounded up and made to disrobe. He was then carried on a litter to the showers. He took the ordeal in fine shape for it was surmised that he recognized the fact that he needed a bath himself.

After this operation was completed, Weiss was considered for a similar dose. It cannot be said that Weiss really needed a bath but his domineering actions did not meet with the approval of the men. When Weiss was accosted, he proceeded to give an argument which was of no avail for he was outnumbered by about ten to one. When requested to disrobe he did not deem it advisable so he was bound, clothes and all, to a litter and placed under three cold showers and allowed to lay there until it was thought he had enough water to soak his olive colored skin.

Rumors became very prevalent regarding the move to Camp Sheridan, Alabama. Rumors these days were taken very seriously, so seriously in fact, that Medics packed up three different times before the trip was finally started:

Sergeant Briggs had been working very hard to get a discharge so that he might return to O. S. U. and complete his course in medicine. Briggs did not work alone in his attempt. He had the hearty co-operation of all the Briggs family, who pulled every political string in Columbus before he finally succeeded.

The official order came that a trip to the Southland was to take place. The detachment was then split for the first time, for the battalion was to move in two sections. Sergeant Briggs was to take seven men and go with the first section. Weiss was to bring the remaining eight men with the second section, but alas! Sergeant

Briggs who was so desirous to see Alabama at the government's expense, received his discharge on the day we were to leave. Hard luck for Briggs! Stuart was then given charge of the first group of men. The trip was an enjoyable one for all the men, for it was the longest and most scenic trip they had ever made in their youthful lives.

A big surprise awaited them when they landed at Camp Sheridan. Instead of having to pitch a hospital tent as they had formerly done, a big fourteen room infirmary awaited them. Instead of having to clear brush and trample down weeds in order to make a space for their living tents, they found well laid-out company streets, also mess halls, bath houses and latrines.

Major Gordon, the new commanding officer, and Lieutenant Alspach, the former private Alspach who was with the detachment on the border, awaited the detachment's arrival. Wade Koplín made the trip to Camp Sheridan with Headquarter Company and was Camp Sheridan's first offering to our detachment.

During the time spent at Fort Ben Harrison the 1st Battalion Ohio Field Artillery became the First Battalion of the 134th Field Artillery. This necessitated further enlargements of the Medical Corps to twenty-three men. No time was lost along this line for Sergeant Branfield, "Bull" Durham and "Herb" Woodling were the first to attempt a transfer from the 145th Ambulance Company to Major Gordon's detachment. In the course of a week all three of the men became part of the detachment.



The old 2nd Ohio Infantry was split up and Dewey Gast and Edgar Easley were added to the swelling numbers. The Y. M. C. A. could not use men of the draft age in their overseas work so Hubert Kimmel, Luther Evans and Ed Ruehrwein who were desirous of seeing France and parts unknown, were admitted to the organization.

The Medics have always been more or less the subject of humor and fun for the Batterymen, because they were in an entirely different class of work than that of the combatant soldiers, but nevertheless, they were kept busy all the time, taking instructions from medical officers, in the form of lectures in Materia Medica, Camp Sanitation and First Aid; a drill schedule was also closely followed in litter and ambulance drills. The men of the organization were kept busy almost day and night at the time the la grippe epidemic spread throughout the regiment. The batteries never went to the range for firing practice with-

out men from the detachment in attendance. Perhaps the hardest work ever encountered in this connection was at the time of the lightning disaster, when the men were on the job and administered First Aid to the stricken ones. Inoculation and vaccination periods always meant hard and tedious work until late hours at night for the medical man. These duties perhaps seem very slight in comparison with the hard manual work of the Batterymen but it all meant work that was absolutely necessary, nevertheless.

The Medical Corps decreased in number almost as fast as it increased when Herb Woodling received an S. C. D., Drake left for Division Headquarters, Branfield received a discharge so that he might resume his course in dentistry. This decrease took place in less than two months' time.

About this same time Martin was getting more or less tired of army life and being spurred on by the changes which were taking place about him, found that he had a knee joint that was in very bad condition, which was the result of a horse kick some three months before. Now Martin limped around with a cane for some five or six weeks and finally was sent to the Base Hospital for examination. Nobody will ever know but Martin just what the doctors at the hospital told him about his leg, but on his return, he had the aforesaid leg in working condition within two weeks time.

After the sudden decrease in the numbers of the organization, work was started to bring the quota back to its former strength. Happy Gillen got wind of the need of men and kept the telegraph wires hot between Akron and Camp Sheridan, with messages to Captain Barton. One day Gillen reported at Camp Sheridan and joined the organization on the strength of his happy disposition and broad smile.

Karl Grismer was inducted into service about one week later, but was not accepted by the examining board at the base hospital. This was a great blow to Karl for he was very desirous to get into the service by other means than that of the draft.

During the month of April the Medics were kept busy day and night trying to check the la grippe epidemic which swept down through the batteries. Doc E. Z. had charge of the thermometer and the pill detail and after a few doses of his favorite prescription of sodii sal, iodine and castor oil, everybody pulled through the ordeal O. K.

With the arrival of five-hundred replacements from Camp Taylor, the major was able to bring his corps up to war strength. The four new men chosen were Ralph A. Donham, Harry G. Walden, little Zeke Leippert, Orla Price and last but not least, Clarence J. Becker, better known as "Beck." Zeke and Beck were turned over to Doctors Aufderheide and Kishler to be used as dental assistants, but Zeke's hands were too big and Beck having the best line of S. B. for pulling teeth and also a natural "yes, sir! all right, sir!" disposition around the

office, poor little Zeke had to fall back to the humble ranks of pill roller, first class.

The happiest day arrived when it was learned that the regiment would be ready to move in three days, for our fast brush wielders, Sophie Lutz and Wade I. Koplín had finally finished their apparently life job of painting overseas boxes and bedding rolls. Thus ended our days at old Sheridan.

Our next jump took us to Camp Upton where many of us suddenly found out we had very near relatives in "lil ole New York" that we really ought to see before sailing. Of course, many were called but few were chosen!

On the trip over the Medics were given one more chance to make good in the eyes of the Batterymen. They were detailed around to the davits, so in case of emergency such as "abandon ship call;" or "all off here comes a sub," they could play the hero part by calmly assisting the crew in lowering the life boats until all on board cleared the ship. Then and not before the said Medics were supposed to take a gambler's plunge for their own miserable lives. Although we did have a battle in the Irish sea, no "abandon ship" call was sounded and the good old tripe scow "Nestor" docked safely at Liverpool on the 10th day of July.

When Camp de Souge below Bordeaux was reached, the Medics were really put to work. Camp sanitation kept nine of them busy hustling prisoners around with the aid of hip artillery and the other sixteen were detailed to the camp hospital to help take care of the five hundred badly wounded from Chateau Thierry. It was here that the pill rollers got their first real work, from six to six, handling the worst cases of mustard gas, H. E. shrapnel and machine-gun wounds.

Owing to the system in which the artillery went into position by Batteries and often only sections at a time, the Medical Corps was necessarily divided when in the advance area. On the trip from Camp de Souge to the lines, Sergeant Ed Stuart, Buzzy Havre and Hap Gillen traveled with B Battery, but after the battle of Pneumonia Hollow, this combination was broken up and the whole detachment hit the long trail together, pulling into the dirge stronghold of St. Genevieve (eighty-seven thousand feet above sea level according to every one who has climbed it full-pack) about midnight October 10th. In passing might state as a fond recollection that in this bombarded town most every one got cootieized for the first time.

As the Batteries went out from St. Genevieve for the first trial on the front, the Medics were again divided. Herbert Kimmel and Luther Evans accompanied B Battery, Dutch Cramer and Hap Gillen left with A Battery, Bob Bond and Orla Price went forth to experience their first try-out as First Aid men with C Battery. According to all accounts, Hap Gillen was the only man that had any real taste of bombardment by the Germans. The Akron newspapers were busy relating his flirtations with death.

It was at Camp Ouest where the regiment was sent to rest up after its first experience on the front that crap-shooter first class Hanson got the scare of his young life. The Spick thought he could shoot American 30-30s in a German small bore. Ask him the rest of the story! Needless to say, when the old Boche piece blew out, Hans got an eye full of powder and a belly full of experimenting.

During the few days stop over at Apremont, Doc Bond was able to make quite an elaborate collection of French and German skulls. He claimed that the German was a real flat head with a frontal plate fully an inch thick.

The day the armistice was signed, Kop and Donham were guests of the Boche. A trip across Lake La Chaussee to an old German town where many Rhinish wines and brews were quafed in real fashion was the main feature of the day. It might also be stated that on this particular occasion, Ralph lost his army raincoat and suspiciously enough came back with many fine souvenirs which he claimed were given to him.

During the winter's sojourn around Recourt and Rambluzin, a few important changes took place in the Medical Corps. Major Gordon, Captain Kishler and Lieutenant Wright of the Vets went into the army of Occupation by request. In return we were assigned Major Collins of the 9th Army Corps whom the older men gladly remembered from Fort Ben days. The dental surgeon was replaced by Captain Bristow of the 90th Division of the Army of Occupation and Lieutenant Wright's successor was Lieutenant Bowman, also from the 90th. But when the regiment reached Le Lion the Vets suffering the fate of all Vet and dental units of the A. E. F. were jerked out as were also Captain Bristow and poor Beck, thus ending their fond and lingering hopes of going home with the brigade.

At Brest, Donham, Walden, Leippert and Price were also left behind only to follow a week later with a special Camp Taylor detachment.

A big disappointment came when it was learned that Captain Barton would not sail with his boys, but would remain indefinitely at the Brest hospital for eye treatment. This was particularly hard to take for the regiment realized that its home-coming could not be complete without its favorite "family Doc."

On the ship back the saddest sight of all the sick ones was poor Sophie Lutz, as on the trip to Liverpool Raymond would have six meals a day, three down and three up. He would drag himself into a corner early in the morning and stay hidden all day until time for hammocks. Rose and Aksel were also enjoying the trip with Lutz in the same fashion. Herbert Kimmel had the hardest luck taking sick at Brest and being forced to spend the whole trip in the sick-bay.

The twelve day voyage on the U. S. S. New Hampshire was a pleasant and interesting one, but a happier bunch never set foot on good U. S. soil, than the Medics on the 24th of March, a day never to be forgotten.

The hike from the docks to Camp Stuart, Va., although four miles in length was made with a quick step and a broad smile for the morale of the men was at its highest notch. The stay of eight days at Camp Stuart was comparatively short, for each Pill Roller knew that time was near at hand when each and every man would get three square meals a day, prepared by mother, and a fond embrace by some other loved one.

On the first day of April the regiment entrained for its trip to dear old Ohio. The first jump from Camp Stuart to Cleveland was exceedingly short, for the number of miles covered. The reason for this can be given very easily. On this trip each man could comfortably sit down and enjoy himself during the day and comfortably lay down and sleep during the night. Such luxuries could not be enjoyed when traveling overland in France, in the "40 hommes, 8 chevaux" style of transportation, which necessitated taking your turn in sitting down during the day and laying down during the night.

The parade schedule for the 134th Field Artillery called for a parade at Cleveland on April 3rd, but the outfit arrived a day ahead of schedule. Freedom was granted all men until midnight. It was surprising to see how well acquainted the Medics were in the city. Those that were not acquainted lost no time in making new acquaintances. Even Eddie Ruehrwein, that pious Y. M. C. A. worker, was seen walking through the Public Square with a lady friend on each arm and nobody knows exactly how many were following, waiting for an opening to grab one of the long, lean wings of the Cincinnati hero.

The parade in Cleveland was a big success. Each Medic was on the job, regardless of the fact that Akron was only 37 miles away and street cars run to the rubber city every hour. After the parade it was made known that all men living in Akron might go home and join the organization the following day in Akron. It was not necessary for a second order on this question. Every Medic but four whose homes were in southern Ohio, got lost from Cleveland in twenty minutes' time—they were homewardbound.

Another big surprise occurred when the roll was called on the following morning. Each man answered "present," although some of the answers were very feeble, for all night engagements had been very prevalent the night before. It never was satisfactorily explained how it happened, but not a single Pill Roller fell out of line, from exhaustion or other reasons, but it must be admitted after all the handshaking at the Armory was over, many felt a great deal weaker than they had ever experienced before in army life.

De Martin was heard to say, after his arm had been almost shaken off and perspiration trickled down his face from exhaustion, "Say, Bob, I never knew I had so many friends in Akron, but they all seem to know me."

There was some excitement that night, after the troop train started for Columbus, the place of the last parading event. A rumor was started among the Medics that Bob

Bond was not on the train. A search through the car was made but Bond could not be found. After fifteen or twenty miles of the trip had been passed, smiling Bob broke in on the scene and related how he managed to catch the last car on the train after a sprint of several hundred yards. "Why so late, Bob?" somebody asked. Grinning from ear to ear, he answered, "I had a few friends that I had to bid good-bye, train or no train." This caused some suspicion, but no one said a word.

Columbus gave the men of the "Buckeye Division" a very hearty welcome. The streets were thronged with enthusiastic crowds, as the wearers of the "khaki" paraded by, all of them much fatigued and weary from travel and late nights which were not marked by the sounding of taps at ten P. M. When the train pulled into Camp Sherman on the following morning, everyone was glad the "big show" was over and parading a thing of the past.

The five days spent at Camp Sherman passed quickly. Final inspections were taken with delight, for every man knew that they were the last. Regardless of the time that was spent along this line, pills and iodine were dispensed with until the last moment. They were given out in the same spirit that the inspections were taken. With every dose, the hospital man smiled and said to himself, "that is the last dose that fellow will get for nothing."

The final day of reckoning came at last, the 10th of April.

Regardless of whether or not the men of the regiment recognized the value of the Medics to Uncle Sam's service, there was one organization at Camp Sherman that did, and hated to see them leave. It was none other than the Camp Quartermaster Corps. The Pill Pushers were, according to schedule, to be discharged second in line, following Headquarters Company which was first. The line moved along quite rapidly until the Medics were reached, then the word was sent out that their payroll and discharge papers were lost. These glad tidings landed upon the once happy Medics like a ton of hard tack. After a two and a half-hour search the papers were found at the Camp Quartermaster's office. The excuse was given that there was a mistake, but this caused some doubt in the minds of all concerned. After the rest of the regiment had gone bearing much cherished papers and a broad smile, the Medics were given their final statements and they also hastened away into civilian life for better or for worse.

Good Soldiers

The Battery was lined up for an inspection one day and Colonel Bush was about to look over the front rank.

"Has the rear rank been put at ease, Sir," asked one of the officers present.

"Ease nothing, let 'em stand at attention," roared the C. O. "Give them at ease and they take rest, give them rest and you can't find 'em," he added.

The Medical Men

Deceased:

4-26-'79 -

Major Gordon.....		
Captain Barton.....		Akron, Ohio
Lieutenant E. J. Alspaugh.....		Kenmore, Ohio
Sergeant E. G. Stuart.....	57 Adolph Avenue.....	Akron, Ohio
Sergeant F. P. Rose.....		Kenmore, Ohio
Sergeant H. B. Durham.....	295 Buchtel Avenue.....	Akron, Ohio
Privates—		
R. G. Lutz.....	1278 Collinwood Avenue.....	Akron, Ohio
D. H. Miller.....	37 Belvidere Way.....	Akron, Ohio
A. Steffansen.....	Kling Street.....	Akron, Ohio
P. M. Cramer.....	441 Buchtel Avenue.....	Akron, Ohio
Francis Gillen.....	31 Fay Street.....	Akron, Ohio
M. I. Havre.....	82 Conger Avenue.....	Akron, Ohio
L. A. Hanson.....	11 E. North Street.....	Akron, Ohio
R. K. Bond.....	575 E. Exchange Street.....	Akron, Ohio
D. G. Gast.....	1425 North Street.....	Lima, Ohio
J. J. Evans.....		Cambridge, Ohio
D. L. Evans.....	17th Street.....	Columbus, Ohio
H. C. Kimmel.....	431 Forest Avenue.....	Dayton, Ohio
W. I. Koplín.....	R. F. D. 11.....	Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio
G. P. Tschumi.....	2nd Street.....	Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio
H. E. Miller.....		Cambridge, Ohio
E. W. Ruehrvein.....	2000 Western.....	Cincinnati, Ohio
Orla Price.....		Greenup, Illinois
R. A. Donham.....		Terre Haute, Indiana
Elmer Lippert.....	615 Washington Street.....	
H. G. Walden.....		Franklin, Indiana

These are the men to whom the health of B Battery was intrusted. Although they were classed as a detachment, there is little doubt but that they would have been members of B Battery in preference to any other in the regiment had it been necessary to belong to one in order to dish out quinine and C. C. pills. The majority of the fellows came from Akron or near there and so were naturally attracted to the Akron organization.

In camps in this country the medical detachment was attached to Headquarters Company for rations and quarters, but that didn't confine them to that outfit for friends. Although they never met a great many of the B Battery men in a professional way, there was always a spirit of friendship between these pill-rollers and the wag on soldiers. Possibly the infrequency of the visits of B Battery to the hospital was responsible for this friendship—who knows?

According to the boys who know, B Battery's health record was very good; there having been few serious cases during the entire Battery career. Credit is due the hospital unit for their prompt attention to every

minor detail in the care of the health. No cold was too slight to receive its dose of C. C.'s and quinine and no sprain or bump too small to get its coat of iodine.

There were many witticisms passed between the Battery men and the M. D.'s in regard to the relative healing qualities of iodine and C. C.'s, the two army hospital stand bys. Sergeant Myron Weiss who was with the outfit on the border and at Fort Benj. Harrison, claimed that he could do more to perfect a cure on a B Battery man by using a good line of sympathy talk than he could with all the medicine in the hospital.

In Alabama when the wicked hard cider, coca-cola and ice cream threatened to cause a lot of casualties in B Battery, it was the C. C.'s of the M. D.'s that pulled them through. A sprain, a kick by a horse, a toothache, a bad corn or a lacerated scalp—all received the same treatment; a dose of iodine. If the ailment was where it couldn't be seen the prescription was quinine or C. C.'s. These were taken and developments awaited. If nothing happened the patient was sent to the base hospital and the dose repeated.

If the hospital men didn't have what was needed to perfect a cure they either tried one of the old stand bys or told where the desired compound could be found. In event of a bad "charley-horse" after a rough football or baseball game the boys would be given a tip to go to the stable sergeant and get some horse liniment as an application.

The time spent in France was marked by the extraordinary good health of the Battery. Considering the amount of sickness in the different camps in this country it was remarkable how well B Battery kept themselves, and it is partially due to the attentive hospital unit who were always on the job; never allowing the suggestion of a cold to get past the suggesting stage.

On the front too there was always a man in attendance with his belt full of iodine and bandages ready to dress a wound at any time. It is probably a lucky thing that there were no casualties during that time too, for most of the boys who came up to the gun positions forgot all they knew about bandages in their mad rush for the German souvenirs lying around.

After the time spent in the army there are very few men now who will not hand it to the hospital men for one thing at least. Through their persistence they proved that over half of the medical practice of today is fake, for didn't they keep B Battery well on three remedies, quinine, iodine and C. C.'s.

Tom Kelly



TOM Kelly and "Shorty" Rogers were the kids of the Akron battery at Ft. Ben Harrison and Camp Sheridan. Tom landed in the old Ninth section when he joined the battery and never got out of it until one day when he got a Summary Court Martial for talking another soldier into taking his relief on guard one night. It was tough sledding for Tom for several months. But one night Tom packed his barracks bag, left Camp Sheridan by the

back way, went to Hoboken, turned in, got five days in the kitchen for A. W. O. L. went to France and was assigned for duty with the French artillery.

He began to show the French what he had learned in the ninth section about artillery and the first thing he knew he was in the Field hospital at Neuilly, France, with gas on the chest. Four other American lads gassed with him died and three more recovered. He got out of the hospital shortly after the Armistice, got assigned to a job tracing railroad cars in the R. T. O. as a corporal, and finally come back home a sergeant.

Do you remember the drunk scene from El Cuspidoro?

* * * *

Fish "Two-gun" Jones looking for the second floor of a French billet.

* * * *

Do you remember the rush for home with your discharge?

* * * *

Do you remember the canteen on the ship?

Grandpa Joe

BBATTERY during the last few months of its stay in France was one of the few A. E. F. outfits to be able to advertise a grandfather as a member of the organization.

Grand-pop Joseph Stoneberger joined the battery one day over in France and became a hostler under the wing of Stable Sergeant Dick Lavery. The boys called Grand-pop "Uncle Joe."

While Uncle Joe was soldiering with the battery, a

little shaver of a grandson back in Colorado was just learning to say grand-pop. Uncle Joe was 39, a married daughter was 19 and the little fellow was something over a year old.

"I thought I could stand a campaign or two, and so I decided to enlist," Joe used to tell the boys in the battery. He joined the army at Idaho Falls, Idaho, and was subsequently transferred from place to place in France until he reached B Battery, where he stayed.

Headquarters, 164th F. A. Brigade.

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.

13th November, 1918.

From: Commanding General.
To: Commanding General, 62nd Brigade.
Subject: Report of Operations of 134th Field Artillery.

1. Orders have been received relieving the 134th Field Artillery from duty in this sector and with the 164th Field Artillery Brigade, and directing its return to its own command.

2. I feel it only proper to inform you that this regiment, during its service in this sector, has occupied its appropriate part of the front; that it has at all times executed its missions efficiently and with a display of cheerfulness and promptness that indicates a very high morale and state of training. The regiment has been placed in difficult positions and has always conducted itself in a way to reflect credit on itself, its own brigade, and the one with which, at the time being, it was serving.

3. I shall appreciate it as a favor to me if you will make such record of this letter as you may desire, and then either transmit it or make known its contents to the Regimental Commander for such use as he may desire to make of it.

hcb

Edward T. Donnelly
Brigadier General.

1st. Ind.

Commanding General, 62nd Field Artillery Brigade,

American E. F., 28th December, 1918-

To Commanding Officer, 134th Field Artillery.

1. The Commanding General takes great pleasure in transmitting this letter to the Commanding Officer, 134th Field Artillery, and desires at this time to express his appreciation of the same high morale and efficiency noted by General Donnelly of the 164th F. A. Brigade, which has been characteristic of this regiment throughout the period of my command of the 62nd F. A. Brigade.



Brigadier General, U. S. A.
Commanding.

K/CH

TO MY FRIENDS, THE MEN OF B BATTERY:

We have always accepted the belief that the 134th was the best regiment in the 62nd Field Artillery Brigade. And with every man in B Battery it has been tradition that this battery was unequalled in personnel and efficiency as a unit. Within the battery itself there was always a keen rivalry between the sections. Even between members of a section there was continual competition. Drivers upheld the merits of their respective pairs against all comers. And any cannoneer can tell you who was the best gunner, or number one man in the battery (ask him).

But as a unit, they worked together. They attained in the highest degree that quality which is essential to success of any organization - team play. Battery B believed in itself. Although apparently slack at times, they always came through when it was necessary. Fortunate indeed is the Battery Commander who is connected with such an outfit.

Military discipline is merely individual efficiency. I do not claim the credit for the discipline of B Battery, nor can I give the credit to any one man or group of men. The non-coms were highly efficient and absolutely reliable-however, any one of them would have had a much harder job in any other outfit-and they had the finest group of men in the army back of them. Any man in the battery could have taken a section and run it as smoothly. Ask a buck-private.

The secret of the whole thing was in the battery spirit as a whole, and in the individual pride of each man in his outfit. While in the army, B Battery meant "home" to everyman. The men who transferred to other outfits and later rejoined us fully appreciated this.

Dissent and dissatisfaction were little known. Not that orders were always blindly and willingly obeyed, but the men accepted even the most disagreeable task with the confidence that it was necessary and their duty. Each man used his head to good advantage and believed in his own ability and in that of his associates.

Another thing that was a great factor in the successful management of the battery was in the ability of the men to take care of themselves under even the most adverse conditions. After the signing of the Armistice, if they had been freed from all restraint, half of France would have been "policed" up to build a castle on the hill above Rambluzin. What they did in one week just to make Christmas more enjoyable is a good example. I know we would all give a good deal too be back there again just for a night or two. Wouldn't you like to plow through that mud on the Hill going down to the "Theatre Comique?"

Everyone knows that we made good on the front. We are too modest to tell just how good we were. But every man did his bit thoroughly and efficiently: the cooks, the gun crews, the drivers, the camouflage men, the gas non-coms, and even the officers. Whether it was firing barrages, hauling ammunition, moving the guns forward at night, getting supplies up to the firing battery, or making slum, you were all "All there!"

Sincerely,

W. E. Strahy

TO ALL MY GOOD FRIENDS OF B BATTERY:

Having finished the course of training at Saumur, the pertinent question of the hour was "Where do I go from here?" Finally we were ordered to report "without delay" (meaning not to stop over in Paris) to the commanding general 62nd F. A. Brigade at Camp de Souge.

Knowing Souge as the "Country that God forgot," I attempted to transfer. But "soldiers propose; generals dispose."

Major Bartell, heading the reception committee at brigade headquarters, dispensed with the customary finger-prints and herded eight of us to the 134th. The "Old man," in his well known manner, told us, without the slightest hesitation, what he expected of us and just what we were in for.

Learning that B Battery was to be honored with my second lieutenancy, I hastened to report to the battery commander. The B. C. was found gracefully reclining upon his bunk with the Post in one hand and the other affectionately caressing a beautifully bound copy of Artillery Drill Regulations.

At the conclusion of the usual preliminaries, delivered with the utmost military courtesy, the captain casually glanced my way and informed me that I was to be battery O. D. on the following day. Stop! There was one thing more--he was very particular about this. His dark eyes flashed and I trembled at the tone of his voice "Can you play bridge?"

The next morning I stood my first formation with the battery. At retreat that evening the Top and I had a little difficulty understanding each other, and I was a little nervous standing out in front there all alone before all you old-timers, but after that everything was "jake."

Observing that the reconnaissance officer lived a dog's-life of hard work, I decided that I could be the reconnaissance officer, or nothing. When I did snag on to it, there remained only two lieutenants to do the work of four; so that my downy couch of ease became noticeable only by its absence. I always pulled as hard for "recall" to blow as any buck-private.

When we left Souge for the front I considered myself no longer an outsider, and B Battery was always "home" to me.

My association with Captain Leahy and Lieutenant Curtis will always remain an enjoyable memory. I cannot give too much praise to 1st Sergeant Greene and his splendid body of non-coms. They were soldiers.

I cannot properly express my regard for the men of the battery. They were the finest group of men with whom I have ever been associated. It was a privilege to be with B Battery and I regret only that I was not with them sooner.

Sincerely

Howard E. Myers

P. S. I wish to apologize to some of the men for apparently hard treatment during gas-drill, but I wasn't nearly so rough on them as I was on some of our horses.

H. E. M.

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*The cover design for the Red
Guidon was painted by
A. V. RITTER*



BUSH, HAROLD M. Columbus, Ohio. Colonel, 134th Regiment Field Artillery. Enlisted in Company I, 6th M. A. M., 1887. Cadet at Cornell University from 1889 to 1891. Enlisted in Ohio National Guard, May 16, 1894—Company A, 14th Infantry. Commissioned 2nd lieutenant of Ohio Volunteer Light Artillery, April 26, 1898, and served to October 23, 1898. Commissioned captain of Ohio Field Artillery March 10, 1900. Commissioned major September 11, 1911. Commissioned colonel May 4, 1917.

"Pass in review. Order of march, A, B, and C."

Harold M. Bush
Col. 134th F.A.



**25% of my relatives
have Hemorrhoids**

The other 75% are regular Assholes.